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LES AUTRES OF NICE

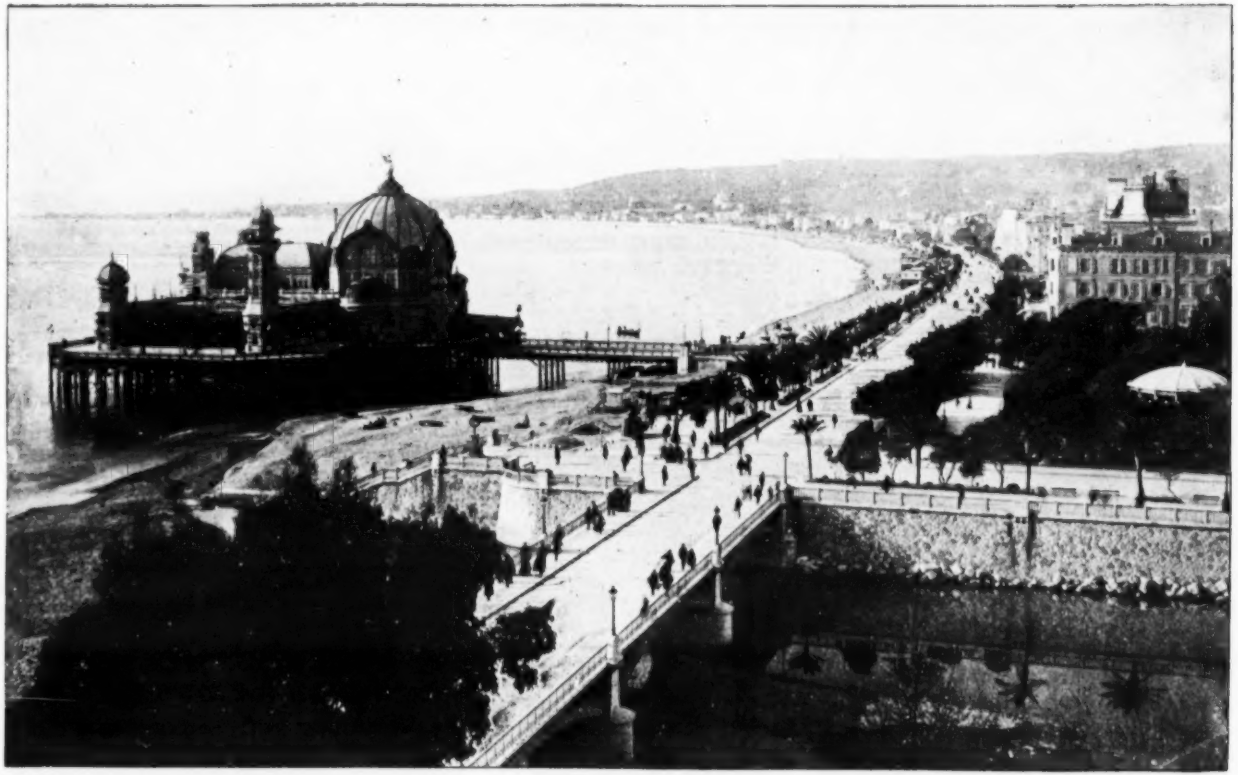
BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR

MONG the gay and happy throng of wealthy visitors who flock to this most attractive spot on the French Riviéra, in search of recreation, climate or health, very little is known of *nous autres*, as they call themselves. These are the other classes of those less fortunate ones who have to work hard for their daily bread.

Nice is pre-eminently a city of gaiety, light-heartedness and distraction, with its enchanting sunshine and beautiful scenery, over-shadowed by skies of unfathomable blue, no wonder that, in this almost cloudless atmosphere, one forgets for the moment that here there are many lives, whose dullness is seldom brightened by any ray of joy, and whose daily existence is over-clouded by the shadows of care, and the hard toil of a never-ending struggle for the mere necessaries of life.

Side by side, in strong contrast, lie the new part of the city—the strangers' quarter—and the old town or *vielle ville*, just across the river. The one possesses its open squares and its Casino with a most enchanting winter garden, which resembles fairyland, when it is illuminated for the nightly concert, or frequent evening *fêtes*. The beautiful *Jardin Publique*, filled every day with a crowd of fashionable visitors, lies at the beginning of the *Promenade des Anglais*, that broad, villa-lined avenue, which stretches along for two miles, a magnificent, palm-bordered roadway, close to the crescent shore of the sea. The newly completed *Jetèe Promenade*, jutting out into the deep blue Mediterranean, with its foundation of iron trestle work, lapped by the spray of the rolling surf, offers a most attractive place of *rendezvous* for this amusement surfeited crowd of *élègantes*. Here they walk on its terrace, which, overhanging the water, reminds one of the deck of an ocean steamer; and here they congregate every afternoon to listen to exquisite strains of music, rendered by a first-class orchestra. Here they flirt and chat and even gamble a little, while sipping afternoon tea, coffee, or *absinthe*, according to their nationality, and the main object in life seems to be to while away the hours in the most charming manner possible.

Now let us look upon the other side of the picture—across the river in the old town with its dark, narrow streets, into some of which no solitary ray of God's sunlight, so free to all, ever penetrates. Here the scene differs widely from the first. All are at work, not with that woe-begone, crushed bearing, which characterizes the hopelessly poor in our own large cities, but with a spirit and a will, with many a song and jest.



Promenade des Anglais, Nice

Queer little shops whose darkness is almost unfathomable, offer curious wares to the passer-by. One contains cheese and nothing *but* cheese. Here are *gruyère*, *parmésan*, *rocquefort*, *brié* and *calombert*, in all stages and ages, with their accompanying odors. Here is a pleasant-faced old French woman with snowy cap, who offers us *casseroles*. Such a collection, all of earthenware! Jugs, pannikins pots, chestnut roasters, *marmites* and pitchers, some of which are so artistic in form and coloring that we are tempted to invest in one at the price of a few *sous*, to fill with flowers for our salon tables. Then we come across an arcade where hang rabbits and game for sale. The former are suspended alive by their hind legs, which are tied tightly together, while their fore feet trail on the ground. As they send frightened, beseeching glances at us from their large pathetic eyes, we should like to purchase the whole stock for the fun of seeing them scamper joyfully down the narrow pathway.

The other game consists of pigeons which have been shot the day before at the Monte Carlo shooting matches; poor little larks, whose bony bodies show that their song is worth far more than their flesh; hares, skinned and sold in portions or by the joint; and sad looking chickens, whose yellow, dried-up skins suggest the experience of a long journey hither, with third-class accommodations. Further on are all sorts of dried fish; salt codfish soaking in *casseroles* of fresh water; herrings, *marinéed*, smoked and salted, with sardines and tunny in oil.

Now, we find a most curious bazaar where they sell everything; a diminutive Macy's in the shadow. Here is a tailor shop where the men sit cross-legged close to the window which has no glass in order to get a ray of light. There are some interesting old jewelry shops where one can occasionally find a good piece of fine work done by the celebrated goldsmiths of old Nice. In all of these places much bargaining is necessary if only to buy two *sous*' worth of cheese or an egg. You must always cheapen the first price or you will be considered by the seller to be slightly *outré*.

A singular sight now presents itself and we almost cry aloud in amazement. From out a steep and narrow side street appear three women carrying a piano on their heads. They have taken an old apron rolled it into a thick round wad and placed it on the crown of the head. There they go with slow and measured tread, swinging their hands to balance themselves while they carry a load which in our own "land of the free" it requires four men, a pair of horses and a cart to transport. For this work they will earn a half a *franc* apiece, or possibly a *franc*, with which latter sum they will go home radiantly content.

We meet women coming in to the town market riding on small donkeys which are so laden with vegetables bulging out on either side that it is rather difficult to pass and we must crowd into a doorway. The *laitières* or women who sell milk excite our curiosity. They sit by the roadside and knit while they deal out in small portions rather blue-looking milk to any who are fortunate enough to be able to afford it; for milk is an expensive beverage here, where cows are kept in the stables from one year's end to the other, brought up and fed by hand, as it were. Wine is much cheaper than milk, and many a little one in these parts is fed upon diluted wine (from its infancy) instead of wholesome nourishing milk.

A poor old woman toiling up the steps with a heavy basket of newly washed linen on her head suggests another occupation of many of the *Niçoise*. Down below all this narrowness and steepness runs the River *Paillon* which forms another most striking contrast to the darkness above. Wide and open is its bed and sunny are its banks. Here we see the poor engaged in quite a different employment and a peculiar picture pre-

Winter Garden of the Casino, Nice

sents itself before us. There are numbers of women and girls kneeling on the cold stones which form little islands between its streams when the river is low. What are they doing there, hundreds of them, bending over the water so attentively? Ah! here is a life of toil!

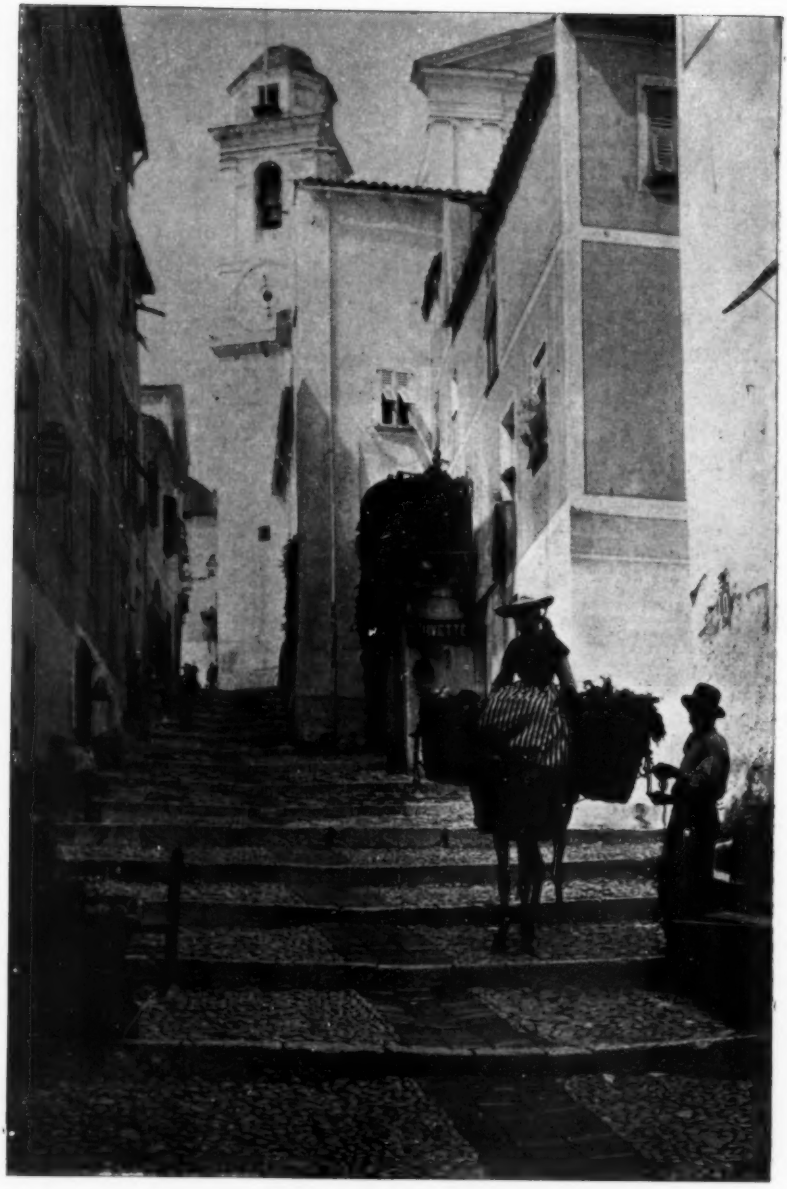
There are the *lavandières* of Nice. Not alone on a Monday, but on any day of every week, one can see long lines of these women, stretching far away under the consecutive bridges, scrub, scrub, scrubbing; wringing, rolling, rinsing, and then hanging out the clothes to dry, until the river-bed resembles one huge laundry. As this clothing is washed in cold water, and is vigorously rubbed on some large, flat stone in the river, one would imagine that the general aspect of the inhabitants and visitors in Nice would be rather grimy as to linen. I have never dared to question my *blanchisseuse* too closely about the environs of her laundry, but I have a growing conviction that we are not made an exception to the general rule, which is one of the penalties of living in this otherwise charming place. Still, our washing is brought home every week so spotlessly pure, that we cannot complain. Judging, however, from its present condition, although quite new three months ago, as it now seems suddenly to be falling to pieces, I opine that the strong scrubbing on the rocks by the river side is not the only injury inflicted upon these same garments, but that they are cleansed and whitened afterward by some more artificial and harmful process.

However, we all know that when one is in Rome, there is really no sage course to pursue, except to follow the illustrious example of the Romans, in even the smallest particulars. And so in this place, one must do as the *Niçoise* do. And how cheaply the washing is done here. No one thinks of keeping a laundress in the house, for it really would not pay. One is not charged so much a dozen as in our country, but each garment has its own price, according to the work. A handkerchief, for example, is laundried for one cent, while a man's linen shirt costs eight, and a collar only two cents.

These poor washerwomen do not pursue their humble avocation without danger. For there are times in the spring when the snow is melting on the mountains and the freshets occur, that the river rises so suddenly they have barely time to escape. It has even sometimes occurred, as it did last spring, that the sea rose with a storm at the same time, and, meeting the freshets half-way, several *lavandières* were overtaken, and before they could be rescued were swept out to sea and lost.

And now how do these people live? What do they eat and how much do they earn? I was invited the other day to visit one of their apartments in the old town. This was on the ground floor, and consisted of three rooms. The front one, on the street, was the shop, with a door but no window, and as I groped my way into the middle or sleeping-room, I could not see. Here they sleep in a room with a cold stone floor and no carpet; with no fireplace and hardly any daylight. The third or back room, which had one window, was the kitchen, eating and living room, also with a stone floor. As wood and coal are dear, the strictest economy is practiced about kindling a fire in the curious little French range. When they do have meat to roast, which is very rarely, they take it to the baker, and have it cooked there for a few *sous*, as an amount of heat sufficient to roast anything would require a most extravagant quantity of fuel for such poor folk. Everything is bought in very small quantities, and even of staple articles, such as salt, pepper, flour and sugar, just enough for the day is purchased. Ready money is not plenty enough to lay in a stock of such things.

The daily wage here is very low



A Street in Nice—Vegetable Seller

and profits are small. Still, as I have said, one does not find the abject misery among the poor which is to be seen among the lower classes in many a larger city, like London, Paris, or New York. An ordinary carpenter, plumber, or mechanic receives from two to two and a half *francs*, or fifty cents for a day's work of nine hours, while a boss plumber has ten *francs*, or two dollars. A gardener earns from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. A first-class seamstress who works for a dressmaker gets two francs a day, or if very well advanced toward the head of the line, three *francs*, or sixty cents; and a lady can have her gowns well made and artistically finished at a good dressmaker's for from five to ten dollars. The wages of domestics range from five to twelve dollars a month, but the latter price is only paid for very superior work, or a large family. The cabmen ask only fifteen cents a course—within the city limits, or forty cents an hour. Then there is the army of porters; *commissionaires*, who carry packages and letters, or do any errands required, and the *porteuses*, who carry your purchases home from the market, all of whom earn from ten to twenty cents a day.

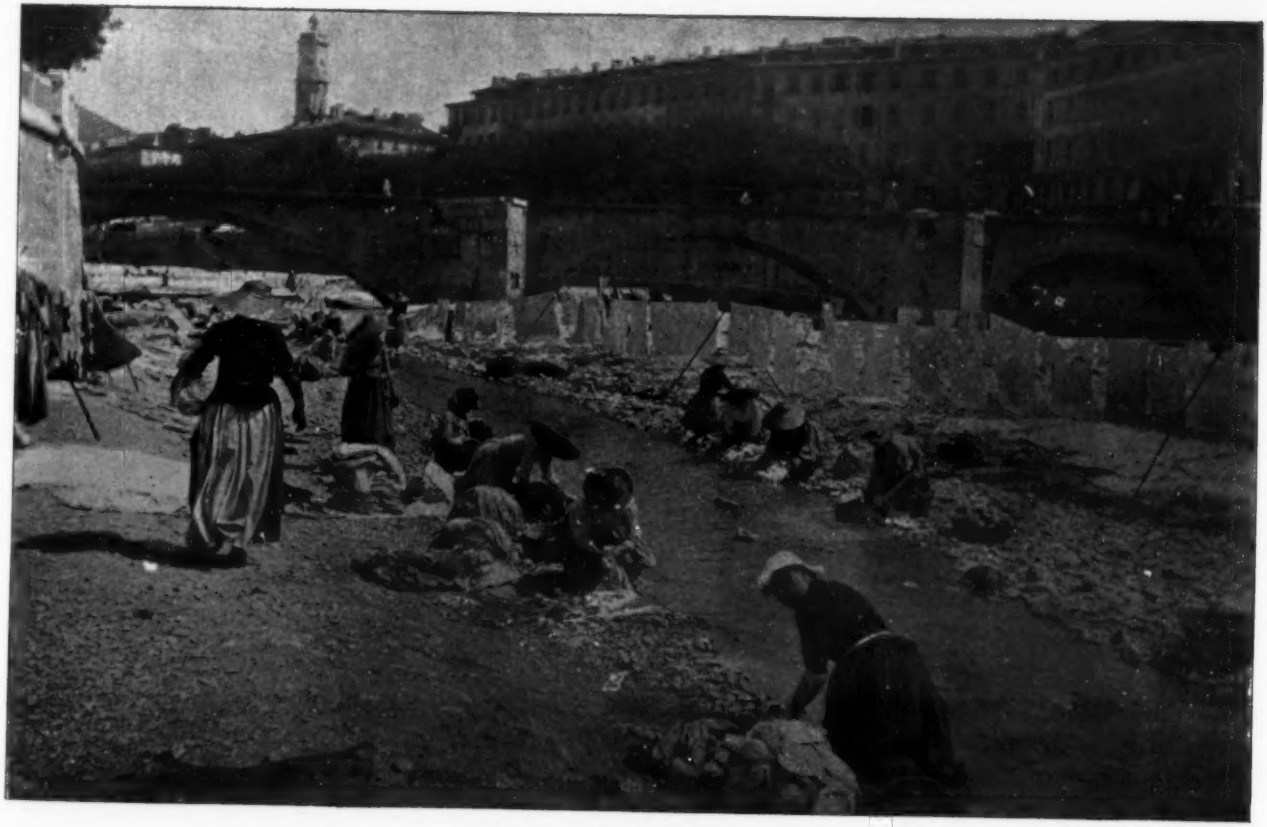
Fortunately for themselves, the lower classes are satisfied with very little. Give them a piece of hard, dry bread and a cup of black coffee with sugar for their breakfast; a bowl of soup and bread for their dinner, accompanied by the inevitable *vin ordinaire* at seven cents per quart; and bread and cheese, a penny salad or a dish of maccaroni for their supper, and they are quite content. They seem to thrive well, although they may not know the taste of meat for weeks.

They pass their existence out of doors in front of their shops. No wonder that the children congregate there to escape from their homes, those "black holes of Calcutta," whose darkness and chill seem tomb-like. The mother places her chair outside the door in the street and sits there all day with her knitting, chatting sociably with her neighbors who are engaged in the same occupation. A walk through the old town of Nice always brings to my mind the grim picture of the Lefarge woman, whose character Dickens has depicted in so masterly a manner, and who, during the terrible scenes of the Revolution, sat in her doorway and knitted away so many lives.

The helpless poor and the sick are well cared for in Nice. There are many charitable people here and some societies especially formed for their benefit, so that soliciting alms is not necessary. Every year, at Carnival time, a *Kermess* is given here by representative ladies of all nationalities, for the benefit of the poor. Begging is deprecated by the authorities, though the French citizens themselves encourage it. You rarely see *monsieur* or *madame* refuse a few *sous* to a poor *malheureuse*, and I have frequently seen the poor give to the poor, for theirs is the heart soft with pity for the sufferings of others.

Thus, side by side they walk, these sons and daughters of toil, with the fashionable, the wealthy and the prosperous, on the streets and promenades. And the same cloudless sky and the same sunshine is over them all, while the deep blue sea, with its changing hues, the setting sun gilding the snow peaks with shadings of glorious red, and the pale lustre of silvery moonlight touching the Bay of Angels, are free alike to the rich and the poor of Nice, for *les autres* can have their share in the heavenly beauty of the whole.

Much of the domestic life of *les autres* goes on out of doors in Nice. One sees on every side, bright eyes and rosy cheeks among the young ones, and even the old women are rosy, though wrinkled. The bright sunshine, clear air and wholesome though ofttimes scant food account for these evidences of health and the laughter and chatter going on all about as one passes the groups, about the doors of the modest dwellings evi-



Washerwomen at Work in the River Bed, Nice

dences a cheerful contentment that to one accustomed to poverty in American or English cities, is a very pleasant contrast, and proves that contentment after all does not depend upon either riches or higher education, for here are a class whose lives are one continual toil from the cradle to the grave, none of whom know any greater degree of wealth than the possession of their modest chattels evidences, or whose mental acquirements go farther than a very limited acquaintance with their breviaries, and yet life to them has none of that black hopelessness we see written in the expressionless faces of our own *les autres*. They seem indeed to have solved the vexed question of "Is life worth living?" very much in the affirmative, to their own satisfaction at least, and one of the pleasantest memories of a close acquaintance with the *Niçoise* is the many bright and smiling welcomes I have read in the faces of my friends among *les autres*.

Niçoise and Child

The *Niçoise* in common with the others of their class in France, are of the soil, seldom or never emigrating. Hard and toilsome as is their life in their own land they prefer it to a more prosperous one in any other. They love the blue skies, the meagre soil and the bright sunlight as a *religieuse* her patron saint, and nowhere, save in isolated cases, does one find them in foreign lands.

Any country might count itself fortunate, indeed though, could it attract them as immigrants, for the experience of Canada, with its *habitans*, proves that they carry their habits of industry, thrift and cheerfulness with them. Many times in traveling through French Canada I have been reminded of my friends among *les autres* for there one frequently comes across scenes in which the surroundings and the *dramatis personæ* are distinctively reminiscent of *bourgeoise* France. The same types are here, the same costumes, the same household gods, the same gentle piety, and, above all, the same smiling heartfelt courtesy to *madame* or *m'sieur* that has gladdened one's heart at the market place or the fountain in the *vielle ville* of Nice. The types are exactly reproduced—the sturdy, brown skinned, ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed youngsters, the sweetly pensive, shy-eyed girls, and, above all, the white-capped, wrinkled old women. These last are as voluble as their younger sisters are chary of talk with the stranger and love to chatter to anyone who will listen, of their ills, of course, but they never omit to wind up with a

thanksgiving to the *bon Dieu* for some small blessing at least.

The bitterest time for *les autres* is during the spring when the *mistral* or *tramontane* blows ; these bitter winds are from the west and northwest and while they blow at least, the *Niçoise* are miserable. The air is full of dust whirled about into one's eyes, nose and mouth and even sifted through one's clothing until the sensation is unbearable. The mistral blows from a perfectly clear sky and although the sunlight falls bright and sharp upon the white walls and pavements it gives no warmth and the keen wind cuts like a knife ; at such times the streets are deserted of even *les autres*, they are forced under cover even of such miserable holes as they call home.

The poetic side of *les autres* is shown in their piety ; they are Catholic, of course, and their faith is very touching and beautiful to one accustomed to the hard pessimism of the poorer classes of Anglo-Saxon origin. They have each and every one some patron saint to whom they make their petitions, burn their votive candles and upon whom they cast all the troubles and cares of their very workaday lives with the most utter confidence that the burden whatever it may be will be lightened.

Niçoise Lavandière

They steal away to the churches at all hours for prayer, meditation and

consolation, and no matter how trivial or of what moment the matter may be they take it there and find comfort. Their faith is the childlike trusting confidence of the southern people's in "*le bon Dieu*" and the Virgin Mother and is a very beautiful side of the *Niçoise* character, they never neglect *la mere de famille* and the younger members appear in their best and all meet about the family board in innocent mirth or joy of the festival.

The good-heartedness and generosity of these poor people to one another was a constant source of sur-

Niçoise Laitière

observance of their fast or feast days, and no matter how poor the people nor how humble the home no Easter or Christmastide passes but is remembered by some little family festival, meat is seen on the table and the highly prized necklace of amber or coral, or mayhap a brightly-colored kerchief or lace scarf is donned by

prise to me, and often and often have I seen the poor give to the poor out of their scanty store of *sous*; even the children share any bit of sweetmeat or fruit they may have given them with one another with a cheerful alacrity that is as charming as it is rare among folk who are better off in this world's gear than are *les autres*.

BY MRS. HELEN E. GREGORY-FLESHER, M. A.

A GLITTERING halo of golden legend and brilliant romance surrounds the Japanese sword. In no other country in the world has this weapon been held in such esteem. Almost superhuman qualities were ascribed to it, and it was credited with attachment to its owner.

To the nobleman or the *samurai*, the sword was his most cherished possession, not even excepting his wife, who was held a little lower than his sword. Self-denial and deprivation, that one might have a fine weapon, was regarded natural and commendable.

"The sword is the living soul of the *samurai*," wrote Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate. This saying, rendered in his own words on the title page, was written in the sixteenth century, and gives some idea of the regard in which this weapon was held. Famous swordsmiths could sign after their names such titles as baronet or marquis. Emperors did not disdain to patronize the art, but even to while away their leisure hours, sword-forging. Gotoba-No-In, a Mikado who lived A. D. 1186, sent every month for a different maker who worked under his patronage. The swords he made himself he marked with a chrysanthemum and a stroke underneath it, the chrysanthemum being the official Imperial crest.

In mediæval days, the famous Damascus blades were rivaled by those from Japan. Weapons that with unturned edge halved copper coins were not uncommon.

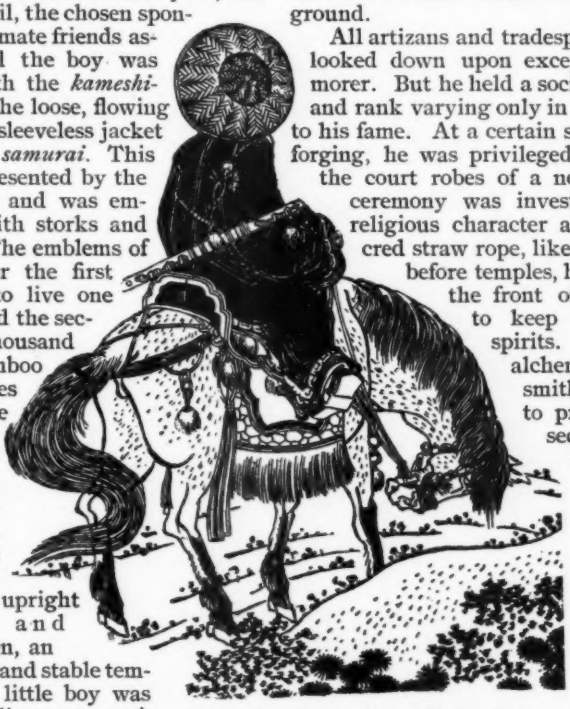
The great value attached to swords and the impulse given to armor-making was in great part due to the fierce civil wars that for so long convulsed the whole country. The great *daimyo* or lords maintained and were expected to contribute when called upon so many fighting men to their superiors, the *kuge*. This meant, of course, an immense force of skilled warriors, whose business in life was war. These men were called *samurai*, when attached to a feudal lord and *rônins*, literally "wave men," when owning allegiance to no lord, but wandering like the "waves" of the sea, and who, for a monetary consideration, fought under any standard. The *kuge* and *daimyo* formed the nobility, the *samurai* and *ronins* the gentry of Japan. So, as it often happened that the very life of a *Samurai* depended upon the keenness of his blade, it is not surprising that he regarded it as his most valued possession.

Sword etiquette was governed by certain well-defined rules and ceremonies, and violation of these often cost not only honor, but life itself, and the offender's world thought him well served.

Swords by famous makers brought enormous sums. A Japanese noble frequently paid from one thousand to

fifteen hundred dollars for a blade alone, and as much more for the furnishings, the guard, ornaments and scabbard. Such weapons were handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. Even children wore miniature swords or dirks, and the presentation to the little heir of his first weapon was a ceremony of itself.

On the fifth day of the eleventh month of the child's fourth year, the family council, the chosen sponsors and intimate friends assembled and the boy was invested with the *kameshimohakama*, the loose, flowing trousers and sleeveless jacket worn by the *samurai*. This dress was presented by the sponsors, and was embroidered with storks and tortoises. The emblems of longevity for the first is reputed to live one thousand and the second ten thousand years. Bamboo and fir trees must also be worked upon it, the bamboo to signify a hope that he may have a straightforward and upright disposition, and the evergreen, an unchanging and stable temper. The little boy was placed standing upon a gô board (a gô is a Japanese game not unlike chess), with his face to a lucky quarter of the room; then the dress was put on, and a little sword, a model of the real one he would receive when fifteen years of age, was given him. Three wine cups were brought on a tray, and filling all three, the sponsor drank from each in turn. He then offered them to the godchild, who pretended to drink, too. The sponsor produced a present, and the child again pretended to drink. This was repeated three times, and the ceremony ended.



Japanese Man—Showing Mode of Wearing Sword

The most famous swords are still known by names. Iyeyasu, who drew up the rules governing sword etiquette, owned a magnificent blade forged by Naga-Mitza A. D. 1279, called *Adzuki-Naga-Mitza*, because it could cut a bear (*Adzuki*) thrown into the air in half before it fell to the ground.

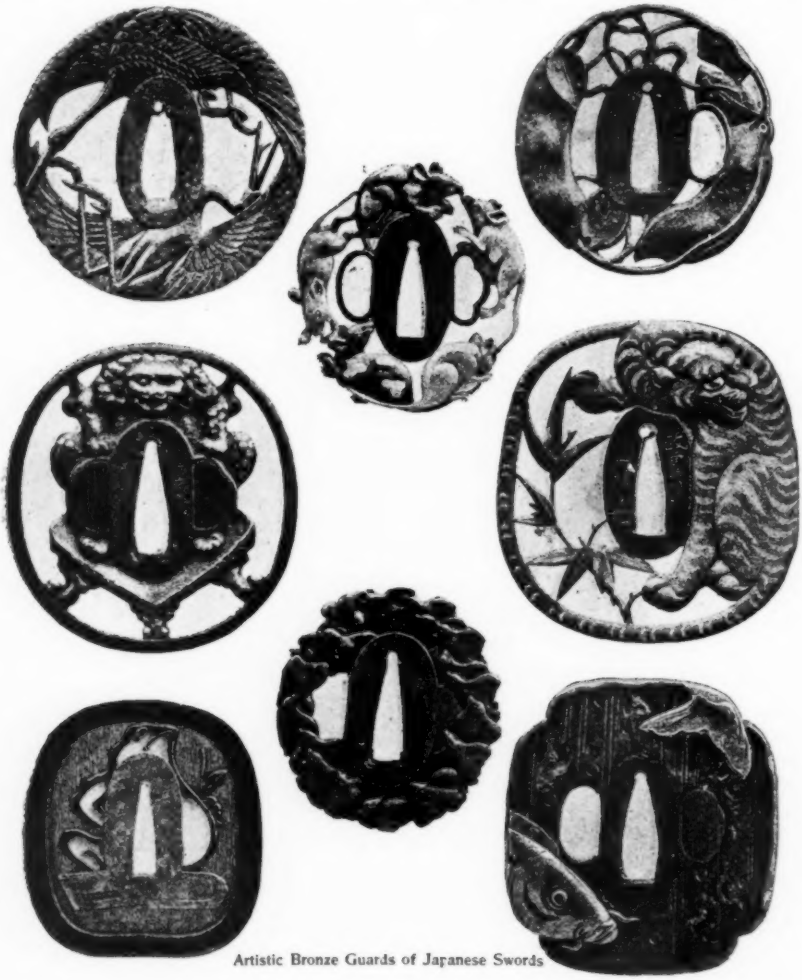
All artizans and tradespeople were looked down upon except the armorer. But he held a social position and rank varying only in proportion to his fame. At a certain stage in the forging, he was privileged to assume the court robes of a noble. The ceremony was invested with a religious character and the sacred straw rope, like those seen before temples, hung across the front of the forge to keep out evil spirits. Like the alchemist, the smith retired into privacy and secrecy during this critical time. This mystery was still kept up by old-fashioned smiths as late as 1872.

The *samurai* wore two swords—a long one, *katana*, and a short one, *tanto*. This curious fashion dates from the fourteenth century, and prevailed until a few years ago. How close the custom lay to their hearts may be judged from the following extract, written by Mitford.

"The statesman who shall enact a law forbidding the carrying of this weapon will indeed have deserved well

of his country; but it will be a task difficult to undertake and a dangerous one. I would not give much for that man's life. The hand of every swashbuckler in the Empire would be against him."

edict prohibiting them altogether was issued, the decree to take effect the 1st of January, A.D. 1877. Those who knew how cherished the privilege of wearing the sword was expected violent disturbances, riots and bloodshed, but



Artistic Bronze Guards of Japanese Swords

This was written in A. D. 1871. Only a year or so later the government issued a request to the *samurai* asking them to refrain from wearing their swords and on the 28th of March, A.D. 1876, an

the Japanese are a wonderfully submissive race, nothing happened and swords became things of the past — weapons that a few years before their owners could not have been induced

to part with even at the most fabulous prices would not fetch half their former price and lay neglected and dust covered in the second-hand shops.

The ancient sword called *tsuguri* or *ken* was a straight double-edged heavy weapon about three feet long, the width varying from two to two and a half inches. It was to be swung with both hands and was carried crosswise over the back. The best blades were made and the most noted smiths

Japanese Woman, Gidiyo-Assadi, with Sword

flourished over a thousand years ago during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. All swords made later than A. D. 1570 and inferior blades of older make are styled *shinto*. Nero Horikawa Kunihiro who lived A. D. 1600 is the best of the *shinto* makers. The old swords are much lighter than the new. Weight is one of the tests applied by connoisseurs. A fine old weapon is proportionately much lighter than the *shinto* blade. I have seen and held in my hand a dirk-shaped extraordinarily light blade. The quaint inscription upon it being, "Made in the time of God," which means that it is so old that the date of its making has been forgotten. Its age is not a mere tradition, but is proved not only by a well-kept record, but by internal evidence such as the strange crude

Nobleman in Hamashimohakama—Swords in Place

manner in which the handle is finished and the peculiar color of the steel. This particular weapon belongs to a Japanese gentleman and is cared for most solicitously. It is set in a plain wooden handle with a sheath of the same undecorated material; it is slipped, sheath and all, into a silk brocade muslin-lined bag, and in order that no vestige of moisture may get in, the space between the outside and the lin-

ing is filled with perfumed rice powder. In the same bag is a little crepe handkerchief with which to wipe the blade before it is put away.

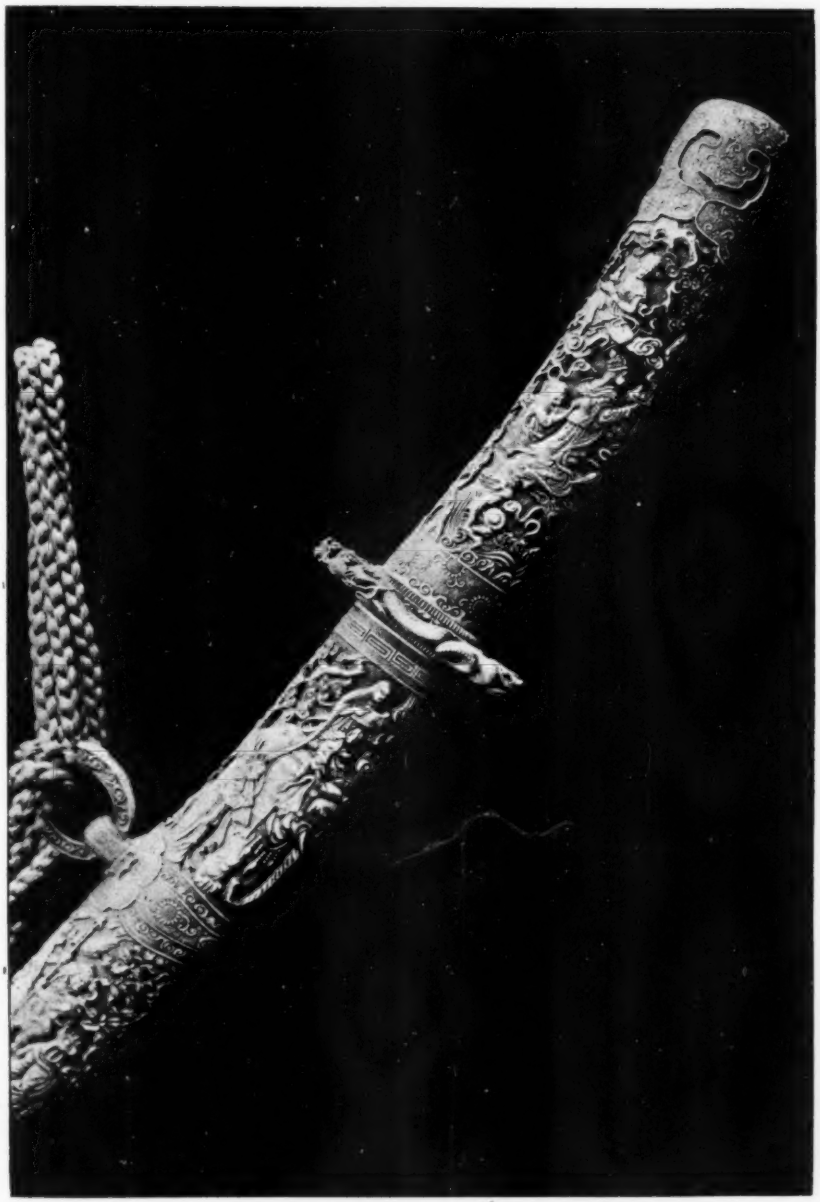
In the temples in Japan there are celebrated swords known to be older than this one but many of them unfortunately are not in a good state of preservation.

In mediæval times the *katana* was evolved; it was more convenient than the *tsuguri* being shorter and lighter. It has a single edge and is slightly curved at the point. In modern days the *wakizashi*, often called the *harakiri* knife, was replaced by the *tanto* worn with the *katana*. Numbers one and two belonging to collection of Mr. Henry Molineux of San Francisco are good examples. The ornamentations on the hilt and scabbard of number one are of silver and represents the seven gods of good fortune. It was made in the seventeenth century by Kore Hiro. Number two which is about the same age, made A. D. 1630, is also ornamented in silver and was forged by Tada Yoshi. Number three in the same collection is in that style called *shin-no-tatchi* so named because the owner's crest is repeated at least seventy-five times. The scabbard is of aventurine lac. The sword is a remarkably beautiful one and was made by Kuni Sada six hundred and three years ago for the prince of Sendai.

Forging the Sword

The most important part of the Japanese imperial regalia is *Cloud-cluster*, a famous sword the origin of which is lost in a myth.

Sosanoö was sent on a mission to the food goddess by Amaterasu the moon god, who during the reign of the sun goddess wandered in exile upon the earth, was appealed to by the people to rid them of a terrible eight-headed



Carved Ivory Sword — Made in the year 986, A. D.
The blade of the sword was made by Munechika, one of the most celebrated Japanese smiths of his time.
In the Marsh Collection

dragon which was devastating the land and devouring their most beautiful maidens. When the time came for the monster's periodical visitation Sosanoö set out on the seashore eight huge tubs of *saké*. The dragon attracted by the smell plunged his eight heads into the tubs and soon was intoxicated and Sosanoô found little difficulty in slaying him, but try as he would he could not cut through the tail, something offered a firm resistance. Carefully splitting it open the astonished god found it contained a magnificent sword, this was the famous Cloud-cluster which, with the sacred mirror and the ball, was carried before the Emperor when he opened the Diet A. D. 1890.

19

During the Askihaga Shogunate, in the fourteenth century, it became the custom to commit *hara-kiri* or *seppuku* when defeat or disgrace was encountered. Not only the nobleman but his retainers with him committed suicide, but it was not until the Tokugawa dynasty that it was raised to the status of an official punishment. And at this period it became the fashion to wear two swords, the long one for enemies and the short for *hara-kiri*.

21

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The most elaborate ceremony attended its performance, an etiquette that descended to the most minute details, such as, "the witnesses may hitch their trousers, if the ceremony is performed in a garden, but if it is performed in the house, they must on no account do so." It was quite common for a statesman to disembowel himself, if his advice were not taken, as a sort of guarantee of good faith and to prove that he was in earnest.

22

Every Japanese boy was taught from his earliest infancy to regard *hara-kiri* as his plain duty and only honorable recourse, if disgrace attached to him. In olden days when a nobleman died, his wife and a few of his most faithful servants committed the "happy despatch" in order that they might accompany their lord to the other world.

Hara-kiri is not entirely out of vogue even in the nineteenth century. When Count Mori was assassinated, a few years ago, the man who attacked him attempted *hara-kiri* immediately, and but for the prompt action of the police, would have been successful.

Many swords have a place in the scabbard, for either a pair of camp chopsticks or in old weapons for the *kogai* or skewer, sometimes called the "hair pin? On the field of battle when an enemy was slain, his head was cut off, the *kogai* thrust through the top knot, and the ghastly trophy suspended from the victor's girdle.

In the opposite side of the hilt an opening was left for the *ko-katana* or little knife, generally called the *Kodzuka*, a narrow, rough little blade with an embellished handle.

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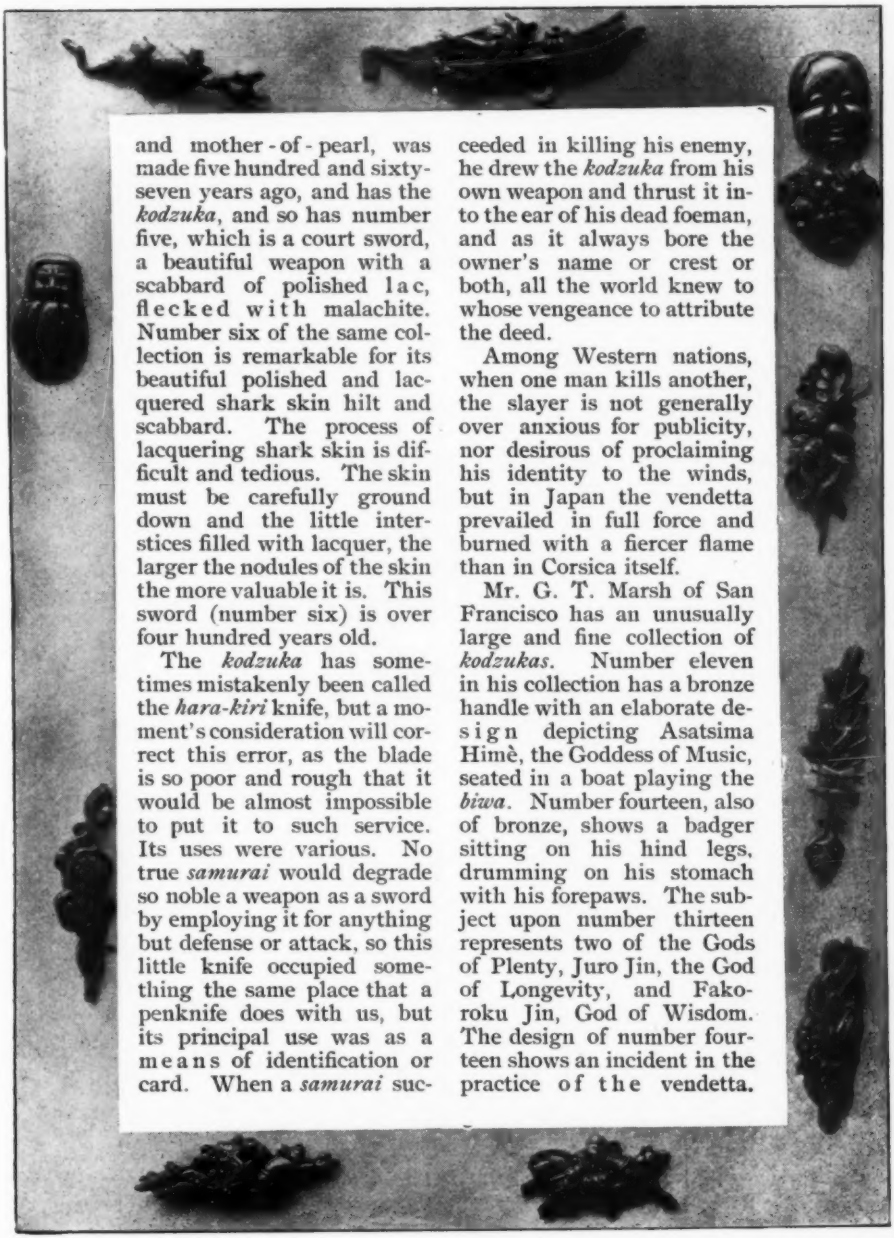
Most of the weapons in Mr. Henry Molineux's collection have this little knife. Number four, a sword with a shark skin hilt and a scabbard of sh'tan wood, ornamented with lacquer



and mother-of-pearl, was made five hundred and sixty-seven years ago, and has the *kodzuka*, and so has number five, which is a court sword, a beautiful weapon with a scabbard of polished lac, flecked with malachite. Number six of the same collection is remarkable for its beautiful polished and lacquered shark skin hilt and scabbard. The process of lacquering shark skin is difficult and tedious. The skin must be carefully ground down and the little interstices filled with lacquer, the larger the nodules of the skin the more valuable it is. This sword (number six) is over four hundred years old.

The *kodzuka* has sometimes mistakenly been called the *hara-kiri* knife, but a moment's consideration will correct this error, as the blade is so poor and rough that it would be almost impossible to put it to such service. Its uses were various. No true *samurai* would degrade so noble a weapon as a sword by employing it for anything but defense or attack, so this little knife occupied something the same place that a penknife does with us, but its principal use was as a means of identification or card. When a *samurai* succeeded in killing his enemy, he drew the *kodzuka* from his own weapon and thrust it into the ear of his dead foeman, and as it always bore the owner's name or crest or both, all the world knew to whose vengeance to attribute the deed.

Among Western nations, when one man kills another, the slayer is not generally over anxious for publicity, nor desirous of proclaiming his identity to the winds, but in Japan the vendetta prevailed in full force and burned with a fiercer flame than in Corsica itself.

Mr. G. T. Marsh of San Francisco has an unusually large and fine collection of *kodzukas*. Number eleven in his collection has a bronze handle with an elaborate design depicting Asatsima Himè, the Goddess of Music, seated in a boat playing the *biwa*. Number fourteen, also of bronze, shows a badger sitting on his hind legs, drumming on his stomach with his forepaws. The subject upon number thirteen represents two of the Gods of Plenty, Juro Jin, the God of Longevity, and Fakoroku Jin, God of Wisdom. The design of number fourteen shows an incident in the practice of the vendetta.

Ornaments on Japanese Swords

Two brothers, Jin-No-Suke Nari and Goro Toki Nemi are about to attack Suketsune Kudo, who assassinated their father.

In addition to a name, the sword often had applied to it the endearing term *maru*, little or dear, which Chamberlain thinks is a corruption of *maro*. When a gentleman called upon a friend, if he wore two swords upon entering the house, he removed the long sword with his right hand, from the left to the right side, as in that position it would not be easy to draw, and, therefore, gave a more friendly appearance to the visit. Such matters of importance as the occasions upon which to wear a short, long or single sword were regulated by strict etiquette. To touch or come into collision with another's weapon, to enter a friend's house without removing it, to turn the blade in the sheath as though about to draw or to lay it upon the floor and kick the guard toward any one, all or any of these acts were deadly insults, to be wiped out by blood alone.

6. Japanese Sword, Scabbard Inlaid with Pearl—Mulineux's Collection

To turn back to back and strike scabbards was a challenge equal to the throwing down and acceptance of the gauntlet among European knights. To exhibit a naked weapon was an affront, unless, indeed, the blade was a very famous one, and the fortunate possessor was much pressed to show it. After many apologies the owner would hand it to his friend, who received it in a silk napkin, never in his bare hand. Every gentleman carried these little silk napkins or soft paper, made especially for this purpose. It was always held with the hilt to the left, and the blade to the owner himself. Inch by inch, and with the repeated apologies on one side and urging on the other, the sword was drawn and examined, but only after earnest solicitation was it fully removed from the scabbard, all the time carefully held away from the other guests. It was then delicately wiped lest a breath or a finger-mark should mar its brilliancy, sheathed and returned to its place.

Unless the visit were a prolonged one both host and guest retained the short sword in the girdle, but the long one was always laid aside.

If the guest was a man of means a bearer went with him to carry the long sword, but if the gentlemen came alone, when he removed it his host's servant took it with a napkin and put it in the sword rack in a place of honor. Indeed it was treated almost like a sentient being. The *jintachi*, or two-handed war-sword, was always carried by a bearer.

As a rule, women did not wear swords, except when traveling, but the ladies of the Imperial Palace always armed themselves during fires. To fence skillfully with the halbred was regarded as an elegant and almost

necessary accomplishment for young ladies of good family.

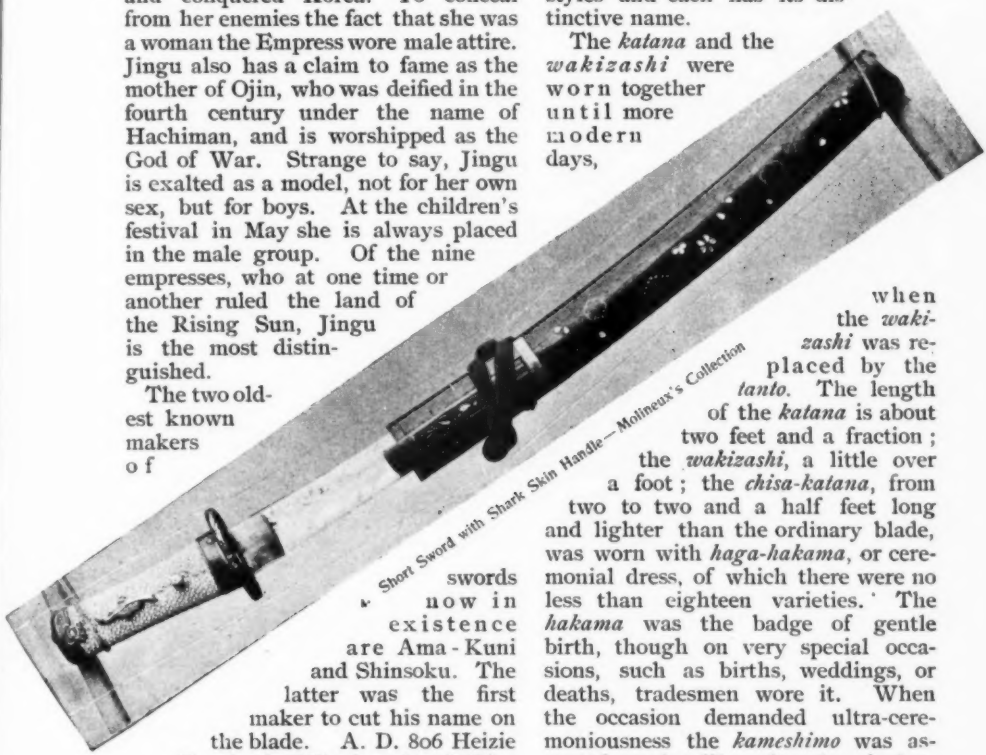
The first Japanese expedition to, and conquest of, foreign lands, which, to use the phrase of the native historians, caused "her arms to shine beyond the seas," was commanded by a woman. In the third century the pious warrior, Empress Jingu, being inspired by the gods, proceeded against and conquered Korea. To conceal from her enemies the fact that she was a woman the Empress wore male attire. Jingu also has a claim to fame as the mother of Ojin, who was deified in the fourth century under the name of Hachiman, and is worshipped as the God of War. Strange to say, Jingu is exalted as a model, not for her own sex, but for boys. At the children's festival in May she is always placed in the male group. Of the nine empresses, who at one time or another ruled the land of the Rising Sun, Jingu is the most distinguished.

The two oldest known makers of swords now in existence are Ama-Kuni and Shinsoku. The latter was the first maker to cut his name on the blade. A. D. 806 Heizie Ten O, the Mikado ordered Shinsoku to forge a sword for his son, the Imperial Prince. Rui Jin, the old man of the sea, who lives in the Dragon Shrine under the ocean, assisted in the making of this sword. Though Shinsoku made nearly a hundred blades he put his name to only eight, which are now in the different Hachiman Shrines, and though highly valued by their owners, are little more than masses of rust and decay. It has always been the custom in Japan to present the temples of the God of War with celebrated blades.

Soto Yugo was the father of a long line of makers whose descendants yet live. The work of this family is called *Iybori*. Soto himself was born in the fifteenth century.

Swords are of various lengths and styles and each has its distinctive name.

The *katana* and the *wakizashi* were worn together until more modern days, when the *wakizashi* was replaced by the *tanto*. The length of the *katana* is about two feet and a fraction; the *wakizashi*, a little over a foot; the *chisa-katana*, from two to two and a half feet long and lighter than the ordinary blade, was worn with *haga-hakama*, or ceremonial dress, of which there were no less than eighteen varieties. The *hakama* was the badge of gentle birth, though on very special occasions, such as births, weddings, or deaths, tradesmen wore it. When the occasion demanded ultra-ceremoniousness the *kameshimo* was assumed a wing-like, sleeveless jacket, usually of hempen cloth, stiffened so as to stand out beyond the shoulders. On the back and shoulders was stamped either the personal crest of the owner or that of his feudal lord. This dress was worn by officials until the introduction of European costume. Officials of the fourth and fifth rank wore with it the *aikuchi*, a dirk without a guard, which was also



Short Sword with Shark Skin Handle—Molineux's Collection

used by doctors and artists. The hunting sword called the *nodatchi* was of medium length.

A *samurai* in full dress fairly bristled with swords, for beside the *tanto* and *Katano* he frequently wore the *metezashi* stuck in his girdle behind, to be used with the right hand and if the owner were thrown so that he could not draw the others.

The *yepu nodatchi* was a gaudy affair, with a lacquered and gilt scabbard called *sayamaki*, when a portion of the scabbard was bound with silk.

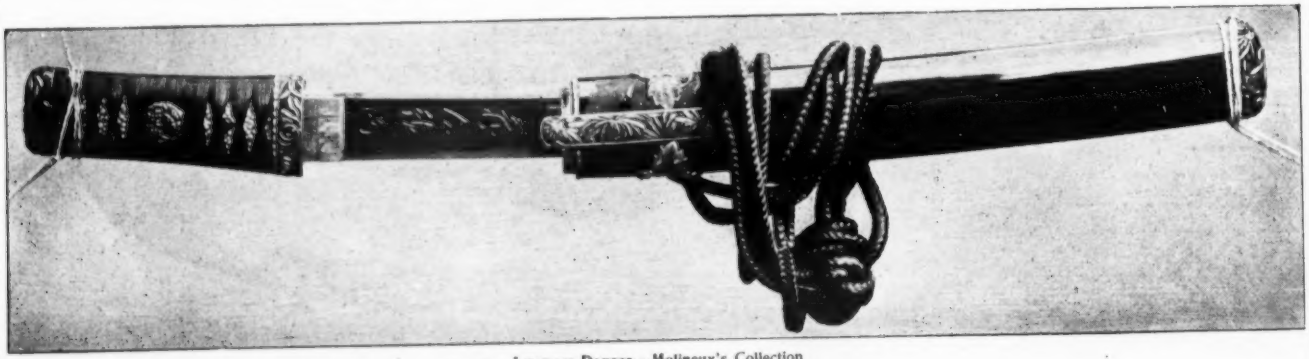
The mountings of a blade are arranged and spoken of in a certain technical order. First, the *kashira* or top of the hilt and the flat ring behind the guard that holds it in place; then the *menuki*, the little ornaments found into the sides of the hilt, which serve the double purpose of riding the rivets and giving a firmer grasp. Third, the *kodzuka* and *kogai*, the knife and hairpin; these are called the articles of three places. All these and the guard were generally made in sets to match. In the Marsh collection, there are so many fine pieces that it is difficult to know which to mention. Number seventeen is a *kashira* of *shibinch*, one of the strange Japanese alloys of silver and copper. It presents a beautiful silver-gray, satiny surface, and has worked upon it the favorite design of one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck—*Daikoku*, the god of plenty. Number eighteen is of iron inlaid with silver, and represents a hybrid, whose existence is solely in the ingenious brain of the artist. It is called a *Kappa*, and is the supposed offspring of the frog and the turtle. A wonderful bit of inlaying in silver shows the moon just emerging from behind a cloud. Number sixteen is the *fuchi*, or metal ring, made to match number seventeen. Daikoku appears upon it also, and Hotei, another of the seven, the God of Pleasure and the Lover of Children, who might very properly be called the Japanese Santa Claus. It is of *shibinchi*, too, and magnificently inlaid with gold, copper and bronzes. Number fifteen is another *fuchi*, and has a legendary animal worked upon it called a *kiruio*, a hybrid of the horse and the dragon.

After these pieces comes the *scia* or sheath, generally of *Ho-No-Ki* (magnolia wood), varnished a dark color. Bright colors were usually affected only by a class of roving adventurers, whose fortunes depended more upon their swords than upon a regular means of livelihood. Sometimes the scabbard and hilt are of exquisitely carved ivory. Number seven of Mr. Molineux's collection is an example of this sort. The carving represents one of the fête days devoted to children, and the whole sheath is a mass of close carving in sunk relief—*basso-relieves*.

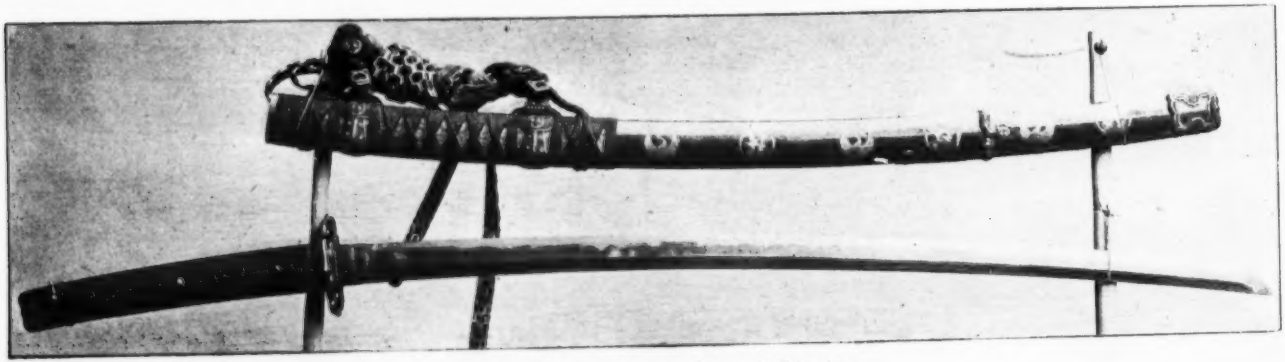
Mr. G. T. Marsh has a most unique and beautiful ivory sword, with a blade forged by one of the greatest of all the famous smiths, Munechika, who flourished 986 A. D., so that it is nearly a thousand years old. The carving on the sheath is simply marvelous. The design on the hilt, which is also of ivory, represents a *Rakan*. The Jui roku rakan were the sixteen most learned and devout disciples of Shaka or Buddha. The Rakan are always depicted with immense bushy eyebrows, which in these little figures are so exquisitely carved that they stand out from the head as fine as a piece of white thread.

Below the guard on the scabbard is another Rakan, and under that again is the figure of Benten, the Goddess of Purity and of Love in its highest form. She is riding the Cloud dragon, and bears a salver in her hand with lotus flowers, the emblem of purity, for though they grow in stagnant water, yet no other plant has leaves and flowers so pure and unblemished.

Beneath Benten is carved a representation of one of the most pious *Rakans*, with an attendant called Diba. Diba was once a very evil, wicked man, whose heart, like those of all sinful people, became perfectly



1. Japanese Dagger — Molineux's Collection



5. Ancient Japanese Swords — Molineux's Collection

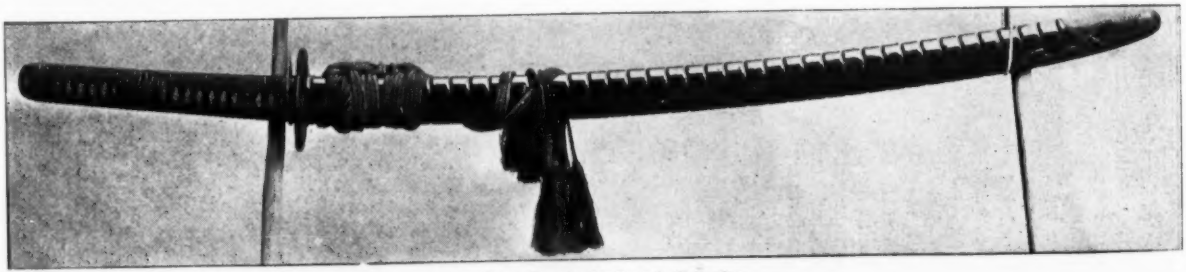
square, but through the teachings of Buddha, he became purified, and is now offering his changed, well-rounded heart to the *Rakan*. The end of the scabbard shows the lotus flower again, with the stems cut in relief.

On the reverse side is depicted Oto-himé, the Sea Goddess, riding with two of her attendants upon the Sea dragon. In her hand, she bears a tray with three dragon hearts. The dragon is reputed to have seven hearts, and Oto-himé is handing three evil ones taken from it to her Keeper of the Dragons' Hearts. The enormous amount of carving, as fine as lace work, and the delicacy and beauty of the workmanship of these two ivory swords, is beyond description.

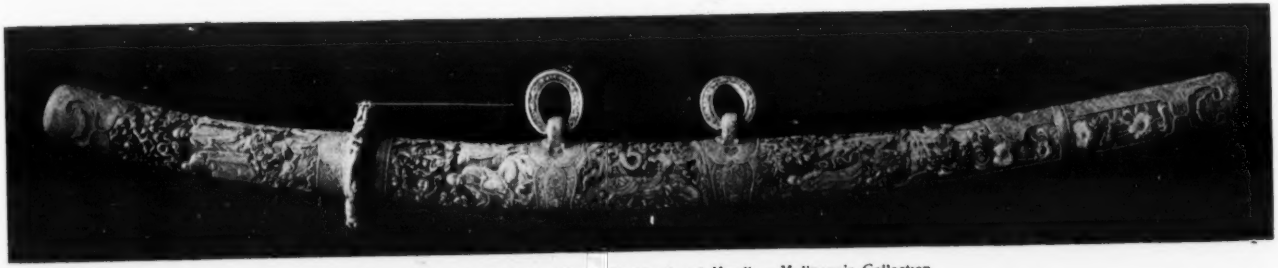
The *ysuba* or guard is a very important piece, and is often very elaborately inlaid. The Japanese metal worker was an artist as the painter on canvas, so he in metal reproduced a scene in nature or an historical or mythological incident. Number nineteen, in the Marsh collection, is a *tsuba* or guard of wrought iron heavily inlaid with gold. The subject is an event in the early life of Yoritomo, the great Shogun. It shows his enemies searching for him after his defeat at the Battle of Ishi Bashi Yama (Stone Bridge Mountain), where he barely escaped with his life by hiding in a hollow tree. Number twenty is the mate, and shows Yorimoto's successful attack upon Haiké's Castle. Both these guards, which are for a pair of swords, are by Soten, a Buddhist monk and a celebrated maker, for many of these pious men employed their time in armor forging. Number twenty-one, of wrought iron, silver and gold, shows the seven wise men meeting in the bamboo grove for study and philosophical research. In number twenty-two, the subject of the design is Chinese. It is an incident in the life of a nobleman famous for his strategic skill. He is seated in his balcony listening to the excellent playing of his musicians, while a party of rebels approach to attack him. So undisturbed is his demeanor that they hope that they are unperceived, and so may surprise him, but when they reach a certain spot, a mine explodes, and they are blown into the air. Number twenty-three is a representation of Akechi, a Japanese hero, taking observations before attacking Hideyoshi. For this purpose, he climbed into an overhanging live-oak tree, carrying his horse under his arm. Carefully letting the animal down inside the wall, he followed himself and entered the very court of the Castle.

The *menuki*, the little ornaments used to cover the rivets, are generally very pretty little pieces of work; the word means literally eye-covering. The *menuki* at the top left corner of the page belongs to the same as the *kashira* and *fuchi* depicting the seven household gods; it is the mallet and rats, the emblem of Daikoku, the god of wealth.

The mate in the middle of the page shows Yebisu, the god of good living, who is always represented as a fisherman. He holds a rod and line with a fish on it and beside him is a creel. The *menuki* at the upper right corner is a mask of Okamé, sometimes called Uzumé, the goddess of laughter and pleasure, as indicated by her fat dimpled cheeks. Below her is a *menuki* shaped like the *daikon*, a huge native radish with an over-powering smell, of which the Japanese are inordinately fond — one family has adopted it for their crest. The next is a pine tree tied in a piece of paper, significant of longevity and presented in this form to a newly born male child as an expression of a kindly wish that it may live many years. On the left side of the page just below the mallet and rats is a *menuki* depicting Dharuma, a disciple of Buddha, who came to China about the sixth century. The *menuki* immediately under Dharuma was made either for or under the patronage of the imperial family as it bears their crest, the flower of the pawlonia.



5. Long Sword — Molineux's Collection



7. Japanese Sword with Carved Ivory Scabbard and Handle — Molineux's Collection

Kogai or Hairpin — Marsh's Collection

Of the two *menuki* at the bottom of the page one is a Chinese subject showing Chiy-rio, a student, walking with his teacher, Koseki.

The other *menuki* is simply a horse man and has no special interest except as a fine piece of work.

The base of a great deal of metal work is iron, the soft southern sort, called *nanban*. Japanese and western ideas of suitable material differ very widely. The former never used bright silver or gold except to produce some particular effect as the sun or moon or the teeth of animals. But iron apparently so hard and unyielding a metal, the native artist molded as though it were wax and his knowledge of patinas seemed unlimited. The most flourishing period of this sort of work was during the Ashikaga Shogunate in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then it was that it reached the highest state of perfection though ever since the sixth century the Japanese were well versed in the art. Undoubtedly the civil wars between the Taira and Minamota families gave armor forging a great impetus.

Small Knives from Scabbards of Swords
Marsh Collection

12 11

Among the relics of the prehistoric age are found bronze knives, arrowheads and bells.

One of the oldest pieces of lacquer in existence is a sword scabbard now in the Todaiji temple at Nara and said to have belonged to the Mikado Shomu who lived during the first half of the eighth century.

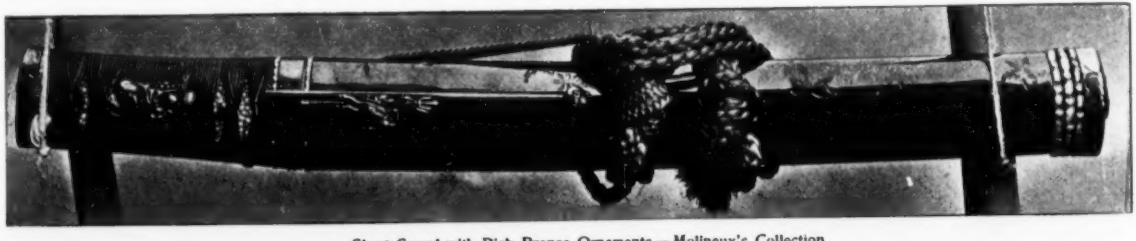
The hilt is usually of wood or iron covered with sharkskin and bound with silk cord in open geometrical pattern.

The *katana-kaji* or armorer undertook the forging a blade almost as though it were a religious ceremony. He began by reducing magnetic iron in the shape of ferruginous sand in a small smelting charcoal furnace. A slow process requiring at least three days which may yet be seen at Anegawa. The back of the blade is of this soft elastic metal and the edge of steel. In order to obtain such a result the sides and back were protected with fire clay and only the edge left exposed for placing in the furnace after which it is cooled in cold water. By this method the steel edge is always distinguishable by color and luster.

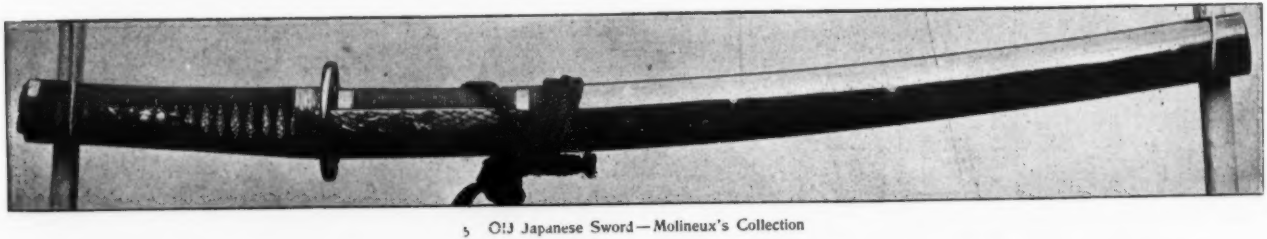
The peculiar marking is called *Yakiba* or burnt head. Every maker had his own form and method of welding and in deciding the age and maker of a weapon these are the tests applied. Each style has its distinctive name. A straight edge was called *Suguba*. Large irregular wavy *Oomidere*. The *Choja* is like cloves laid side by side and the *Jiuka* like overlaid flower petals. The Onotare is a wavy line common to all makers. *Hitatsura* is the Soshiu style and has cloudy spots. These are a few of varieties too numerous to mention.

All Japanese gentleman were supposed to understand and to be thoroughly versed in the *Yakiba*, and the Tokugawa government thought it of so much importance that they pensioned experts called *Hor Nami* to teach the youth of the country to distinguish between the true and counterfeit marks.

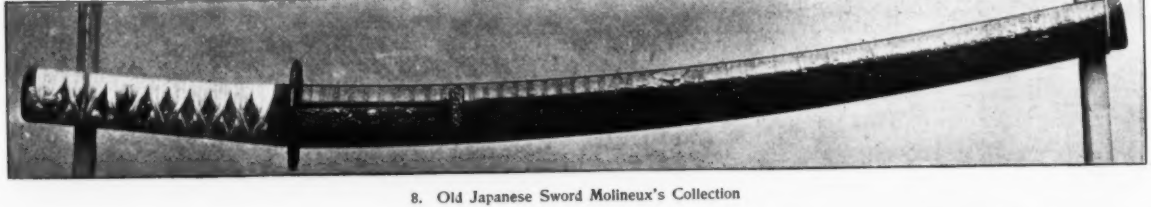
One of the most celebrated smiths is Muramasa, who lived in the fourteenth century; the common eulogy applied to his blades is that "they cut hard iron as though it were a melon." Yet



2. Short Sword with Rich Bronze Ornaments — Molineux's Collection



5 Old Japanese Sword — Molineux's Collection



8. Old Japanese Sword Molineux's Collection

they are unpopular on account of a curious superstition concerning them. So many noblemen and *Samurai* committed *hara-kiri* with these particular blades that they are supposed to yearn for blood and to exercise some fatal fascination over their owners. The sole end and aim of a sword should be to protect the innocent and punish the guilty, but Muramasa's blades yielded so evil an influence that their possessors seem impelled as by a wicked spirit to slay wantonly and for the mere pleasure of killing. So soon as a man obtained one of these swords, he became so anxious to test its keenness and so filled with mad pride that he forgot all restraint. The Muramasa weapons are reputed to be particularly unlucky, for the Tokugawa family because Tyeyasusho owned a spear made by this famous smith, constantly cut himself accidently with it.

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Small Knives from Scabbards of Swords
Marsh Collection

13 14

The forging of the *Ko Kitsum* or Little Fox forms one of the subjects of the *Wo* dance. In the eleventh century Tehijo Mikado ordered Munechika to make him a sword. The smith felt overwhelmed at receiving such an august order, particularly as he knew no one sufficiently skillful to assist him, and in his perplexity called upon his patron god, Tuari-Sami, the god of the Foxes, who immediately appeared before Munechika in the form of a young man and comforted him by telling him that a blade should be made that would be worthy the "august son of Heaven." The smith taking heart of grace, began his preparations by placing images of the god at the four corners of the anvil and hanging up a sacred straw rope to keep out evil spirits. A fox assuming human shape, helped him until the weapon was finished, then assuming his natural shape, the emissary of the beneficent god disappeared in a cloud. On the obverse of the blade is cut Munechika and on the reverse *Ko Kit sune*, the little fox.

One of the most celebrated sword makers was Masamuna, who was born in 1326. His blades have an exquisite golden tinge and he folded and refolded the metal from four sides in a curious manner.

Muramasa's blades, though repeatedly unlucky, were of so keen a temper that if a sheet of paper were floated down a stream so as to come against the edge they cut it fairly in two.

Some swords have grooves called *kirimons* hollowed in the side near the back and filled in with crimson lacquer and embellished with dragons or some similar ornament, or inscribed with Chinese or Sanscrit characters setting forth a moral saying or boast of keenness, as, "with this good blade the honest man need fear nothing 'twixt Heaven and Earth." Very often the sentiment is poetical.

The curve of most blades is about one-quarter of an inch from the straight line.

Another important item of sword furniture is the *sage-wo*, the broad, plaited silk cord, five feet in length, for a long and two and a half for a short one, which served to tie back the flowing sleeves when preparing for combat. While traveling, the sword-bearer carried his master's weapon in a

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leather case marked with the owner's crest.

The cities where sword-forging was most extensively carried on were Kyoto (the Mikado's capital), Kama-Kura and Osaka. Living in great castles, patronized by wealthy noblemen, who cared only for quality and to whom quantity seemed a drawback rather than an advantage, the *Katana-Kazi* worked out with the patience of genius these masterpieces which are the delight and wonder of all who see them.

The decree which forbade the wearing of the sword struck a death blow to this art and these weapons are now worn only by army officers and the police.

UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

BY PAULINE BRYANT

Forget thee, dear?
God knows how in the silence of the night,
Forgetful of how tired I am,
I think of thee, till, like a soothing balm,
Sleep, dropping on my lids, puts thought to flight.

Forget thee, dear?
God knows I have no longer any choice!
Love's seal is set upon me, nor can I,
With placid-beating heart again deny
The mastery and magic of thy voice.

Forget thee, dear?
God knows I would not if I could.
For sweeter far to me has been the pain
Of love unsatisfied than all the vain
And ill-spent years I lived before we met.

Forget thee, dear?
God knows, if I were lying dead to-day,
To ashes turned in a forgotten grave,
And to my dust He mercifully gave
The power to speak one word—thy name I'd say.

Bessborough Gardens, Vauxhall, London.

THORWALDSEN*

BY C. M. WAAGE

What the child admired
The youth endeavored and the man acquired.—*Dryden*.

ALMOST in the center of the Danish capital stands the building known as Thorwaldsen's Museum.

It reminds one of the houses, shown in the excavations of Pompeii, built in two stories, the lower one very lofty, the upper a mezzanine. The jambs of the openings taper towards the top and the lintel above lies straight across as in a Grecian temple. The lower floor is raised considerably above the level of the street, with granite steps the whole length of the front. The doors have large glass panels, which permit a view of the lofty halls within and of the colossal statuary. Surmounting the front is Victory, her robe flying in the wind, driving a *quadriga*.

The side and rear walls, in which there are no doors, form the most unique feature of the building. They are frescoed, in illustration of the triumphal return of Thorwaldsen. The Danish man-of-war, *Rota*, is coming to anchor, and all the greatest and distinguished ones of Denmark are come to bid him welcome.

The building is planned in a square, the four sides forming a courtyard, with the apartments arranged about it. Some of these apartments are large halls, others merely small rooms containing a solitary marble placed in the exact light or position to impress one with all its grace and beauty. In the larger halls are the larger casts, and in the front hall of all are found the colossal figures. In the basement of the buildings are numerous models, some of them broken, and seldom noticed save by some lover of the Master. The upper story contains a number of rooms, filled with curios and *bric-a-brac* that once belonged to the great artist. Then there are the rooms he occupied, furnished as he left them—his picture gallery and the last work, to which he gave his genius—a chalk outline of the Olympian Jove.

When the visitor has seen the many statues below, the bas-reliefs and the medallions and the rare collections above, there still remains one other shrine. It stands in the center of the little square courtyard.

Why do men uncover their heads when they approach that place? What does that raised plain stone corbel indicate? Why are there always fresh and beautiful flowers on that slab save when the snow wreaths cover it?

*The name of the great sculptor has been spelled throughout this article with a *w*, alth ugh it will be seen that he spelt it with a *v* himself. This has been done because it is generally so spelt in English. The reason why, in later years, he would spell it as he did need not here be explained. C. M. W.

Thorwaldsen's Museum

Because there in the center of it all sleeps the Master, dreams his true dream of immortality, while the gods of Parnassus, created by his own genius watch over him.

Thorwaldsen was born on the 18th of November, A. D. 1770. His parents people of humble station and small means. His father was a wood carver and found employment in the royal dockyards, carving figureheads and other naval ornaments, introduced in the old-fashioned men-of-war. He was far from an artist, and as he could

Thorwaldsen

ill afford to give his son much schooling, he took the boy at an early age to work at his own trade.

Young Thorwaldsen displayed great skill in handling carving tools and was soon able to teach his father, whose lines were by no means always correct.

During the reign of King Frederick the fifth (A. D. 1746–66) the royal palace of Charlottenborg had been converted into a royal academy of fine arts, and from that time to the present, architecture, painting and sculpture have been studied there under competent masters not only by native Danes but by numerous students from neighboring countries.

Jason

To this school young Thorwaldsen

was sent at the early age of eleven years, and it appears that at that time a certain amount of book learning was also imparted there — the attendance being free of charge. But Thorwaldsen seems to have been a remarkably dull boy as he could not graduate from the lowest class of religious instruction and he seems to have been entirely averse to all kinds of book study, while he applied himself with great ardor to modelling and carving and after a short time received as a reward the small silver medal of the academy, which so much surprised his teacher of the Bible class, that this worthy man refused for long to believe that a boy so stupid could gain any such distinction.

This was the first success in the life of the Master.

The young student made great progress under the tuition of Abildgaard, an eminent painter and one of the professors of the Academy. From step to step, he passed onwards, gaining prize after prize, until in A. D. 1793 he received the great gold medal, to which was attached a traveling stipend granting him three years' study abroad, with an annual allowance. He had, however, to wait for another three years before the stipend became available, and it was not until the year A. D. 1796 that he ultimately received it and embarked for Naples on the Danish man-of-war *Thetis*.

Hebe

It is somewhat curious to consider that even at that time Thorwaldsen's literary education was entirely unequal to his calling. Influenced by his patrons he had turned his attention to Greek historical subjects; indeed, the subjects treated at the academy, nearly all belonged to the Greek school. But, beyond reading up what was absolutely necessary in order to produce such works as his Heliodorus, which procured for him the small gold medal, or the Legend of Achilles and Hector, when he produced his "Priam begging Achilles for the body of Hector," or any other creation of his, he absolutely refused to study. He seemed to be endowed with the faculty of conceiving the idea at once. When he competed for the medal, which he gained for his "Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple," the young competitors met on certain evenings to read up the subject and discuss it, but it is a curious fact that Thorwaldsen had modeled in clay his conception of the subject, while they were yet arguing the various points.

On the twentieth of May, 1790, Thorwaldsen began his voyage to Italy, and arrived at Malta on the sixteenth of January, 1791. His apparent indolence, whilst on board, so much surprised the captain of the frigate, that he made mention of it in several letters home.

It was nine months after leaving Copenhagen that Thorwaldsen reached Rome. Unsophisticated as he was, without pretentions, not even claiming to be anything or anybody in particular, he set foot in the Eternal City with a few letters of introduction and threw himself into that arena, where the immortal Canova was the champion.

Slowly the genius of Thorwaldsen developed. He knew his own shortcomings, and threw himself vigorously

into the study of the classics, where he found unlimited material for treatment, and, having copied for awhile, he began to model for himself. Although his works of that period are exceedingly few, yet they point to the progress he was making, and his Bacchus and Ariadne decidedly prove an advancement. He was obliged to send every six months a report to Copenhagen, giving an account of his progress, the same to be accompanied by samples of his work, and this he never neglected, for which reason he easily obtained an extension of time, giving him permission to remain six years in Italy in place of three, during the whole of which he led a somewhat precarious existence, oftentimes barely succeeding in making a living.

Amor and Psyche

As yet, Thorwaldsen had not succeeded in gaining any degree of prominence as an artist. It is true that he had done some work, which merited praise and secured him friends among the wealthy and noble, but his peculiarly affable personality had probably a good deal to do with this. He had formed an intimate friendship with a German landscape painter, named Joseph Kock. They lodged together, and Thorwaldsen seems to have entertained the greatest affection for this man. At the house of Zöega (a Danish scientist residing in Rome), he associated with a great many artists and men of science and letters, who almost nightly gathered there, and it is fair to assume that his extended acquaintance with so many men of intellect, genius and learning had a healthful influence on himself, and aided in expanding his mind and extending his knowledge.

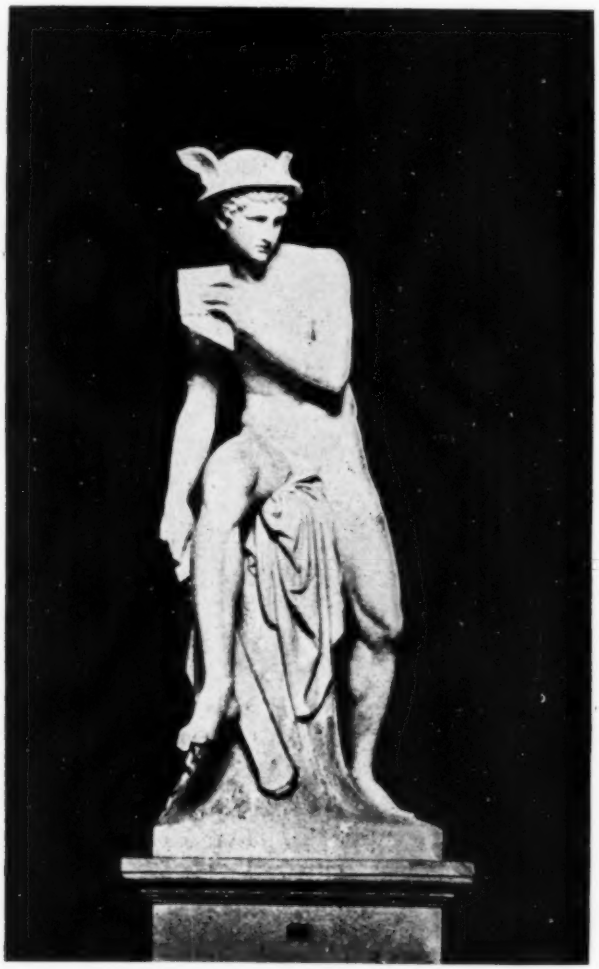
It was during the latter portion of his six-years' term that he conceived the idea of his "Jason." This must have been a creation, which had greatly weighed upon his mind, for, having modeled it first in life size, he destroyed it, and gathering the full power of his genius, remodeled it in colossal size, and through the financial aid of Mrs. Frederikka Brun, had it cast in plaster. Rome was astir! Canova himself exclaimed: "Here is a work in a new and lofty style," and expressed his regret that age was creeping upon himself and checking his genius. Even the critical Zöega acknowledged the beauty of the work but all this time the end of his term was drawing near, when he would have to return home, and even with the masterpiece on his hands, he saw no way to continue his studies in Rome amid the surroundings and inspirations so accessory to his artistic development.

Already had he bade *adieu* to his friends, when something happened which delayed him for another day, and on that very day the rescue came.

Thomas Hope, a rich English banker, came to his studio, having heard of his "Jason," and, recogniz-

ing the value of the work, ordered it carved in marble.

"Six hundred *sequins*," said Thorwaldsen, who saw a gleam of light flooding a hidden future; but the generous Englishman told him that his price was too low, and agreed to pay him eight hundred *sequins*. It is somewhat remarkable that this figure, which was modeled in 1808, was not completed until 1832; but the advance of money he received for it enabled Thorwaldsen to remain in Rome as an artist, independent of the Danish Academy.

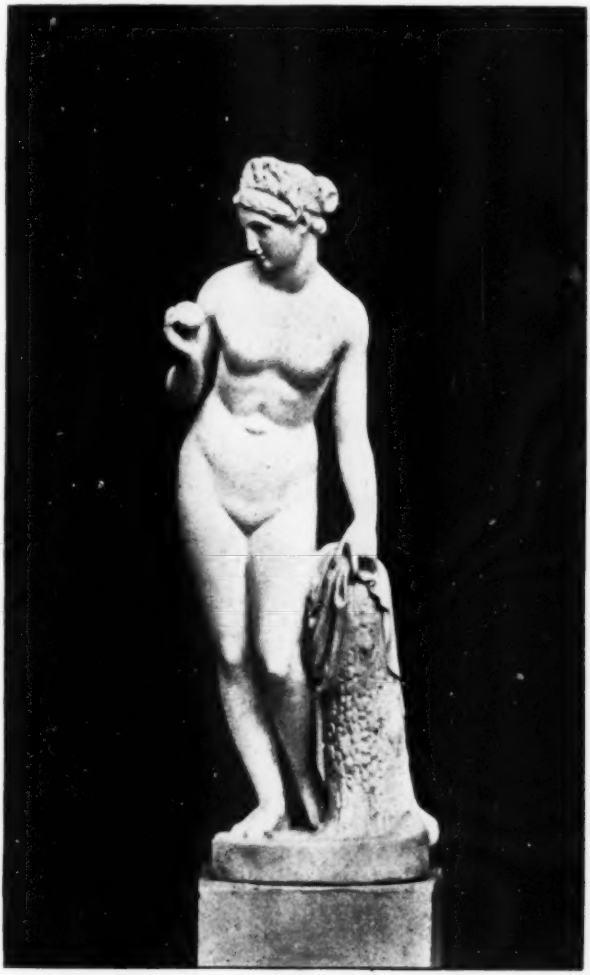


Mercury

And now, when nearly forty years old, Thorwaldsen entered upon a new era of his life. His fame had spread far and wide, and his whole soul seemed to have expanded, while work

followed upon work in quick succession, and his "Bacchus," "Apollo," "Ganymede," "The Abduction of Briseïs," "Amor and Psyche" were produced, while orders came in freely, was always called *Cavaliero Alberto*, which was far easier for the Italians to speak than his somewhat harsh Danish name.

There are two things to be regretted



Thorwaldsen's Venus

and rich and influential men and women vied with each other in doing him homage. At this period, the King of Denmark made him a Knight of the Dannebrog, and henceforth he in the life of Thorwaldsen after his sudden rise to honor and dignity. The one is the apparent neglect he showed towards the man who had enabled him to pursue fame, for his

"Jason" was put aside for other work and but rarely touched. The other circumstance is the unfortunate connection he formed with a woman who was in every way his inferior. She was known as Anna Maria Magnana and was at one time maid to Madame Zöega at whose house he first met her. Thorwaldsen fell in love with the beautiful girl and she to some extent reciprocated. Nevertheless she married another man called d'Uhden, a wealthy merchant, soon wearying of him, she induced her artist lover to receive her into his house and they lived together for years after in a manner which was anything but conducive to their mutual happiness. By her he had a daughter of whom he seems to have been very fond. But his relation to Madame d'Uhden did not prevent him from falling deeply in love with two other women of more congenial natures. It is noticeable that Madame d'Uhden seems to have played no part in his social relations, not even to have hindered him in any social undertaking in which, of course, she could not participate. She would undoubtedly have seriously checked his career had not his master mind raised him above the trivialities of an unhappy domestic relation, but he certainly suffered under a yoke which must often have appeared almost unbearable.

In 1811 Thorwaldsen received a letter from the Danish Crown Prince Christian Frederick, afterwards Christian VIII, inviting him to come home offering him a position at the academy of which the prince was president, and one thing with another more especially the pressure brought to bear by personal friends in the mother country, almost persuaded Thorwaldsen to return, when he was asked to assist in ornamenting the Quirinal Palace at Rome on the occasion of the approaching visit of the French Emperor and he was requested to compose a frieze, as a bas-relief in one of the largest halls. This put a stop to his plans for returning home and became the impetus which wrung from his genius one of the most wonderful productions of art in all the world's history. It is known as the "Triumph of Alexander" and represents the Persian conqueror entering the fallen city of Babylon.

From the plaster a copy was cast and sent to the King of Denmark, and Napoleon I agreed to pay the artist three hundred and twenty thousand francs for a marble copy which was intended for the Temple of Glory, to commemorate his victorious entrance into Rome, but only half of the money was paid as the French Emperor was shortly afterwards exiled to Elba and the marble work was never completed.

The years from 1812 to 1818 were of great consequence to Thorwaldsen. During them he executed some of his best works, such as his bas-reliefs, "The Workshop of Vulcan," "Achilles and Priam" and "Night and Morning." It was at this period also that he remodeled his "Love Victorious," The Dancing Girl," "Young Shepherd With His Dog," Byron's bust, and many other statues and bas-reliefs, among which are found some of his finest and most graceful productions, which appeared to prove a continued development of his genius and skill. Some of his figures were suggested by a casual attitude on the part of some person near by; others were the result of more thought, but they all exhibit a wonderful power of conception. To this period also belongs the restoration of the so-called Ægina marbles, which he undertook for the King of Bavaria, who had bought them after their discovery. These marbles, which now form one of the greatest features of the Glypto-theca of Munich, were unearthed by Baron Von Hallen and others on the island of Ægina, where they had been resting under the ruins of the temple of the Panhelenian Jove for unknown ages. The temple was in ruins at the time of Cicero, and the statuary referred to must belong to a far remote antiquity.

Thus we have in the nineteenth century two artist souls blending in the creation and re-creation of the same work—the one lost in oblivion, perhaps a contemporary of Pheidon or Myron, the other, a child of the present age grappling with an idea conceived over two thousand years ago and, undoubtedly, at the time, the only man living who could have mastered the task as he did.

Interior of "Our Lady's Church

Again, to this period belongs the marble statue of the Princess Baryatinska, one of his most exquisite

works. For some reason it remained in his possession and now adorns a small chamber in the museum. The Princess was a lady of exceeding beauty and grace, and it is questionable whether these properties are more forcibly expressed in any of Thorwaldsen's works than they are in her life-size statue.

But during those years other emotions greatly agitated Thorwaldsen. It was during this period that he happened to meet Miss Frances McKenzie. There is no doubt that this lady, who belonged to a prominent Scotch family impressed herself deeply upon the mind of the artist, so much so that had it not been for his unfortunate entanglement with Madame d'Uhden, Miss McKenzie would, no doubt, have become his wife. But later he began to neglect her for another Frances, a Viennese lady. This so grieved Miss McKenzie that she left Rome, after having sent Thorwaldsen a most touching letter, which so much affected him that he abandoned his Viennese, and even sometime after seems to have entirely broken off with Madame d'Uhden, who vanishes out of existence in connection with his own life, as he left Rome for a tour through Denmark in 1819.

This journey was one succession of triumphs. Monarchs and princes vied with each other in doing him honor. It was on this journey that he met the Emperor Alexander of Russia and modeled his bust, and, on parting with him, the Emperor drew from his hand a costly ring and placed it on Thorwaldsen's finger, at the same time embracing him affectionately. It was on this journey that he agreed to erect the statue of Copernicus in Poland and to execute the famous Swiss lion at Lucerne. Everything was done to exalt him, and at one German court he was ushered into a hall, where all the prominent artists of the State, costumed in imitation of white marble casts, welcomed him in exact representation of a number of his greatest conceptions. In his native city, as a matter of course, the display of festivities was almost unbounded, and here he received the orders for decorating Our Lady's Church (Frue Kirke) with the figures of Christ and the twelve apostles, and for the "Angel of Baptism." On that journey he became personally acquainted with most of the leading men of that day and received a number of orders for statues for various purposes and different places, and, when in December, 1820, he again returned to Rome, he was not only a famous man but well known throughout Europe, and, owing to his particularly attractive personality, much beloved by all who came in contact with him.

From 1820 to 1838 Thorwaldsen remained in Rome, with the exception of short excursions of no importance here. He had now accumulated considerable wealth and was continually adding to it, but he was a man whose generosity knew no bounds. He was ever ready to help the needy both with advice and with his purse. The poor wood carver's son had risen to the highest dignity. The Danish Crown Prince, while visiting Rome, asked permission to be present at one of his entertainments. King Louis of Bavaria was his firm friend and would call through the open studio window, to the artist, asking him to come home for lunch. The Pope himself did what no other Pope had ever done —Leo XII descended from the Vatican and visited Thorwaldsen in person. Work upon work left the artist's studio to add to his fame; titles and decorations were showered upon him; high places of honor were offered him, and all that the vain glory of the world can give, was held out to him.

But nothing ever unbalanced his mind. He had in his studio numerous pupils, some of them rising to become artists of high degree through the inspirations they received by executing his works, but he remained always the same amiable, unpretentious man. His conduct was the same to the rich as to the poor, to the high-

born as to the lowly born. Although years had crept upon him, he did not appear to be getting old, and the buoyancy of his mind seemed never to decrease. The days of passion had been left behind, and we hear no more of love affairs or *liasons*. In 1826 he once more met Miss McKenzie, who had returned to Rome, and between them existed ever after a true friendship but nothing more.

But if passions had left him, that grand intellect which he possessed seemed not to have diminished in the least degree. The flame of genius burned without a flicker, and brought to light a succession of wonderful works. Among the many whose friendship he gained during that period were Felix Mendelsohn, Bartholdy, and Sir Walter Scott, whereas Thorwaldsen held Byron in supreme contempt because of the extreme affectation which characterized the English bard.

An amusing story is told of the two:

While Thorwaldsen was engaged in modeling Byron's bust, the latter allowed his features to assume an expression of profound melancholy. The poet had a peculiar fancy for appearing melancholy, which he thought made him look interesting.

"That is not your natural expression," said Thorwaldsen, but as Byron did not change it, the sculptor modeled his face without it, and everybody thought the likeness perfect, except Byron, who was disgusted.

A few more anecdotes of the great artist may not here appear out of place. Hiram Power, the American sculptor, had modeled his famous statue, The Greek Slave. He was a young man at the time, full of ambition, but possessed of a high degree of native modesty. He was an ardent admirer of Thorwaldsen, and would have given anything for his opinion of his work, but not knowing him personally, he felt diffident about asking him to come to his studio. Some of his friends, who knew the great master, came to his rescue and arranged for a visit to Power's studio. When Thorwaldsen had arrived, he stood long before the clay without speaking, then he turned to the artist who was trembling with suspense:

The Dancing Girl

"You say this is your first statue?" interrogated Thorwaldsen.

Power silently nodded assent.

"Then let me tell you," said Thorwaldsen, "that I would be proud to call it my last."

One of the most charming stories told about Thorwaldsen refers to an episode which took place on the occasion of Horace Vernet, the great French painter, leaving Rome to go to Africa. There existed between the two a warm friendship of long standing and on the eve prior to his departure a number of prominent artists were banquetting, Vernet, the Danish artist being seated on his right. As part of the programme for the evening Vernet was to be crowned with a silver wreath. The moment arrived and on a given signal one of the company approached Vernet and prepared to place the crown of honor on his brow. But the Frenchman immediately took in the situation and seizing

the wreath from the hands of the astonished artist he placed it upon the head of Thorwaldsen saying: "None of us can wear a crown so long as he remains *un*crowned."

Probably the highest distinction conferred upon Thorwaldsen during his life was the call he received to the presidency of the Academy of St. Luke, an office held by Canova at his death in 1826, but he never seemed to appreciate the honor, which was all the greater, as he did not belong to the Church of Rome and was the only protestant who had ever occupied the presidential chair. Nevertheless he seemed pleased when his term was out.

As it may be of interest to learn how Thorwaldsen lived part of a letter from a contemporary is given below:

"Thorwaldsen lives at Palazzo Tomoti, Via Sistina. The first story is devoted to his private apartments, the atelier being on the floor above and you reach it by a narrow staircase. When you knock at the door, the great sculptor, like Poussin opens it himself.

"The furniture of the apartment is simple, almost primitive, but a multitude of fine paintings ornament the walls.

"There are bookcases, filled with books, rare vases, collections of medals and gems of all kinds. All around are fine engravings, sketches, portraits of princes and artists. In front of the house is a garden which can be reached from the atelier where aloes, wild roses and other flowers straggle over blocks of marble. Thorwaldsen is remarkable for his great activity and the close attention he gives to everything upon which he is engaged. You follow the idea in his work with exceeding ease. His conversation, when he is only executing, not planning or composing, is easy, pleasant and at the same time full of thought and shrewdness. Not one among the artists takes a keener interest in zealous young beginners. Of the men

Day

who have earned the right to the artist's citizenship in the world he is one of the greatest.

"Art has given him the highest rank and a rank which can nowhere be ignored not even in Germany — that country of hereditary titles. His is incontestably a mind of the first order. To a remarkable energy he adds that peculiar versatility which seem to belong only to graceful talent. He ends his life, commenced among peasants, in the first rank of society where he inspires as much interest as veneration."

During this period Thorwaldsen was the recipient of a great many letters and nothing troubled him more than to attend to his correspondence.

He would allow letters to accumulate unopened, until some friend would take the matter in hand and reply to the most important ones, to which Thorwaldsen would then merely affix his signature.

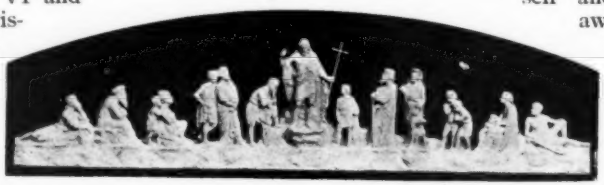
In 1837, the cholera was raging in Rome, and Thorwaldsen made his will, in which he bequeathed to his native city, Copenhagen, his works and his collections of objects of art, antiquity and curiosity, on condition that a suitable building, exclusively devoted to them, should be erected and provided by that city. But his time had not yet come, and the following year he embarked on board the Danish man-of-war *Rota*, and set sail for Denmark.

The closing chapter in this remarkable man's career naturally opens with his reception in Copenhagen. No description can do justice to the occasion when the *Rota* hove in sight. No warrior ever made a more glorious entrance into a conquered city than did Thorwaldsen into the home of his childhood. The laurels that have crowned the heads of Alexander, of Cæsar or Napoleon were no brighter than those which decked the brow of the Danish artist, who now, after many years, returned to his native

Night

land to end his days there, while the cannon boomed, while flags and streamers were flying from yards and masts and the placid waters of the Sound on that eighteenth day of September were white with sails; while thousands of voices greeted him welcome home, and processions received him at the landing place. For weeks and months he was subjected to one continuous ovation, which took him away into a whirl of entertainments but little in keeping with his quiet, unassuming taste.

His latter years need but brief mention. His great power of genius seemed to burn within with an unquenchable flame, and he was still capable of producing some very fine work, such as his genii of sculpture, painting, architecture, poetry and harmony, besides his statues of King Frederik VI and King Christian VIII, as well as his own statue, which he was persuaded to execute by the Baroness Stampe, of Nysöe. This lady was one of his most devoted friends, and at her elegant castle she had caused to be built a studio, in which Thorwaldsen did most of his later works. Among others of his intimate friends should be mentioned Professor Thiele, the historian, and Hans Christian Andersen, the poet, dramatist and fairy-tale writer who was much attached to the old man. One more of his closest friends must not be forgotten—his body servant Wilkins, who, with his wife, kept house for and looked after the artist. Wilkins had full control of Thorwaldsen's affairs, and the latter generally had his meals with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, when working in his Copenhagen Atelier. Thorwaldsen was particularly fond of the play, and it was often a sore disappointment to him, when some other engagement prevented him from spending the evening at the theater.



John, the Baptist, Preaching

In 1841, he made a brief tour through Europe with the Stampe family, during which he beheld many statues he had been instrumental in raising in various cities, and also once more saw Rome and his beloved friend, the King of Bavaria, and on his return home, he was much pleased to find his museum completed.

As the Greeks combined to raise the Temple of Pallas Athena, so had the Danish Nation raised this building, that it might carry the name of Thorwaldsen to remote ages.

"My tomb is ready!" said the old man, as he gazed upon the center of the courtyard and stood musing for a few moments. Then he roused himself and walked away with a quick gait.

How could he help knowing that even if the tomb could close over him, he would live forever in the marbles holding watch around?

Andersen relates that during the month of March, 1843, Admiral Wulf died suddenly at the theater, while watching the play, and that Thorwaldsen on hearing of it, exclaimed: "Is not that a beautiful way to die—a death to be envied?"

On the 24th of March, 1844, he dined with Baron Stampe's family, and after dinner went to the theater. Outside the building he met Andersen, whom he asked to accompany him, but the poet excused himself, and they bade one another "Good evening." That was the last time Thorwaldsen spoke. He entered the theater. The play had already commenced, and, as he seated himself, it

was noticed that his body dropped forward.

"Thorwaldsen is dead!" was whispered close to him, as loving hands tried to raise his lifeless body.

"Thorwaldsen is dead!" was repeated through the vast theater, and the curtain, which had risen on one of Œhlenschlœger's tragedies, fell on a tragedy at which the world would weep, while the large concourse dispersed in tears.

One more scene before closing this. On the evening of the 18th of November, 1870, the centennial anniversary of Thorwaldsen's birthday, a long torchlight procession wended its way from the Royal Academy to Thorwaldsen's Museum. All Copenhagen was astir; the streets were thronged with people, and the city illuminated. The procession consisted of artists, literary men and students from the academy, where, as a child, Thorwaldsen received his first instructions, and the torch-bearers were chosen from among the younger pupils.

Outside the Museum the procession halted. The doors were opened, and the building lighted up with burning calcium, which threw its lustrous glare upon the white figures and on the rose-colored tomb. Then they sang a lullaby, composed for the occasion. The effect was superb! Within, the sleeping master, surrounded by his own creations; without — the fresh young blood, the fresh young voices, many among whom to-day occupy the highest rank in the art and literature of Denmark.

AROUND LAKE TAHOE

BY ANNA C. MURPHY

WHAT Lake George is to New York and the East, Tahoe is to California, and year by year its beauties are being better appreciated, and its shores dotted by the homes of the city dwellers of the Pacific Slope.

In making the fourteen-mile stage ride to Lake Tahoe from Truckee, I am fortunate in securing the box seat. The sweet briar rollicks everywhere, dancing over bowlders, trailing "flushed with haste," to see itself blush from the river that crosses and recrosses the road. The golden rod and scarlet *castillea* flaunt their gaudy brushes, languid *lupines* loll, and *eschscholtzias* coquette with gold and tan butterflies. The *penstemon*, the gladdest flower that blows, pink at the base, blue at the recurved edges, swaying a brilliant purple, speak as blithely to our eyes as a bugle to our ear. Above the lower growths of *manzanita*, *ceanothus* and *losacea*, rise the pines and firs and spruces that give martial air to the woods.

Here are river galleries hung close with copies from nature. We cannot lose our child-like pleasure in watching the wonderful reduplication given back by the mocking stream. How can these shallow measures build these magnificent depths and distances? What tricks are our eyes playing us? Here is a Corot in softest greens and browns. There an old Dutch piece, perfect in every detail, to dank slime and fretted bark. Again a flower bit, fringing red things, tangled in ferns, while yonder is an etching of a dead grove, silvery white.

Fourteen miles of this beauty-bordered ride, and Tahoe, Indian Big Water, the Geneva of America, lies before us, as blue as though a fragment of the firmament had settled on the mountain top. Never a summer sky bore so intense a hue as does this shifting water. Only gray and brown and blue in the color scheme, from the log at your feet to the distant mountains, and yet there is infinite variety in tone and tint. There are new chromophases here we are sure, but our sense is too dull to grasp them. They evade our puzzled eyes as a far-away song the ear, or a receding dream the memory. We spend the afternoon watching the play of sapphires, and think that nothing could be fairer than the scene.

From the piazza of the rambling hotel, one views the Rubicon Mountains, twelve or fifteen miles away on the right, and the exquisite symmetry of Tallac and Ralston rising above the circling peaks. There are other hamlets and hostelries hereabout, but we shall come upon them as we circumnavigate the lake, in the steamer that makes the trip every day.

How we sleep here in these still, upper stretches! There is something in the air that would frustrate Kehama's curse, and yet with sunrise, some of us are up and doing.

"The Cliff House breeze suits me pretty well at home," remarks the business man from San Francisco, "but there is champagne here against soda there," and he walks off, his

Eagle Falls, Tahoe

hands aswing. "We are a mile higher up than they are down on Montgomery Street," speaks the statistician, "and it's about a quarter of a mile down to the bottom of the lake.

"How long and wide is Tahoe?" he repeats, as some one puts the question. "Oh! about twenty-five miles the longest way, and twelve or fourteen across."

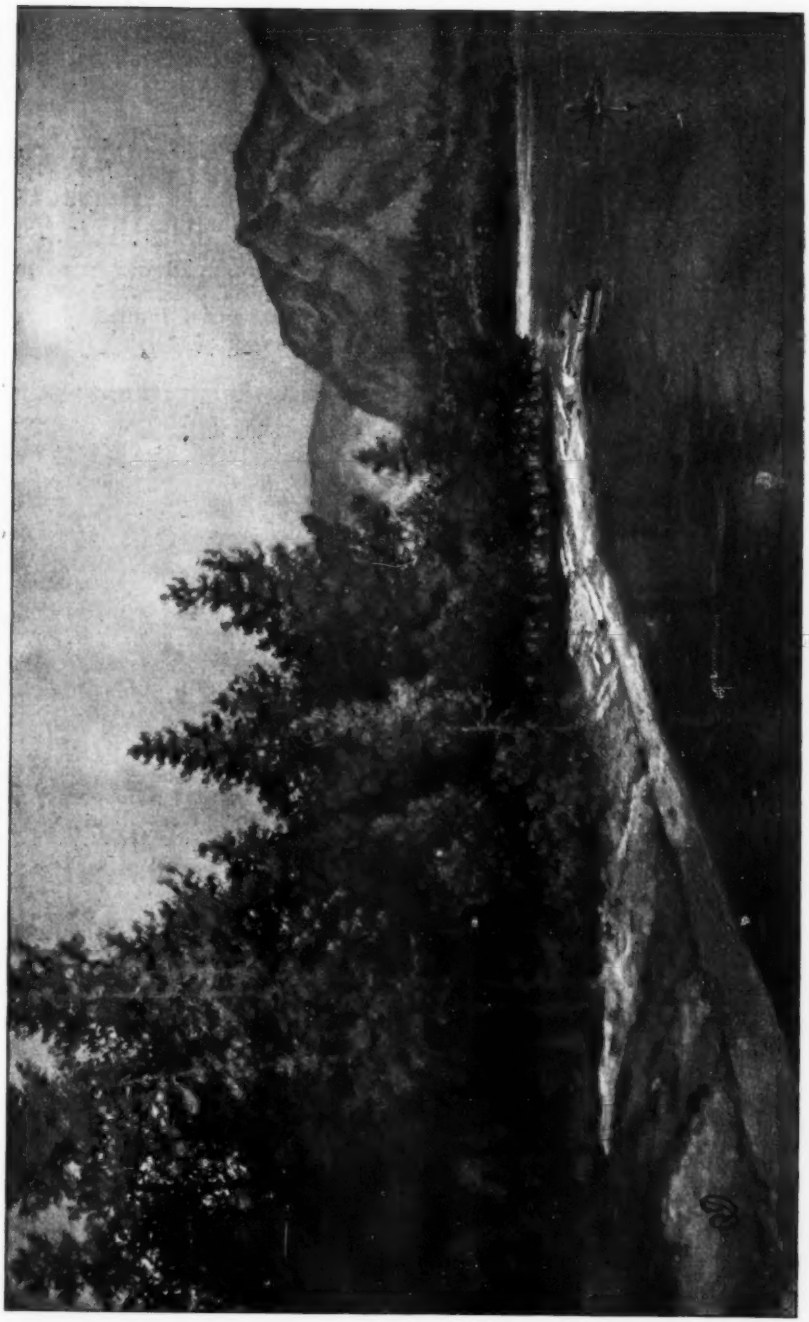
There comes a balmy morning when we embark on the little steamer to make the grand tour of the lake. Near the shore, the bottom shows richest browns and greens, with iridescent borderings quivering about every outline, and we see the trout at home in sumptuous retreats through the clear, still waters. We have a glimpse of the far-famed "Idlewild" cottage, the ideal summer home of California; but McKinney's, eight miles across from Tahoe, is our first stopping place. A point clad in evergreens runs down to the water line. A hotel and group of cottages make summer homes for a permanent and a shifting colony of summer visitors. A curious peak, dubbed Napoleon's Hat, rises behind the cove.

Bearing on toward the southwest, we pass Rubicon and Eagle Pointer, and that gem of the world's bays—the Emerald.

Tallac, at the base of the mountain of that name, comes next. The summer boarder, as fine as at Santa Cruz, is here to meet us; to crowd down for mail. The hotel here is owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, of the San Francisco caravansary, and fashion drifts from that one to this when she flees the city for the mountains. We speed on and reach Glenbrook, half-way round, by dinner-time. This is a lumbering town, and a base of supplies for campers and wood-cutters. You can take the stage here for Placerville, along a road renowned for beauties, or you can go to Carson City with Hank Monk, who needs no introduction.

Tahoe City, Lake Tahoe

In the afternoon dark clouds met in scowling conclave overhead. "A summer storm is brooding," said the captain, and he made for land, to await the outcome. As we tarried there they told of the insane wrath of the beautiful lake, when the winds sweep from her many cañons and meet in



The Lake Shore

haste, and of men and boats lost forever if mad enough to brave the short-lived fury. The threatening storm passed away and, after another spurt of sailing, we came to the Hot Springs, across the lake from Tallac.

To us forevermore the Hot Springs of Tahoe mean the place from which we saw the most glorious sunset we have ever known. Through a rift of beryl sky, cross-barred by amber, the retreating sun burst one moment to reconnoiter the world, then stooped behind the ambush of carmine and into the upper depths, and stars above sent greeting to stars below that sailed on every dipping wavelet, and as we glided on we spoke of the Breton peasants' legend, that these flickering lights from the water are the restless souls of the unburied dead.

"Yanks" is the barbaric name of a landing place, the title coming from the owner's appellation, won since baptism. Here, in a low, picturesque room, we lunched on strawberries and cream, watching the Indians picking the berries.

Stage Route Along the Truckee River

salmon that protected him till he was lost behind the mountain rim, which for this moment of crisis lay sharp-edged and gleaming like Excalibur, again clearing the waters.

The sky burned goldly red from fire of victory and sacrifice, and there was flung across the waters a drawbridge of jacinth, topaz and all manner of precious stones, which made pathway for an unseen cavalcade, and we knew that yonder

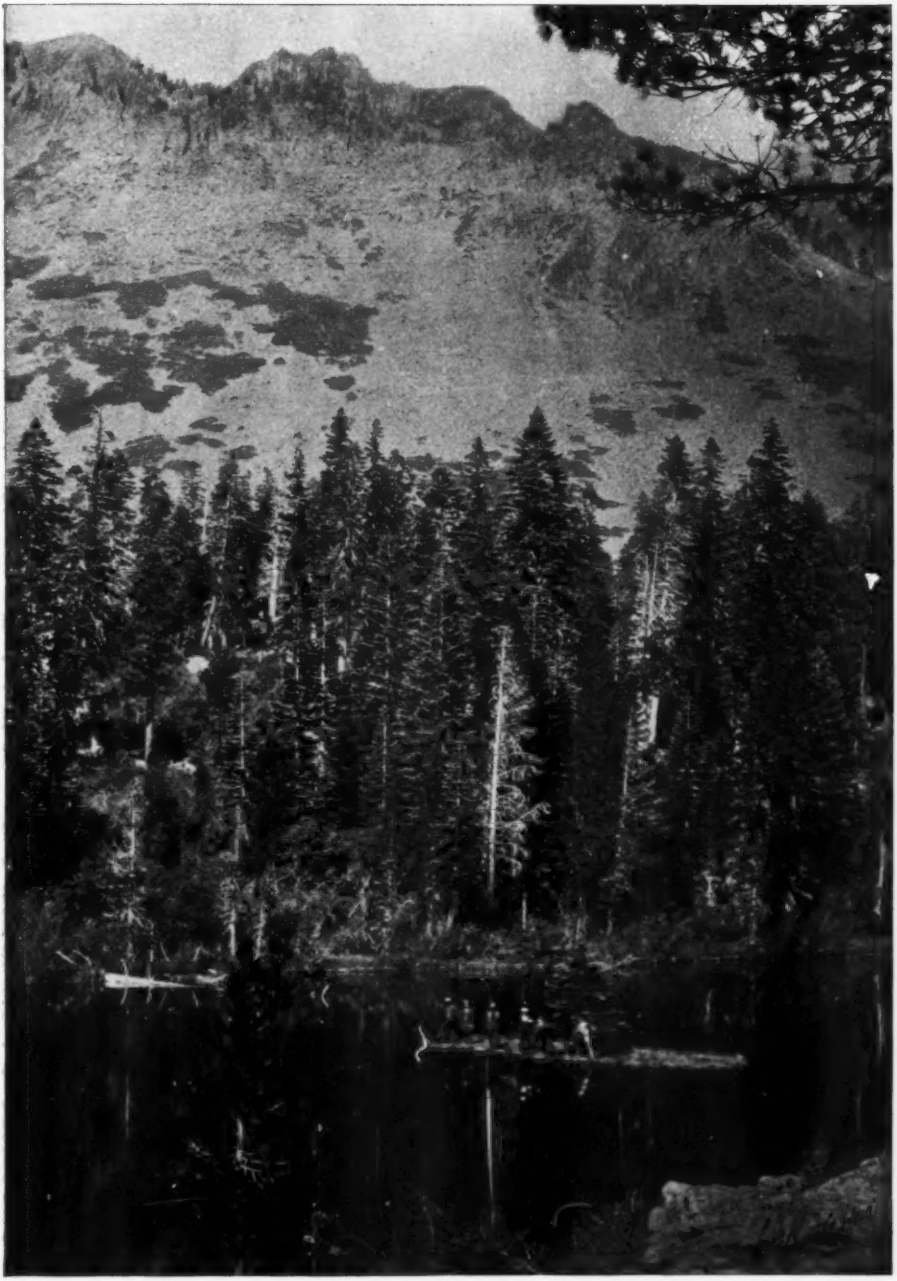
> "There must be gods thrown down
> And trumpets blown of triumph."

Peace came when the moon rose

Next came a stage-ride, following a road built along the tracks of the old glacier, whose last moraine across the valley made Tahoe. Here another lake greets us. Fallen Leaf is its name. For three miles we skirt it, with Mt. Tallac rising above us. The same sheens of blue are about us here.

We are just in time to catch a gleam of the morning's own charm, when, before the wind rises from far retreats, the lake is a burnished, silvered glass that reflects all the world about upon its face.

We climb past this over bare ledges



Floating Island Lake at Tahoe

of rock, and slabs that pave the rude road, past a burst of shredded waters that spills forever on cruel rocks. All about us are the purple, scarlet and yellow of vivid blooms, the fragrant elders, the fringed, and tasseled evergreens.

Here in an older country would be the Thermopylæ, the Jura, the Ben Lomond of history or poesy, but now only a stray tourist knows and loves the peaks and gaps, rising beside the lakes and streams—the chain of medallions held together by the sparkling, twisting links of the mountain brook. linger yonder yet. The afternoon passes as we still lie prone, and plan the trips and exploits we shall have known before we turn from this alluring spot.

We shall know that dome above that shames St. Paul's — those splintering pinnacles of some cathedral's ruin — that gorge that wrenches the horizon — Tallac now above us shall later be our footstool.

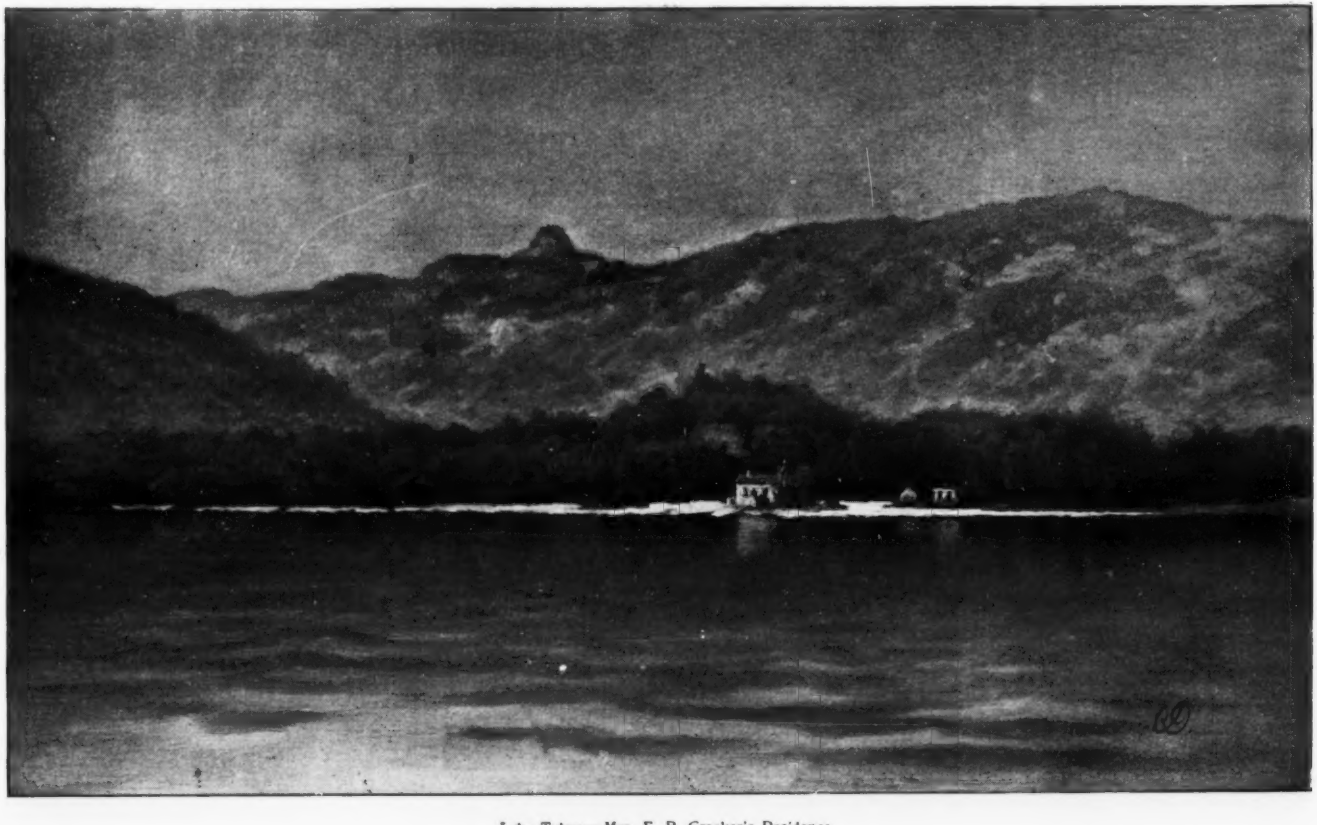
We step to the mineral spring bubbling there beside the rill of snow-water. Those who know Nature's healing fountains from Carlsbad to

The Landing at Tahoe

Lily Lake lies next above Fallen Leaf on our route. Fishermen whose oars are lacquered in diamonds, are paddling among the limp leafage on its surface. Richly yellow are these chalices of gold rising from green and garnet salvers. The royal blaze of color is startling amidst the granite and snow. One mighty pull, one rush around a bulge of hill and we are at Glen Alpine, and the end of the world, too, for mountains and sky wall us in.

There is a subtle tonic in this high air, sifted through balsams cleansed by many waters, frozen by snows that Yellowstone say that never has she mixed a finer draught than here. Eleven of her simples, chemists count, cunningly wrought into the spouting jet that pulses from this seething, iron-rusted caldron. We drink of the brew. It bites; it puckers. It is sour; it is sweet. It changes like witch broth under the tongue. But we grow to think it delicious, and long for it, at fast and feast, long after we have left it to the wild animals that steal to it, too, from the common stream beside.

A great sanitarium awaits suffering



Lake Tahoe — Mrs. E. B. Crocker's Residence

mankind, here among the hills from whence cometh strength. Man has done little yet for the spot. Ancient builders would have upreared a castle of the granite which lies hewn and strewed about as though a Baalbec had fallen. Modern wealth will yet build an hostelry upon the spot and all too soon for us who love nature unbedizined. Even now there is talk of the coming of that advance courier of civilization — the railroad — from Sacramento to Carson, or from Truckee to Tallac. But let us have yet a little longer our dens and holes in the tropical a growth for the home of snows.

No gardener could have beautified this natural lawn where the columbines nod to each other across old logs cushioned with fawnskin where the impudent brier-rose peers inquisitively under and over everything, shocking the bobbing brown-eyed Susies. Birch and spruce crowd up to the door of the rude house where we sleep. The rafters are yet covered with their bark, the walls yet rough. The floor is bare save for an Angora rug before each bed.

The Hotel at Tahoe

mountains, instead of our fashionable hotels, and hideous railroad stations.

Spring loves to put fair touches here and every blade and petal eager to do her honor, hastens to the brief, blooming time. The lawn has on one side a jungle of veratrum, the beautiful thing of which H. H. knowing no botany but of the eye and heart, speaks lovingly in the Tahoe sketch in "Bits of Travel." The white array of racemes, rich, lush greenery, brought us a remembrance of the calla stretches of the south. It seemed too

Across a granite ledge is a daytime house. The walls are whitewashed. The granite fireplace will hold the butt of a goodly log. Good prints are on the walls and old poets hobnob on the shelves. Folding doors such as were on old-time barns stretch between this and the dining-room. Rare meals there were in that low apartment where loaves and fishes were miraculously lessened and no other hall of feasting holds for us such memories. Mostly tired brain workers were the guests, all of one brotherhood, who gave each other the password

Mt. Tallac, Overlooking Tahoe—9,700 feet

year by year and came back to nature trying to forget that cerebrums were ever developed, that Cadmus or Guttenberg had ever done deadly work for mankind. Seldom they spoke of what books held but they were alert to the object lessons all about. There were thrilling encounters with trout that fought for freedom. There were walks outdoing those of Montezuma's couriers. There were searching explorations, skiffing on every lake of the chain. At night, a tired happy family had stories and songs by hearthfire or campfire, or perhaps some laureate wrote up in foolish epics that made the laughter of an evening for a care-free throng—the day's adventures.

Quiet, even to desertion, one might have the woods, but there were those who grew to know a curious, stirring life all about. The common animals were few, but a shy constituency roamed there—woodrats, woodchucks, hare, grouse, quail and porcupine.

Sometimes lying on the granite ledges, we have been startled to hear a pack of coyotes yelping by, but they were seldom seen.

The grizzly roams these fastnesses and is often killed, but he hates this intrusion of man into his solitary home, and Glen Alpine sees him seldom.

There are not many birds in these higher places. Sometimes a jay's blue tail whisked round a corner; sometimes a robin chirped lonesomely, but it was left to the tireless cricket to wail his "eerie croon, like an elfin spinning wheel," to fill in all the sound that the ear wished to recognize.

Before the parting of the Glen Alpine clan that year, there came a day for a grand tour to the home of the old glacier, retracing its pathway up the cañon, and returning to camp by way of Tallac, which gave the view from that noble mountain crest. We rode horses trained to climb mountain trails, and passed on upward between polished granite piles, coming upon the smaller lakes one by one, each distinct in its own beauty of domed, or angled, mountain background. Lakes Susie, "84" and Heather we passed in their stillness, and they mirrored our cavalcade, as might have the glass of the Lady of Shalott.

A Bit of the Lake

Most impressive of all though, was

White Cloud Falls, Tahoe

the crescent curve of molten snow—the lake that marks the birthplace of the old glacier — the glacier that has grown as real a thing to us, living in the groove of its works and pomps, as the lakes that are its posterity.

We built our campfires here on the edge of the strange red snow which had its patches about us, as the buttercups and shooting stars do in our woods at home.

The trees were all stunted, but the heaths were conspicuous in two beautiful forms, allied quite closely to the heather of the Scotch lakes. One bore a file of purplish bloom, another reached up waxen cups set in scarlet saucers, and branches of the two made our beds that night.

In the morning we rode away toward the mountain top. One little lake, the Gilmore, we found half way up, but we rode under the largest trees we had seen in the region, cedars that might have grown hoary on Mt. Lebanon.

These trees and all others were bowed, and eloquently told their tale of the cruel strain of snow that winter girds upon them.

From the top of the mountain where stray drifts still tarried amongst piles of chipped and crumbling rock, wasted by the untiring play of the frost, we slowly made our own the most entrancing view yet granted us. Tahoe lay stretched at Tallac's feet. Fallen Leaf and a score of others we counted, mountain peaks beyond seventy times seven, up and down the Sierras. All the world seemed at our feet—a last view of Tahoe—from the peaks that gave it birth.

Head of a Lake Near Tahoe

BRUNHILDE

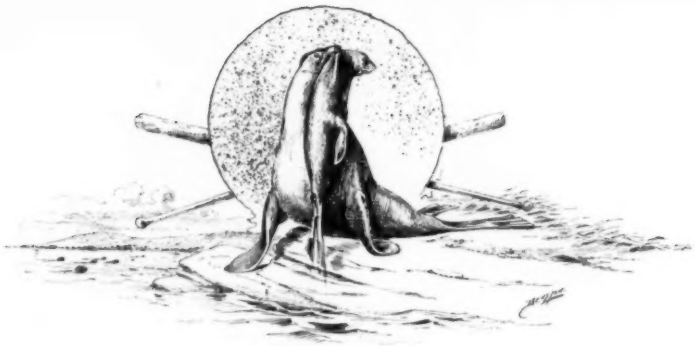
BY FRANK NORRIS

["The horse in his mad flight broke his neck over a precipice, and during the rest of the day and far into the night, Brunhilde lay there dying. It might, perhaps, be a matter of interesting speculation to reflect upon what must have been the thoughts of the great Austrasian queen during that long night while awaiting death."—*Chron. Geofroi Rudel. Ch. XXXVI.*]

It was over—the long ordeal of shame,
The jibes and insults of her conquerors,
The taunts and blows of every hind and slave
Who, in her days of power, fed with her dogs,
Aye, and were glad to be so privileged;
The hootings and the triumphs of the host,
An army banded 'gainst one woman weak;
And, worse than all, the calm and pitying smile
That curled around the lips of *Fredegonde*.
Seeing her rival humbled to the dust,
The brutal exultation of Clotaire
Who spat upon her, while they bound her down
And gave the word to loose the plunging horse.
And then the hideous whirlwind that ensued,
When like a missile from a catapult
The fierce unbroken steed, with snortings wild,
And thundering hoofs, swept furiously on—
While in his track, bound to him by her hair,
Now seen by glimpses through thick clouds of dust
Beneath his flying feet, now whirled aloft
As he lashed out between two onward bounds,
Now in the forest caught by forking boughs,
That, with a fearful wrench of all her frame
Checked suddenly his impetus of flight
And for an instant held him till they brake—
Was dragged and mangled the Austrasian queen.
Such plight was hers, as when a fragile skiff
Is knotted to the stern of a swift ship,
And veers and plunges in its boiling wake,
Struck at and buffeted by cruel waves,
Until, its sides crushed in, it fills and sinks.
But it was over now. Heaped in a hollow way
The poor crazed steed, exhausted, had crashed down
And lay as he had fallen—steeped in sweat
That slowly cooling, matted stiff his coat;

"But she could not forget that calm and pitying smile
That curled about the lips of Fredegonde."

And the once royal queen, 'neath his dead bulk
Lay with him—quivering, but not yet dead.
And while she lay thus, while the night closed down,
And while the night wind sighed about the woods,
And, prowling from his lair, a single lynx
Scenting in air the death, wailed like a child,
While on the boles and shingled cliffs, the owls
With long, sonorous whistle, called aloud,
And while the silent bats with flickering wing
Danced thwart the rifted lines of after-glow,
Then the dull chill which heralded Death's march,
In mercy stilled at last her agony,
And lulled the throbbings of her limp, crushed frame,
And calmed the beating of her tortured heart.
Her mind was once more busy, and she *thought*,
Yet thought not of her manifold great crimes
Done in this life, nor of that life to come ;
She thought not that the blood of ten great Kings
Red on her hands, was to be answered for.
No sentiment of pity or remorse
Ran in the fevered movements of her brain.
She could forget her traitor army now—
Forget her ruin and Clotaire's vile jests,
But she could not forget the calm, cold smile
That curled upon the lips of Fredegonde,
And even while she dwelt upon it there,
And all her pride of woman and of Queen
Ramped at her rival's triumph and her fall—
There came a sudden rattling in her throat,
She strove to check it—stiffened—gasped— and died !



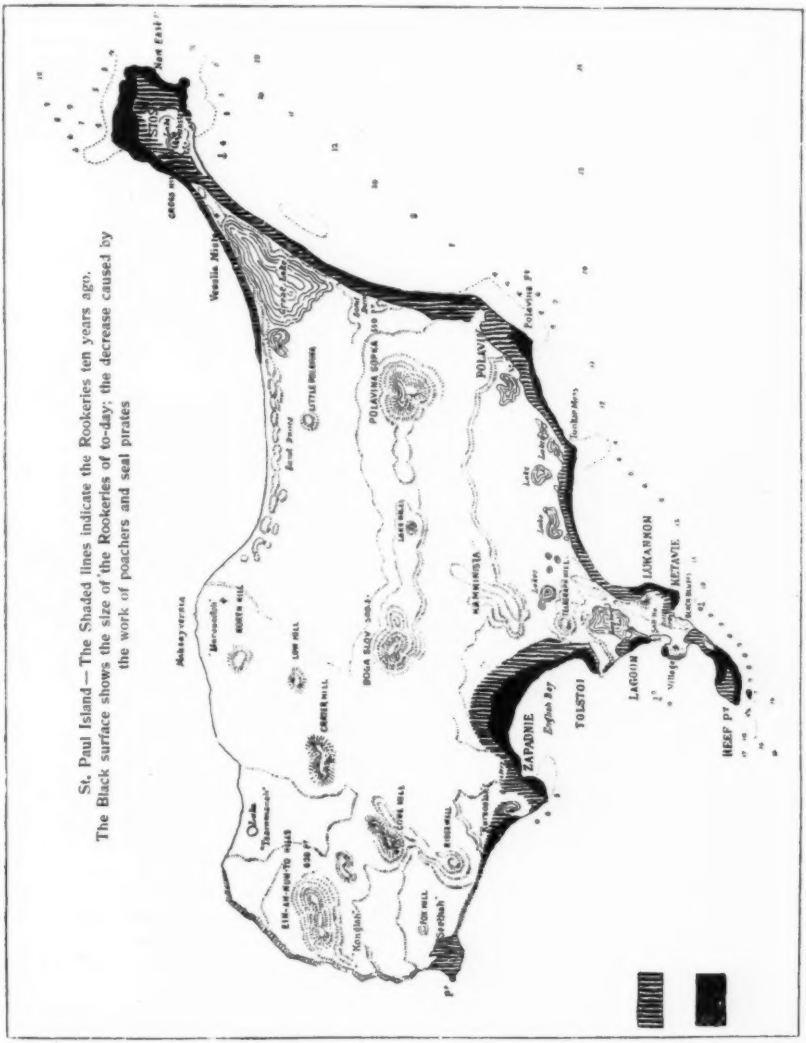
REVIEW OF THE FUR-SEAL CONTROVERSY

BY J. C. CANTWELL

ON March 30, 1867, all that portion of the North American continent hitherto occupied by Russia and known as Alaska, together with the Aleutian Islands and other islands in Bering Sea lying east of the boundary line as shown in the accompanying map passed into the possession of the United States on the payment to Russia of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. The Pribyloff Group consisting of St. Paul and St. George Islands and all interests in the fur-seal rookeries or breeding grounds situated thereon were included in this purchase. In 1870 the United States leased to a corporation of American citizens known as the Alaska Commercial Company, the Pribyloff Islands, and by the terms of a contract granted the company the exclusive right of taking seals on these two islands for the period of twenty years. The company on its part agreed to pay a certain sum for every skin taken, the number or quota being annually fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury and to furnish free of charge to the natives, food, fuel and schooling during certain portions of the year. For nearly seventeen years the Commercial Company carried on its business successfully; honorably discharging its obligations to the government and even exceeding the terms of the contract in the matter of benefits to be conferred upon the natives of the islands. Several times after the leasing of the islands rumors reached the government that small vessels were being fitted out avowedly for the purpose of entering Bering Sea and killing the seals near the rookeries. But the dispatch of a revenue cutter to patrol the waters usually deterred anyone from following out any such intentions. In the year 1886, however, several small vessels, mostly fitted out in Victoria and sailing under the British flag, entered Bering Sea and began the work of killing seals wherever found. Acting under instructions received from the Secretary of the Treasury, Captain Abbey, commanding the revenue cutter *Corwin* in that year overhauled and seized one American and three British schooners found sealing some sixty miles southeast of St. George Island. The vessels were taken into Unalaska harbor, laid up under charge of a Deputy United States Marshal and the masters and officers sent to Sitka for trial. The crews were released and furnished transportation back to the United States. The trial which followed resulted in the conviction of the prisoners on a charge of violation of Section 1956, Revised Statutes of United States which declares it illegal for anyone not a native of the territory to take any fur-bearing animals

"within the waters of Alaska territory."

The British government promptly protested against the seizure of its citizens and vessels while outside of the usually accepted three-mile limit and asked for explanations and the release of the vessels. During the correspondence which followed, Secretary Bayard acceded to the request for the release of the vessels and men but upon the distinct understanding that it was done without regard to the final settlement of the questions of our authority or rights in Bering Sea. Encouraged by the apparent failure

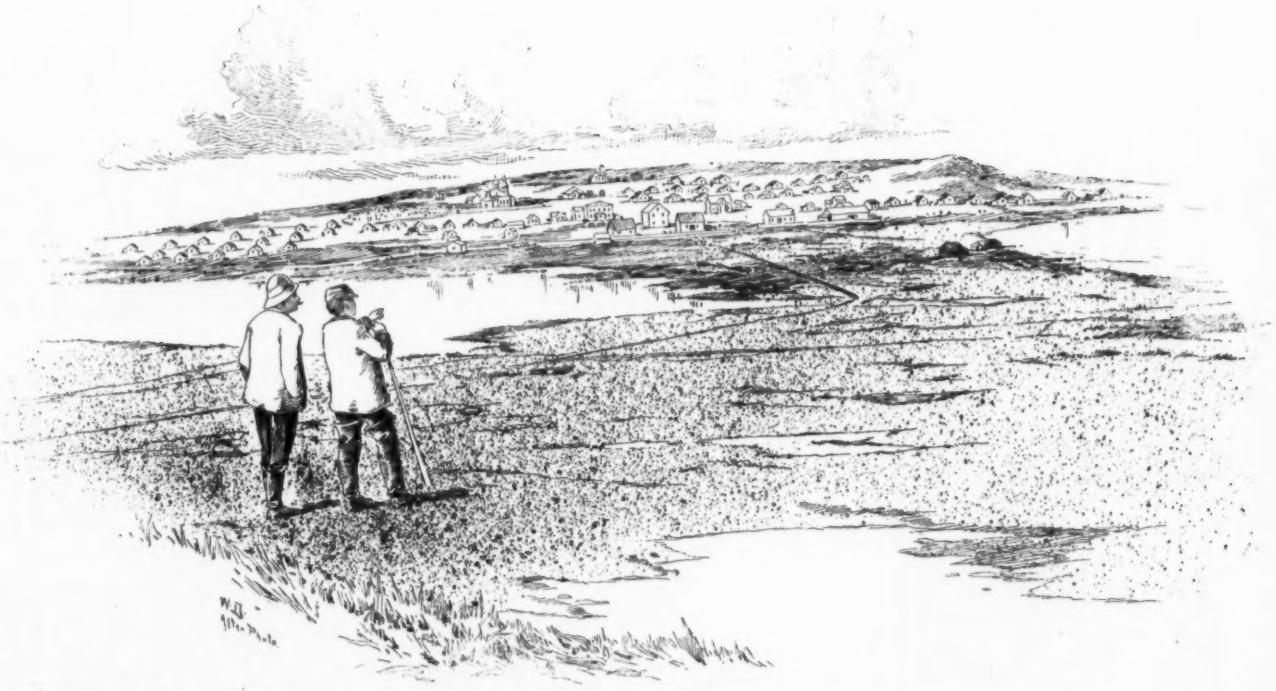

St. Paul Island—The Shaded lines indicate the Rookeries ten years ago.
The Black surface shows the size of the Rookeries of to-day; the decrease caused by the work of poachers and seal pirates
POLAVINA
LUKANNON
NETAVIE
LAGOON
TOLSTOI
ZAPADNIE
HEEF PT

of the United States to maintain the position which it had assumed a still larger fleet of vessels visited Bering Sea during the next year and several captures were made by the revenue cutter *Rush* under command of Captain Shepard. The usual protest from Great Britain followed, and on August 2d, 1887, Secretary Bayard through the ministers at foreign courts requested the governments of Great Britain, Germany, France and Norway and Sweden "to enter into such an agreement with the United States as will prevent the citizens of either country from killing seals in Bering Sea." England at first agreed to this proposition and the way for a speedy settlement of the question seemed clear, when negotiations were abruptly closed by the intervention of Canada who declared that by entering into such convention with the United States, England would ruin a valuable industry of her colony, British Columbia.

In 1888, the last year of President Cleveland's administration, nothing definite seems to have been accomplished, ; but during the summer of 1889 in pursuance of a vigorous policy inaugurated by President Harrison several Canadian vessels were seized in Bering Sea by the revenue cutters. This action brought forth a strong protest from the British Minister at Washington in which he claimed that he had received assurances from ex-Secretary Bayard that no further seizures would be made pending the settlement of the general questions at issue. An examination of the correspondence of the State Department shows that this was incorrect. In a letter from Mr. Bayard to Sir Lionel S. West dated August 13th, 1887, the former expressly denies that any such assurance had been given. In the discussion which followed the seizures of the year 1889, Secretary Blaine in a letter dated August 23d, 1889, and addressed to the British Minister, admits that the seizures had been made but that it was the "earnest desire of the President to arrive at such an adjustment of all existing differences of opinion as will remove all possible ground of misunderstanding with Her Majesty's Government concerning the troubles in Bering Sea."

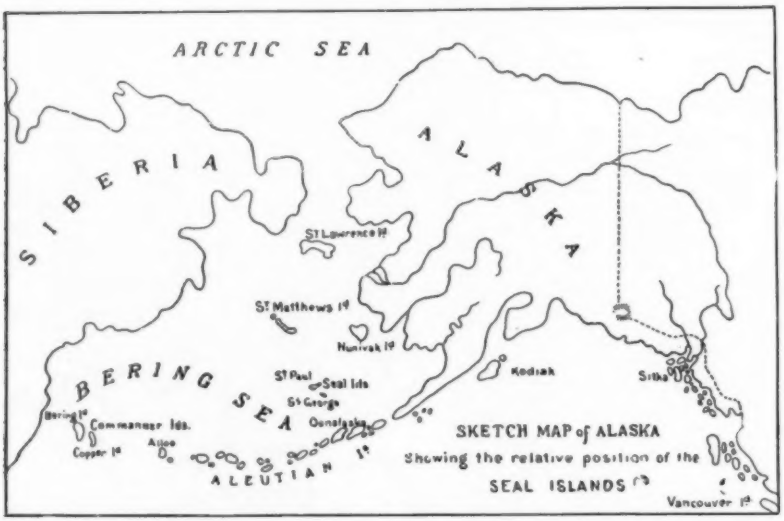
Indians Skinning the Fur-seal

Early in the discussion which followed between Mr. Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington, the former outlined his position by claiming that vessels engaged in pelagic sealing in Bering Sea were engaged in a pursuit which



The Village on St. Paul Island

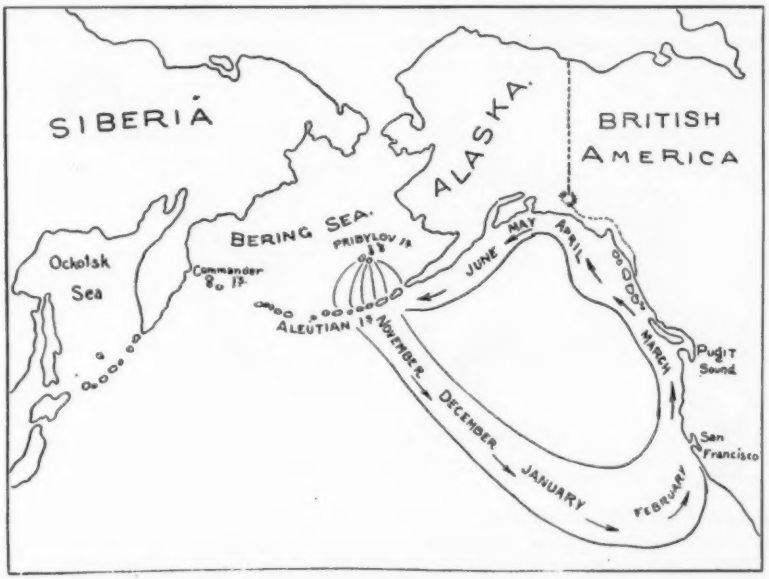
was *contra bonos mores* as involving a serious and permanent injury to an industry belonging to the United States. With reference to the assertion which has been so persistently made that Mr. Blaine in defending the claims of the United States had set up a claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of Bering Sea as *mare clausum*, the correspondence which has taken place between the two countries fails to reveal any such claim. The discussion of the questions necessarily involved one in which the title we had received from Russia was



one of the most important features; but instead of claiming exclusive jurisdiction Mr. Blaine in a letter dated August 2d, 1890, says:

"The repeated assertions that the United States demands that Bering Sea be pronounced *mare clausum* are without foundation. The government has never claimed it and never desired it. It expressly disavows it." During the month of April, 1890, Sir Julian Pauncefote, after a long discussion, submitted to Mr. Blaine a plan for the appointment of a mixed commission to act as a board of arbitration, and further suggested that provisional regulations be adopted (1) prohibiting pelagic sealing in Bering Sea during the months when the seals were coming to and departing from the islands, and (2) prohibiting all vessels from approaching the seal islands nearer than ten miles. Mr. Blaine rejected this proposition as being insufficient for the protection of the fur-seals, as it permitted the killing of the animals in the water during the months of July, August and September, when the sea around the islands was most crowded with seals, and especially female seals in search of food for their young. The zonal restrictive limit of ten miles, as proposed by England, was entirely inadequate, as it is a well-established fact that the breeding seals are found over one hundred miles from shore during the breeding season, being temporarily absent from the rookeries in search of food. The failure of these negotiations was followed, on the part of England, by a long argument in which the *contra bonos mores* theory advanced by Mr. Blaine was taken up by Lord Salis-

bury. In a dispatch to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated May 22d, 1890, Salisbury contended that pelagic sealing was not *contra bonos mores* when carried on outside of the marine-league limit, unless, and for special reasons it has been agreed by international arrangement to forbid it. "Fur seals," he continued, "are indisputably *feræ naturæ*, and these have been universally regarded by jurists as *res nullius* until they are caught. No person can, therefore, have property in them until he has actually reduced them into his possession by capture." While Lord Salisbury was deducing these fine-spun theories in regard to the proper ownership of the fur-seal, the time for the opening of the next season was drawing rapidly near. The Government evidently viewed with alarm the prospect of another season's open sealing with nothing accomplished in the way of settlement of even the first steps toward arbitration, and in May, 1890, orders were again issued to the commanders of revenue cutters to seize any and all vessels engaged in pelagic sealing in Bering Sea. Immediately upon receipt of the intelligence that such action was contemplated the British Minister at Washington entered a formal protest declaring that her Brittanic Majesty's Government would hold the Government of the United States responsible for the consequences that might ensue from acts "which are contrary to the principles of international law."



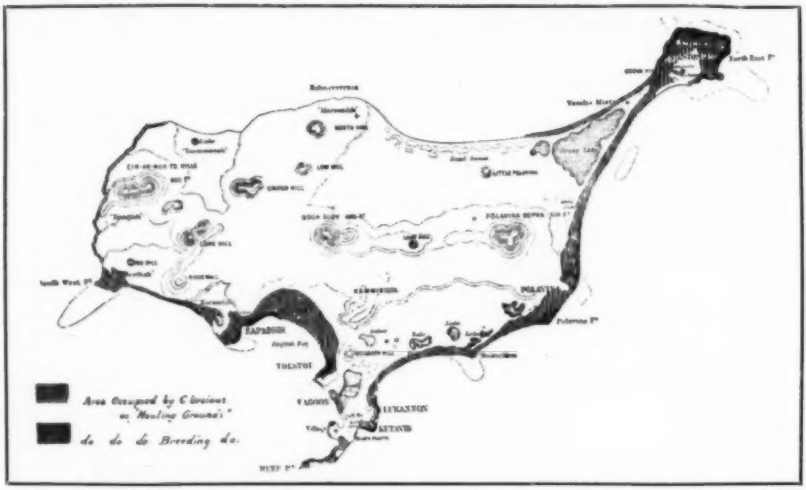
Map showing the migration of the Pribyloff Seal Herd, which leaves Pribyloff Island about November 10th and returns about July 10th. The United States protests against their destruction during this migration

It is impossible to say what would have been the result had not the President at this juncture acted in the prompt manner in which he did. Two years ago neither the general public of this country nor of England were as conversant with the details of this question as they are to-day. It was not as apparent at that time as later that pelagic sealing was so destructive to seal life, and so the President wisely withdrew his orders and issued modified instructions to

the revenue cruisers by which they were merely authorized to speak sealing vessels and to serve them with copies of the President's Proclamation, warning them against taking seals "in the waters of Bering Sea within the territorial limits of the United States."

An attempt was made by Mr. Blaine at this time to enter into an agreement with Great Britain, whereby her vessels should not be permitted "to enter Bering Sea for this season, in order that time may be secured for negotiation." Nearly a month later, under date of June 27th, 1890, the British Minister replying to this proposition, said that such action could only be taken under certain conditions, which were as follows: (1) That the two Governments agree forthwith to refer to arbitration the question of the legality of the seizures made in Bering Sea; (2) that pending the award, all interference with British sealing vessels cease; (3) that the United States, if the award be adverse to them, compensate British subjects for all losses which they may sustain by reason of compliance with the President's proclamation. Mr. Blaine, in declining to accept these conditions, stated in a letter dated July 2d, 1890: "The President cannot think that Lord Salisbury's proposition is responsive to his suggestion; besides, the answer comes so late that it would be impossible to proceed this season with the negotiations."

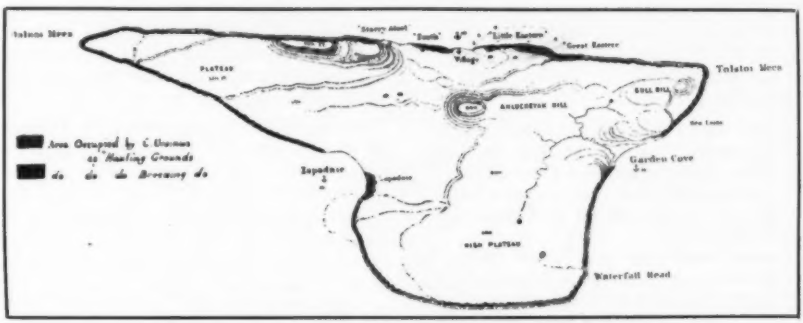
The summer of 1890 passed without incident, but the reports which reached the Government during the following autumn, from its agents in the seal islands, of the alarming diminution of seal life on the rookeries caused new life to be infused into the controversy. The Government renewed its demands for a speedy settlement of all questions in dispute. The usual dilatory and evasive tactics were pursued by Lord Salisbury, to avoid the issue; but at last, on June 15th, 1891, the agreement now generally known as the *modus vivendi* was signed by the representatives of the two countries at Washington, whereby it was agreed that both countries would prohibit sealing vessels from entering Bering Sea for the purpose of sealing from the date of signing the agreement



The Rookeries at St. Paul Island ten years ago

until May 1st, 1892. It was further understood that both nations would send special commissioners to Alaska to gather testimony, make observations on seal life, etc., for the purpose of laying the whole matter before a Board of Arbitration, to be thereafter appointed.

The Commissioners appointed for this purpose were Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. Dawson, representing England, and Professor T. C. Mendenhall and Dr. C. Hart Merriam representing the United States. These gentlemen reached Bering Sea soon after the signing of the *modus vivendi*, and immediately entered upon the labor of gathering the necessary testimony. Most of the summer was spent visiting the islands in Bering Sea and obtaining testimony. The Commissioners then returned to the United States. A joint meeting for discussion was held in Washington, beginning in October, 1891, and lasting until early of the present year. The proceedings of this meeting have not yet been made public, but for some reason the matter was not brought before a Board of Arbitrators as early as was expected, and it was seen that unless a renewal of the *modus vivendi* was agreed to in terms similar to those of last year, nothing but force on the part of the United States would prevent a large fleet of sealing vessels from entering Bering Sea, and very probably end the controversy by destroying the last remnants of the seal herds. Under these circumstances, Lord Salisbury was requested to again co-operate with the United States in the protection of seal life, pending the settlement of the preliminaries to appointment of the Board of Arbitrators, but declined to do so unless certain conditions were agreed to on the part of the United States, which were so onerous and unsatisfactory that it was impossible for this Government to accept them with honor to itself or without endangering every claim which it has steadily maintained throughout the long controversy. For the second time in the history of the Bering-Sea question, a crisis was at hand. The gravest fears were entertained that the two great nations might yet be drawn into war while discussing the best means of settling in a friendly manner the question at issue. But better counsels prevailed, and under the calm but determined pressure of President Harrison, who had personally assumed the conduct of affairs at this juncture, Lord Salisbury receded from a position in which he found himself unsupported even by public opinion in England, and during the latter part of March, 1892, agreed to the extension of the operations of the *modus vivendi* until certain questions could be brought before a court, con-



The Seal Rookeries at St. George Island ten years ago

sisting of seven well-known jurists, who were to be selected as follows:

The President of the United States and her Brittanic Majesty, Queen Victoria to name two each, and the President of France, the King of Italy and the King of Sweden and Norway to name one each. The treaty provides that the printed case of the two parties, accompanied by documents, official correspondence and other evidence, is to be delivered in duplicate to each arbitrator and to the agents of each high contracting party, as soon as possible after the appointment of the tribunal, but within a period not exceeding three months from the exchange of the ratification of the treaty. All questions considered by the tribunal, including the final decision are to be determined by a majority of the arbitrators. Five questions are to be submitted to the arbitrators. These are:

First—The exclusive jurisdiction in the sea known as the Bering Sea, and what exclusive rights in the seal fisheries therein did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

Second—How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal fisheries recognized and conceded by Great Britain?

Third—Was the body of water now known as the Bering Sea included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean," as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and what rights if any, in the Bering Sea were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

Fourth—Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and to the seal fisheries to Bering Sea east of the water boundary in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th of March, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

Fifth—Has the United States any right, and if so, what right of protection of property in the fur-seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Bering Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

Freed from the complications and technicalities of diplomatic controversy, the fur-seal question is a very simple one. In purchasing Alaska, the fur-seal rookeries on St. George and St. Paul Islands were justly regarded as the most valuable portion of our acquisition. The wisdom of that surmise is shown from the fact that for nearly twenty years, during which the industry was fostered and undisturbed, the United States received an annual income from the product of these two islands amounting to five per cent on the cost of the entire Territory. For more than seventeen years our rights to protect the seals in Bering Sea remained unquestioned, and it was not until the year 1886 that any systematic attempt was made by outsiders to interfere with those rights.

The argument that the fur-seal is *feræ naturæ* is not compatible with its well-known habits. For a hundred years it is known that the fur-seal has annually resorted to the Pribyloff Islands to breed and shed its pelage. From the time of its departure from the islands late in the autumn until its return in May of the following year, it lands nowhere else. According to Prof. H. W. Elliot, who has made the fur-seal a life-long study, the seals arrive at the numerous passes through the Aleutian Islands in the latter part of May of each year and entering Bering Sea, head directly for the Pribyloff Islands. A glance at the map which accompanies this article, will show how these watery paths, traversed by the seals, converge as they approach the islands, and in so doing, solidly mass together thousands and tens of thousands of widely scattered animals at points fifty and even one hundred miles distance from the rookeries. "Here, then, is the place where the pelagic sealer lies in wait and has a fine location from which to shoot, to spear, and to kill these fur-bearing amphibians, and where he can work the most complete ruin in the shortest possible time. His power for destruction is still further augmented by the fact that those seals which are most liable to meet his eye and aim

Driving the Seals Inland to the Killing Ground and "Podding Off"

are female fur-seals, which, heavy with young, are here slowly nearing the land, reluctant to haul out of the cool water until the day and hour arrives that limits the period of their gestation."

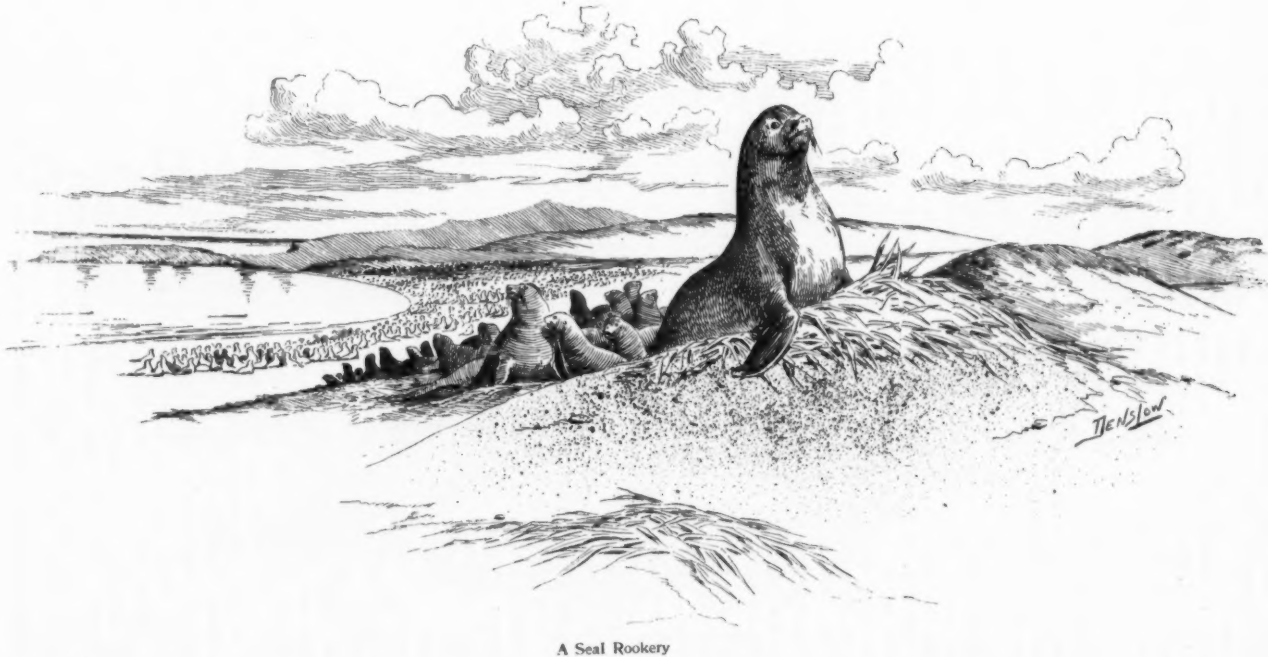
The pelagic sealer spares neither age nor sex, nor from the manner in which his work is pursued is it possible for him to do so. It is impossible to exaggerate the danger of depletion of our rookeries and the extermination of the fur-seal species if such a criminal waste and inhuman method of capture is permitted to continue. If the facts, as above stated, are not enough to convince even the most skeptical that the danger is most imminent, we have only to review the history of the great fur-seal rookeries in the Southern Hemisphere, which at one time teemed with seal life, but which were destroyed by the wanton and senseless action of a fleet of seal hunters whose methods of capture were unrestrained by law, reason or even the dictates of common humanity.

From a report compiled on the fur-seal fisheries of the world in 1887 by A. Howard Clark, a member of the United States Fish Commission, the following extracts are made:

"At the beginning of the present century there were great rookeries of fur-seal at the South Shetlands, at Masafuera, at South Georgia and at many other places throughout the Antarctic region. These places were visited by sealing vessels, and indiscriminate slaughter of the animals resulted in the extermination of the species, or in such diminution in their numbers that the fishery became unprofitable. * * * * An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female, in a few years results in the breaking up of the largest rookeries, and, as in the case of Masafuera and the Falkland Islands, the injury seems to be a permanent one. As an instance, the South Shetlands were first visited in 1819, when fur-seals were very abundant, two vessels in a short time receiving full fares. In 1820 thirty vessels hastened to the islands, and in a few weeks obtained upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand, while thousands of seals were killed and lost. * * * * The system of extermination was practiced * * * for whenever a seal reached the beach, of whatever denomination, it was killed and its skin taken, and by this means at the end of the second year the animals became nearly extinct, the young having lost their mothers when only three or four days old, of course died, which at the lowest calculation, exceeded one hundred thousand."

The same story may be told of Masafuera, the Island of Juan de Fernandez and every other locality where the seals have been unprotected. The history of these great rookeries once inhabited by countless millions of seals, but now shunned and deserted by the gentle amphibians, will certainly be repeated in the case of the Pribyloff group, unless an international agreement is reached, whereby the animals are to be protected from such indiscriminate slaughter. In a lecture recently delivered by Mr. J. Stanley-Brown, before the National Geographical Society in Washington, he says:

"In 1879 the Canadian fishery reports began to take notice of the pelagic catch, and we find that the Canadian vessels took that year twelve thousand five hundred seals. Up to 1886, the Canadian Fishery reports show a mean annual catch of thirteen thousand, but in that year thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and seven skins were shipped to London. In the three following years there were taken thirty-three thousand eight hundred, twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-three, thirty-three thousand nine hundred and seven, and in 1890 the catch of the forty-two Canadian vessels that went out were forty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty-one, while last year the Canadian fleet, increased to forty-nine sail, made a catch of forty-nine thousand seven hundred and forty-two, of which number it took the fleet five months to catch twenty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven in the North Pacific, while in Bering Sea, despite the *modus vivendi* by which the schooners were ejected, twenty-eight thousand six hundred and five skins were taken in about six weeks. But that is not all, for the American schooners were not inactive. The London trade sales of last year show that sixty-two thousand five hundred skins were offered for sale, and doubtless



A Seal Rookery

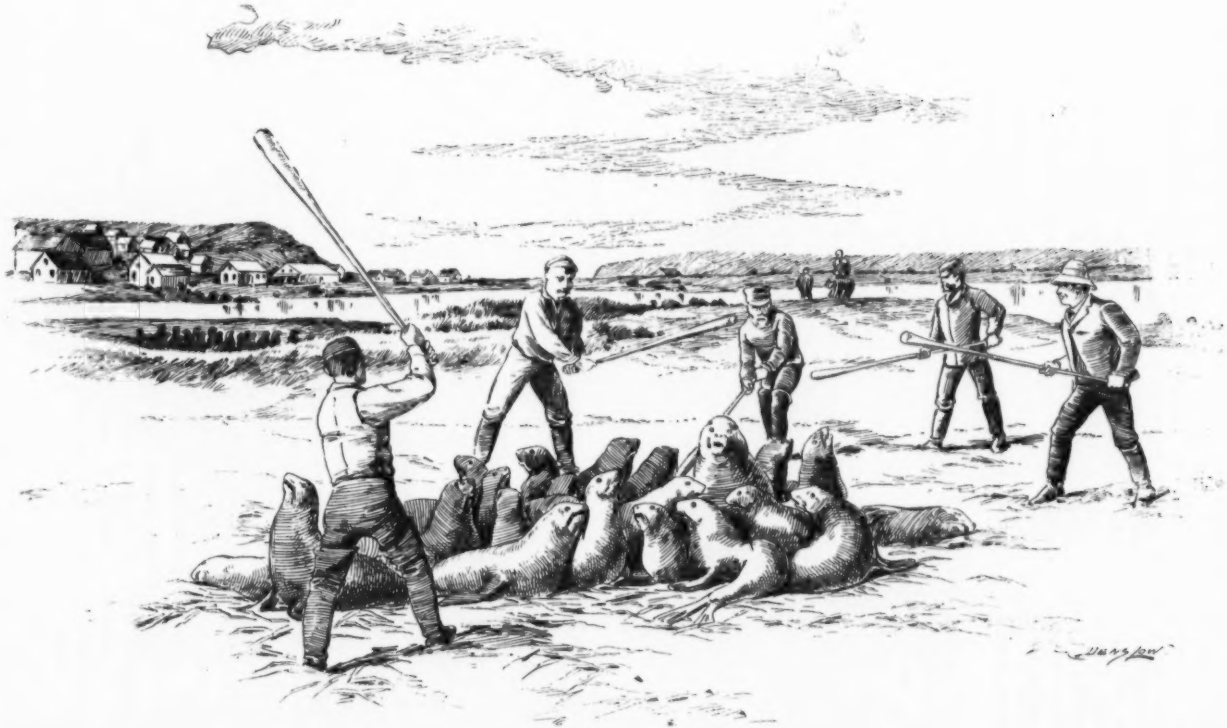
there were some skins retained in this country or shipped to England to be cured and returned to the American owners. Leaving out of consideration the seal shot and not secured, this all means at the very least over a hundred thousand seals were killed at sea and that more than half of them were mothers.

"Are the seals diminishing? If they are not, why all this contention? I unhesitatingly say, after more than four months' opportunity for observation, that no man who has visited the Pribyloff Islands during the past two years and given even the most indifferent attention to the subject, can honestly state that the seals have not reached, if indeed they are not well within, the danger line of depletion. No one can stand on these rookeries, and compare the areas now and formerly occupied by the seals without realizing from the object lesson how great has been the destruction of seal life."

The illustrations which accompany this article are from photographs taken on St. Paul Island and show better than any written description could the method of taking seals as practiced on the Islands. By the terms of the agreement between the government and the lessees of the seal islands, no female seals or male breeding seals are allowed to be killed. The animals selected to be killed are the young "bachelor" seal or "holluschickie" which are never permitted to land by the older and stronger seals on the same breeding-ground with the females. Hence when they reach the islands the "*bachelor*" seals are obliged to live apart entirely, sometimes miles away from the breeding rookeries. "In this admirably perfect method of nature," to quote the words of Professor Elliot, "are those seals which can be properly killed without injury to the rookeries, selected and held aside by their own volition, so that the natives can visit and take them without disturbing in the least degree the entire quiet of the breeding-grounds where the stock is perpetuated." As an additional precaution the seals selected for slaughter are driven inland some distance before being killed and so perfect has the whole system been reduced that it is hard to imagine how any improvement could be made. It has been claimed that the diminution of seal life on the islands has been caused by an excessive number allowed by the government to be taken by the lessees. This is not true. From 1870, when the Alaska Commercial Company secured the lease until 1886 when pelagic sealing may be fairly stated as showing its effects, there were allowed and taken one hundred thousand seals annually. Under the wise government of the industry, the areas occupied by the seals steadily increased. But in 1886 the rookeries began to grow noticeably smaller, and in 1890 many of the smaller ones had disappeared entirely. During this year the government restricted the catch to sixty thousand, but the Company succeeded in taking only twenty-one thousand skins, and last year this number was still further reduced to fourteen thousand, of which number seven thousand five hundred seals were allowed to be killed to furnish food to the natives.

It would be manifestly improper to discuss the questions at issue in this controversy at the present time. All the matter of our rights to exclusive jurisdiction in Bering Sea, and the protection of our vested property in those waters will, in due time be considered by the Board of Arbitration and its decision will be right. But in closing this article, we can, without violation of the proprieties, indicate what will be the probable line of defense which the United States will adopt in the coming discussion. This can be done in no better way than by using the words of one of the distinguished jurists, who have been selected to argue this case before the Board of Arbitration. In an article on this subject by Hon. E. J. Phelps, he asks:

"In what does the freedom of the sea consist? What is the use of it that individual enterprise is authorized, under that international law which is only the common consent of civilization? Is it the legitimate pursuit of its own business or the wanton



Killing the Seals by Clubbing

destruction of the valuable interests of nations? If the Government of the United States is restrained by any principle of law from protecting itself and its citizens against this great loss it must be because the Canadian ship-owners have a right to inflict it; that is to say that these acts prohibited by American law, unlawful to Canadians wherever territorial jurisdiction exists which would be speedily made unlawful within their own territory if any seals existed there and which are wanton and destructive everywhere, become lawful and right if done in the open sea, and are, therefore, a proper incident to the freedom of the sea."

The clear statement of this proposition refutes it in the minds of all who are capable of a sense of justice, and able to discriminate between right and wrong.

HOPE

BY NESTOR A. YOUNG

Ah! Hope divine, sweet pilot of our destiny—
Thou art the inspiration that doth lead
Mankind to thoughts and deeds sublime;
Or standing on the sentried heights of time,
Above all storms, beyond all doubts and fears,
Thy face aglow with heavenly fire,
Doth sweetly chant in grand harmonic flow,
Attuned to Arch Angelic symphony,
Soul-stirring themes—seraphic dreams—
Leading where Heaven's eternal splendors glow.

San Diego

SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR POLITICIANS?

I

BY C. T. HOPKINS

TO draw attention to the failure of the Legislative departments of our Government, whether Federal, State or Municipal, as compared with the efficiency of the Executive and Judicial and with the requirements of the people; to show that this failure is entirely due to the mental and moral inferiority of the majority of the men elected to Legislative office; and to suggest a practical means whereby politics may be converted into a learned profession, and thus in the future the higher offices of the Government may be largely filled by educated brains and character instead of by ignorance and vice: these are the objects of these articles.

In the early days when population was sparse, wealth scarce, and public business simple, when no great aggregations of capital existed or were even dreamed of as political factors, it was deemed sufficient for the protection of liberty that the only qualifications for any office should be the right to vote in the district. So said all the older Constitutions; so say they all now, with very few exceptions as to Judicial office, but none at all as to Legislative aspirants. The fathers feared above all things a governing class, which might possibly make itself permanent and become oppressive; so they provided short terms and frequent elections, in the belief that any one who knew enough to cast a vote would be competent for any office. They guarded in every possible manner against the recurrence of the evils from which they had suffered as colonists, but which are dead forever on our soil; and in so doing they unconsciously opened wide the door to other evils, consequent upon conditions which in their time it was impossible to foresee.

So it was not long till experience showed that something besides short terms and frequent changes were necessary to the proper discharge of several of the functions of Government. Hardly had the Federal Constitution attained working order ere Congress adopted Washington's recommendation to establish the Military Academy at West Point. What this grand institution has done for the nation is familiar to all. To say nothing of its brilliant success in war, Professor E. S. Holden, one of its graduates, in an article in the *Overland Monthly* for July, 1891, explaining its methods, bears the highest testimony to the results of its training in the formation of honorable character. He quotes the late General Alvord's comparison between the losses to our Government through the defalcation of army officers and losses to the Bank of England through the intromissions of its employés. Though in both cases the loss was a very small fraction of one per cent of the money handled, that occurring through our officers was only a small fraction of the loss through the employés of the bank; though these are all picked men, all under guarantee bonds, and checked at every point under the most scientific system of accounting. He says: "The total disbursements by army officers during our Civil War were over eleven hundred millions of dollars. The defalcations and money losses of all kinds (including captures by the enemy) were less than one million dollars, or less than one-tenth of

one per cent on the money handled. No organization for the disbursement of public money from the time the pyramids were built until now has a record approaching that of the officers of the United States Army, and this bright record is the direct result of the training of the Military Academy at West Point." The effect of that training upon patriotism was shown in the fact that four-fifths of the graduates, including one-half of those from seceding States, remained true to the flag throughout the Civil War, while almost all of the Southern United States Judges, all the Southern Senators but one, all the Representatives in Congress, but three, and the entire body of Federal Executive officers, sided with their States. The army is removed from political influences, through the education and life tenure of its officers. The confidence of the people in West Point education, especially as manifested in that splendid body, the United States Engineers, has never been clouded even by a suspicion of bribery, jobbery or other dereliction, or by any incapacity.

Education was likewise found indispensable in the Navy, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis was founded on principles similar to those at West Point, and with like results. Can we not claim without boasting that there is no finer body of skilled scientific seamen, patriotic officers, and honorable gentlemen in the service of any nation than are the line officers of the American Navy.

From the very first it was found impossible to administer the laws unless the Judges of Courts of Record were educated to the bar. Though Federal and State Constitutions were originally silent on the subject, and so remain in all but twelve States; and though for many years in the majority of the States the Judiciary has been elective, the necessity of the case has for the most part compelled the nomination only of educated or experienced lawyers to the bench. It follows therefore that our Judicial service has been and is fairly good. A few Cardozos, Barnards and Turners have here and there dragged the ermine through the mud, but the hue and cry raised against these proves the rarity of their offense. Perjury, embracery and similar corruptions of justice do unfortunately occur too often, but these are beyond the control of the judges. Professor Bryce, the fairest of our foreign critics, says in his great work on the American Commonwealth, "The Federal Judges are above suspicion; the State Judges have been and are deemed honest and impartial in nearly all the Northern and most of the Southern and Western States. In a few of those States the bench has included men who would do credit to any court in any country." (Vol. II, page 500). This remark is true, notwithstanding that the tacit rule above mentioned has not always been observed in country districts, or on all occasions in the frontier States.

A fourth instance of compulsory educational qualification for public service is to be noted in the profession of the law. The lawyer is an officer of the court and a minister (at least theoretically) of justice. In the Federal and nearly all the State courts he is allowed to practice only after satisfactory examination into his knowledge of law, or on proof of such examination elsewhere. Only one Constitution, that of Indiana, provides that "every person of good moral character, being a voter, shall be entitled to practice law in all Courts of Justice." This exception proves the rule. So degraded is the character of the Bar in Indiana that in a recent public address by a prominent educator at Indianapolis he remarked, "That it required less brains and training to be admitted to the Indiana Bar than to the saw-buck."

Another and a most important class of public servants, the teachers in the public schools, once hired on the score of cheapness without regard to qualification, are now employed in the majority of the States solely upon merit, as ascertained by examinations.

Not only so, but Normal schools are maintained in many of the States for their free education. It is entirely due to the wide encouragement of superior education in the teachers that the public school system has become the most important and most jealously guarded of all our institutions, notwithstanding former and local apathy, and vigorous opposition everywhere from a powerful ecclesiastical antagonism. The only scandals connected with it grow out of the occasional betrayal of their trust by the elective Boards of Education in the exercise of the appointing power and the management of the funds.

So the laws in many States confine medical practice to regularly educated physicians; pharmacy and dentistry to trained specialists. Not only so, but State Universities are maintained at public expense for the free education of lawyers, engineers, chemists, doctors, dentists, scientists, in fact, of anybody who chooses to avail himself, or herself, of the benefits of the higher education.

Lastly after a long, well-fought battle, the Congress of the United States has been induced to enact the Civil Service Act; whereby, for the first time in our history, education and character have been made the sole conditions for appointment to the subordinate offices in the Executive departments of the General Government, and the term of office is limited only by good behavior. Massachusetts and New York have followed suit. Let us hope that other States will soon imitate the bright example.

Thus, step by step, the original idea that every voter has by nature equal capacity for filling any office, and equal right to enjoy it, has yielded to the teachings of experience. Successive classes of public service have been withdrawn from political nomination, and from general competition, and conferred exclusively upon persons specially educated to perform the duties. This is now the recognized theory both in England and the United States, in all Executive service. The nation must have the best. Its vast business cannot be properly conducted except by the best, and the best it is bound to have. It is on the theory that underlies all business, viz., that employment and emolument must follow ability and integrity. Neither the Government nor the commercial world have any use for ignorance except to send it to school; nor for incompetence except to teach it a trade; nor for vice except to send it to jail.

Let it now be prominently noted:

1. That of the three great divisions of power the Legislative stands preeminent; for it makes the laws which the Executive enforces, and the Judiciary administers.

2. That more knowledge, wisdom and moral force are required in the successful and patriotic discharge of Legislative duty, perhaps in the face of opposition, party passion, a corrupt lobby, a licentious press, or popular erroneous excitement, than are needed in following the beaten paths of law and precedent to which the Executive and Judiciary are confined.

3. That all the educational and moral qualifications for office thus far adopted in either Federal or State governments have been applied in the Executive and Judiciary departments, while the most powerful of the three is yet wholly under the control of the worst class of politicians. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*"

Let it also be borne in mind that no nation ever existed which has excelled, or even equaled, ours in its efforts for popular education. The report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education for 1887–88 shows an annual expenditure on common schools only, in all the States and Territories, of the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-two millions four hundred and fifty-five thousand two hundred and fifty-two dollars; besides the unknown expenditure upon private and parochial schools, which teach one-tenth as many pupils as attend the public schools. It also enumerates three hundred and fifty-seven

colleges and universities, in which four thousand eight hundred professors give instruction in the higher education to seventy-five thousand three hundred and seventy-three students. And this vast expenditure upon education goes on increasing from year to year. Besides the public taxes devoted to it, it has become the fashion for the wealthy to pour their surplus millions into the educational mill. Each year old institutions are more richly endowed, or new ones founded on a still larger scale, like the Stanford University of California, with its promised endowment of twenty million dollars. Not satisfied with our immense provision for rudimentary instruction among the masses, we are now ambitious to overtake England and Germany in the highest culture and scholarship. Not only have Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and other old foundations used their growing means in augmenting their libraries, museums and apparatus, in increasing their faculties, in raising their standards of admission and multiplying their special trainings, but Johns Hopkins University has been organized especially for the training of professors and scientists, beginning its curriculum where our other colleges leave off. Moreover, the whole number of students in the three hundred and fifty-seven institutions has increased thirty per cent in ten years, or seven per cent more than the growth of population. Yet this grand educational movement has only fairly begun. It is like the commencement of a vast system of irrigation, as yet only past the experimental stage, but which is bound to cover the land till the desert everywhere shall blossom like a garden.

Now, is it not a striking anomaly, that, carried away as we are by such a national enthusiasm for education, there should be as yet so little popular appreciation of its results, that the question of the education of a Legislative candidate is seldom or never raised? Is it not strange that in view of the immense field for brain-work and honest principle in handling the public interests of our sixty-three millions of people, who are growing decennially twenty-five per cent, whose enormous productions have yielded realized wealth exceeding that of wealthy Britain by more than ten thousand millions of dollars, there is so little demand for brain or character in our Legislative department? Says Prof. Bryce: "New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and San Francisco have done their best to poison the Legislatures of the States in which they respectively lie by filling these bodies with members of a low type, as well as by being themselves the centers of emormous accumulations of capital. They have brought the strongest corrupting force into contact with the weakest and most corruptible material, and there has followed in Pennsylvania, New York and California such a witches' Sabbath of jobbery, bribery, thievery and prostitution of Legislative power to private interest as the world has seldom seen. Of course, even in these States, the majority of the members are not bad men, for the majority come from the rural districts or smaller towns, where honesty and order reign, as they do generally in America outside of a few large cities. Many of them are farmers or small lawyers, who go up meaning to do right, but fall into the hands of schemers, who abuse their inexperience and practice on their ignorance." ("American Commonwealth," I, p. 516.)

Says Theodore Roosevelt: "Where a number of men, many of them poor, some of them unscrupulous, and others elected by constituents too ignorant to hold them to a proper accountability for their actions, are put into a position of great temporary power, where they are called on to take action upon questions affecting the welfare of large corporations and wealthy private individuals, the chances for corruption are always great. And that there is much viciousness and political dishonesty, much moral cowardice and a good deal of actual bribe-taking

at Albany no one who has had any practical experience of Legislation can doubt. The worst Legislators come from the great cities. They are usually foreigners of little or no education, with exceedingly misty ideas as to morality, and possessed of an ignorance so profound that it could only be called comic were it not for the fact that it has at times such serious effect on our laws. It is their ignorance quite as much as actual viciousness which makes it so difficult to procure the passage of good laws, or to prevent the passage of bad ones; and it is the most irritating of the many elements with which we have to contend in the fight for good government." (*Century*, April, 1885.)

In the report of the New York Commissioners appointed in 1876, to devise a plan for the government of cities in that State, occurs the following graphic description of the powers of darkness who rule the politics of that State and city:

"A large number of important offices have come to be filled by men possessing little, if any, fitness for the important duties they are called upon to discharge. These unworthy holders of public trusts gain their places by their own exertions. The voluntary support of the citizens would never have lifted them into office. Animated by the expectations of unlawful emoluments, they spend large sums to secure their places, and make promises beforehand to supporters and retainers to furnish patronage or place. The corrupt promises must be redeemed, anticipated gain must be realized; hence old and educated subordinates must be dismissed and new places created to satisfy the crowd of friends and retainers. Profitable contracts must be awarded, and needless public works undertaken. * * * It is speedily found that these unlawful demands, together with the necessities of the public, call for a sum which, if taken at once by taxation, would produce dissatisfaction and alarm in the community and bring public indignation upon the authors of such burdens, and any failure thus to raise a sufficient sum is supplied by an issue of bonds. * * * It would clearly be within bounds to say that more than one-half of all the present city debts are the direct results of the species of intentional and corrupt misrule above described."

In regard to the attempt made in New York to escape the evils inflicted by the city government through Legislative control, this report goes on to say: "The representatives elected to the State Legislature have not the requisite time to direct the local affairs of the municipalities. They have not the requisite knowledge of details. When a local bill is under consideration in the Legislature its care and explanation are left exclusively to the representative of the locality to which it is applicable; and sometimes by express, more often by tacit understanding, local bills are 'log-rolled' through the houses. * * * The notion that Legislative control was the proper remedy was a serious mistake. The corrupt cliques and rings thus sought to be baffled were quick to perceive that in the business of procuring special laws concerning local affairs they could easily outmatch the fitful and clumsy labors of disinterested citizens. The transfer of the control of municipal resources from the cities to the State Capitol had no other effect than to cause a like transfer of the methods and arts of corruption, and to make the fortunes of our principal cities the traffic of the lobbies. Municipal corruption thenceforth escaped all bounds and spread to every quarter of the State."

This description of the political horrors in New York is equally true, *mutatis mutandis*, of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and California; and the same infernal system has long ago spread into nearly all the States. In many of them it has become so much a matter of course, in spite of severe but never enforced laws against Legislative bribery, that by many voters this

earnest protest in behalf of ancestral purity will be treated merely as a joke! As a specimen of a very common job, hardly a Legislature meets in which ten or twenty bills threatening injury to insurance companies are not introduced. The writer has been apprised of two hundred and twenty such bills pending in twenty-four Legislatures that were sitting cotemporaneously. These bills seldom pass; never, if the ever-present committee from the underwriters does the handsome thing. It is common to form rings in Legislative bodies, which unblushingly sell all the votes they can find a market for. In fact, it is now about impossible to procure the passage of any law at all affecting capital, except by bargain and sale. The United States Senatorship has become a high-priced commodity within reach only of millionaires; hence the recent wonderful increase of wealthy inefficiency in that once august body.

The writer was informed by a once prominent banker in San Francisco that during the Legislative session of California in 1868, not less than eight hundred thousand dollars had passed through his hands alone for the purchase or defeat of Legislation! This bonanza has been worked ever since for all there was in it. While I write a suit is on trial in San Francisco in which one Faylor, an outside lobbyist, sues the late "boodle ring" in the State Senate for six thousand dollars, being, as he claims, his share of the profits during the last session, which the Senators refuse to divide with him! At every session from twenty thousand to forty thousand dollars is regularly paid by the pilot monopoly of San Francisco, as the price for denying the perennial demand of the shipping interests for the reduction of the exorbitant rates of pilotage, which greatly injure the commerce of the port. In the city of San Francisco politics have been controlled by "Bosses" ever since the war, whose excitement put an end to the ten years of clean government inaugurated by the Vigilance Committee of 1856. Three times have the reformatory charters been prepared since the adoption of the Constitution of 1879, and three times have they been voted down, through the failure of their lukewarm friends to overcome at the polls the vigilant hostility of the politicians. But enough as to the failure of the Legislative department in States and cities.

What good citizen of property does not dread the meeting of the Legislature, tremble while it lasts, and rejoice when it is over? What expedients have not been resorted to to curb its power for mischief, though at the cost of curtailing its ability for good? At first, annual sessions were the rule, without legal limit as to their duration, now they are made biennial in all but six of the older States, and restricted to four, three, or even two months. At first, the Representatives were intrusted with all the Legislative powers of their principals, the people, except that of altering the Constitution (see Vermont Constitution of 1793). But the Constitution of California (of 1879) not only limits the per diem of the Legislature to sixty days, in a biennial session, but specifies no less than thirty-three particulars in which it is forbidden to act. It is strange that in the presence of any quantity of experiments between these two extremes, each seeking to prevent some time-honored abuse of Legislative power, it seems never to have occurred to Constitution makers to confine eligibility for the Representative function to men of ascertained education in statecraft and of established reputation for integrity and patriotism.

"O'er forms of Government let fools contest,
That which is best administered is best."

But how is it with Congress, where for many years the business of this great nation has been completely overshadowed by party spirit, or forgotten in the excitement of dividing the public money among the thousands of

private claimants whose attorneys the majority of the members seem to be?

Entirely owing to the lack of patriotic education and of enlightened conscience on the part of said majority, Congress has become the most cumbrous of all inventions intended "how not to do it." In spite of the constant efforts of a few statesmen, who have been repeatedly re-elected by the exceptional good sense of their constituencies, its history has for years been a dreary narrative of inefficiency, procrastination, stupidity, and often of national disgrace. Congress took more than sixty years to frame and pass a bill for the distribution of the money received for the French spoliation claims, by which time all the original claimants were dead. It has allowed twenty-five years to pass without taking (until last session) any efficient means to prevent the gradual extirpation of our shipping in the foreign trade, due to our effete navigation laws and high tariff, in the presence of English competition under more favorable Legislation. Yet at every session bills have been introduced, memorials, petitions, and reports filed, which, if acted upon would long since have restored our flag to its former position upon the high seas. But so profound has been the ignorance of Western and Southern members on the subject (one of whom once innocently asked the writer) "what ships do at night?") or so powerful have been the golden arguments administered by the agents of the British Ship-Owners' Association, that until the last session it has been impossible to procure any effective relief and the work of last session was only half done. Congress has so neglected the Navy that for several years, until the recent movement in the direction of rebuilding in 1883, we had not a single fighting ship afloat. And for twenty years it so neglected the fortifications of our immensely wealthy seaport cities as not to have at any of them a single gun capable of injuring an ironclad ship! Yet during all the time the Treasury has been overflowing, and public opinion everywhere crying aloud for the re-establishment of our National defenses afloat and ashore. But Congress appears insensible to public opinion unless it finds a place in party platforms; and the hope that some party advantage may be reaped from every want that attracts public attention (a hope often disappointed) is the great motive of the chronic hesitation and exasperating delays with which it avoids action, be the subject never so important to the National welfare.

Again, Congress stole the Geneva award fund from those direct claimants in whose names and for whose use it was obtained, and gave it all to those indirect claimants who had been expressly excluded by the arbitrators; and by this act it impeached the good faith of the nation in the eyes of the civilized world, thus probably forestalling some future arbitration; and doubled or trebled future war premiums on American vessels, whose underwriters are now deprived of all hope of salvage, heretofore their undeniable legal right all over the world. It took Congress twenty years to act on the continual petitions of the people of the Pacific Coast for the exclusion of the Chinese, and then it repeatedly bungled the business. Always holding the power of regulating commerce between the States, it took ten years to evolve the Interstate Commerce Act, whose principal effect is to build up the business of the Canadian Pacific, at the expense of American overland railroads. It refuses to take any action on the constant increase of pauper immigration from the heterogeneous nations of Europe, though our institutions are everywhere threatened by it, and public opinion has for many years been crying aloud for its restriction. It cannot now make up its mind about the silver question, which for years has been left unsettled, to the great injury of the business of the country.

The Lower House has long maintained a system of rules (which, after a bitter fight was modified during the last session) intended to enable the minority to prevent the transaction of business by the majority. It persists in devoting three-fourths of its time to the passage of private claims, which are a perennial fountain of corruption, and which can never be properly investigated in such a body, instead of relegating all claims against Government to the courts where they properly belong.

But why prolong the list of Congressional transgressions, omissions, delays, neglects and inefficiencies?

They are so familiar that the nation has long since become accustomed to them, and expects nothing else. But can this condition of things last forever? If that body, the only expression of the sovereign power of the nation in Legislation, is so terribly behind the business of sixty-three millions of people, what will be our condition when one or two hundred millions depend upon it? Does any one ever speculate upon the wonderful improvement that would result to the business of Legislation, if every Senator and Representative were educated to statecraft, inspired by a broad spirit of honest devotion to the whole country, instead of by mere party or local spirit, utterly unapproachable by corrupt motives, and looking only to the appreciative confidence of his constituents and the country for his reward of loyal service? Surely if any means can be devised for filling our Legislative bodies with the same trained talent and fidelity that govern the Army and Navy, our railroads, our great manufactories and business enterprises, the administration of our admirable institutions, like that of our private affairs, would challenge the envy of the world.

Yet what is our situation to-day? We are a powerful nation, constantly growing, already the equal if not the superior of any other, and likely soon to be confessedly the foremost in all respects; with accumulated wealth far exceeding any other. A nation spending annually one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars in common schools alone, besides untold millions in other and higher forms of education; possessing the most omniscient and enterprising press; the most stupendous system of internal improvements; the largest area of fertile soil; engaging in the greatest variety of productive industries, and holding the second place in the foreign commerce of the world. A nation whose free and prosperous conditions attract so many aliens as to destroy the homogeneity of its people; whose many inventions keep manufactures and trade in a state of continual change; whose freedom of thought, speech, press and association stimulates mental activity to a degree that threatens the stability of its institutions, through the influence of cranks and demagogues, who, with their foreign-born audiences, are too ignorant to appreciate the perils of half knowledge; a nation with a most complicated government, founded upon a system of ideas, largely peculiar to itself; in fact, "an intellectual system of government," which can be maintained in its purity only by the intelligent and honest administration of very able and highly educated men.

Yet all this seething mass of progressive humanity is ruled by a congress, by forty-two State Legislatures, by hundreds of city councils, and thousands of boards of county supervisors (some twenty thousand men more or less), not one of whom, however honest and well-meaning, was educated to statecraft; the large majority of whom are not sufficiently educated to have any conception of the true principles of government, especially of their own, or of the nature of the problems with which they have to deal. Not only ignorant, but many of them dishonest, and nominated only for that reason by the machinations of the worst elements in

the community; their idea of office being not the service of the public, but private gain for themselves and their nefarious associates in crime. And yet no one dreams of applying an educational or character qualification to legislative candidacy; nor would the mass of the citizens vote to establish an aristocracy of education in that branch of the government, though the only alternative be an aristocracy of villainy!

Of the one hundred and fifty millions of dollars doubtless spent annually on all kinds of education, only a trifle is as yet devoted in a few states to instruction in "Civics" in the public schools.

Out of three hundred and fifty-seven colleges and universities, not one, nor any distinct department of one, is organized for the special training of statesmen, or for the issuance of degrees in statecraft.

An educated army, corps of engineers, navy, judiciary, bar and staff of school teachers, and thirty-two thousand subordinate executive offices filled by educational and character tests, and all continually subordinated to legislative ignorance, incompetence, corruption, partizanship and rascality!

Under these conditions, if unchanged for the better, how can it be possible that the United States can attain their bicentenary in uninterrupted peace and progress?

HAUNTED

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN

Sometimes, when I attune my ear to hear
A classic symphony, I do, at most,
But catch a bar or two, and then a ghost,
Unseen, unheard, but not unfelt, draws near,
And gentlest finger-tips do close my ear
To present sounds; while from old days long lost
A strain comes back and holds my soul engrossed;
A song once loved, a voice low, sweet and clear.
O haunting voice! as thy notes rise and fall,
The present fades; the proud face at my side
Gives place to one I cannot but recall;
Her hot-house flowers, that fling their fragrance wide,
Field daisies are; and thou, who wert my all
In life's sweet spring, art once again my bride.

JOHN MUIR

BY JEANNE C. CARR

I FIRST met John Muir a quarter of a century ago in Madison, the beautiful capital of Wisconsin, where Dr. Carr was for many years Professor of the Natural Sciences and of Chemistry in the State University.

As one of the Geological Commissioners, he also had much to do in gathering and arranging the extensive collections which illustrate the natural history and resources of the region bordering the great lakes and the Mississippi. Professor James Hall, the eminent geologist, was at the head of the commission, and students employed as assistants have since become eminent in the fields of scientific research and of education.

During a fair of the state agricultural society, held at the Capital, the secretary wishing to secure a special premium for the meritorious inventions of a young Scotch friend from Portage, asked me to report them to the proper committee. They were not easy to classify under the society's specifications.

I accompanied him to a part of the grounds where we found John Muir engaged in showing the relation between brains and bedsteads.

The bedstead exhibited was a rude affair over which some blankets were thrown, but was mysteriously connected with a rustic clock, which if set for any desired time of waking, gently raised the occupant of the bed to an upright position with his feet upon the footboard.

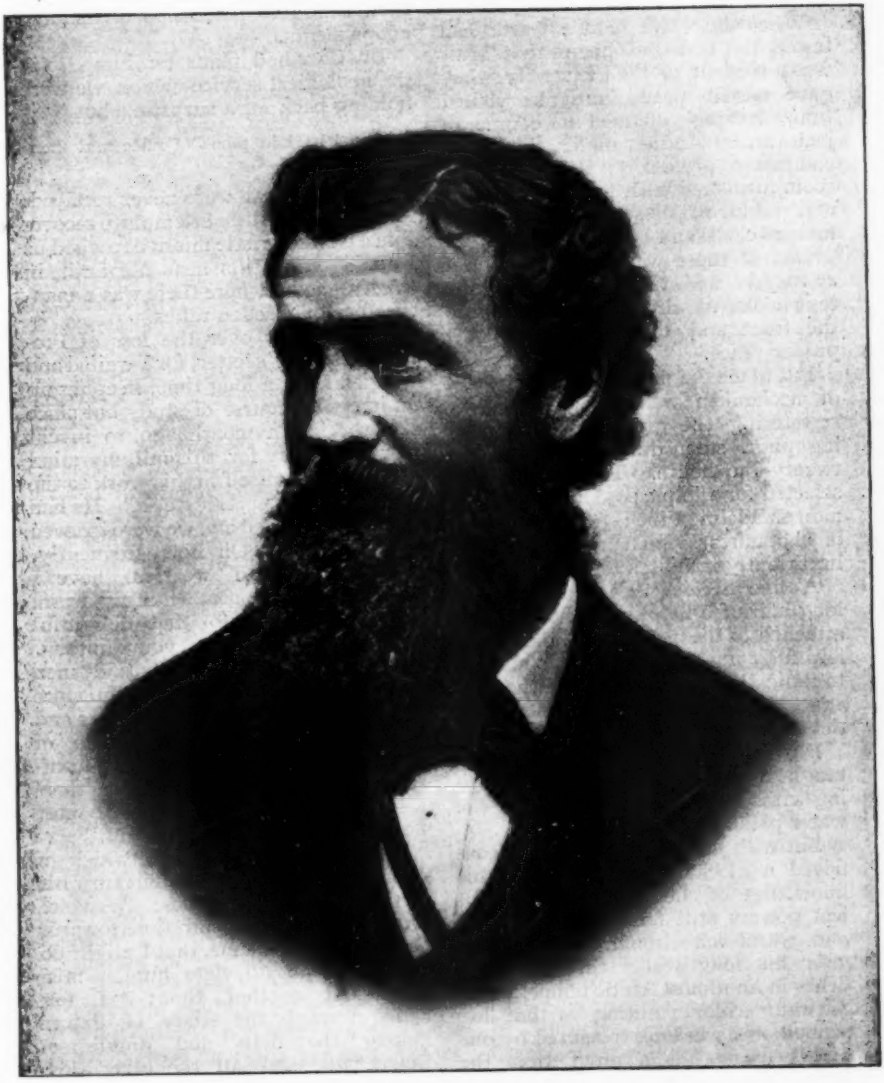
He was assisted in this demonstration by two small boys; one a truant belonging to me and the other to the Professor of Greek. The lads soon became perfect in their rôle, sleeping tranquilly without moving an eyelash, until surprised by the cheers of the spectators. The little side-show attracted many visitors who were entertained by the naïve explanations and enthusiasm of the inventor. But these incidents would probably have been forgotten had not Dr. Carr soon after reported Muir's attendance upon his lectures at the University.

A friend happened to be present, a physician from Portage, where the Muir family lived; whose story of piety and patience as exemplified in the lives of John's parents, David and Annie Muir, seemed like a reading from the pages of George McDonald.

And of genius also; for as bidden by the Psalmist, David praised the Lord upon stringed instruments, even upon a violin of his own making: he also practiced the prayer and faith cures as a free gift, and like the Master he strove to imitate, deprecated notoriety. He was reputed to be a severe disciplinarian; not from passion or even justice but because the consequences of sparing the rod were so explicitly stated in the Holy Word. When he was called by the Spirit into the wilderness of towns and cities on religious errands, the brave mother and her loyal sons took up the family burdens uncomplainingly, and waited for his return.

And so this pioneer family took root; became useful and greatly respected by their neighbors in spite of somewhat hard conditions.

They had few books, but these were of the best and tales of grandfather, their very own, to fall back upon. David and his Annie were doubtless as happy in their simple belief that the world was made in six literal "days," as if these had been called *æons* or crores; but the spirit of inquiry developing in one of their bairns was



John Muir

already leading him to the "Great Stone Book" for a fuller explanation.

In winter the inglenook was not destitute of cheer and thus this budding genius was accounted for in the orderly processes of nature.

When the "twa laddies" who had tested the bedstead heard that Muir was a student of the University, they gave me no peace until we visited him, having planned a course of jack knife studies under this most competent professor. We found his room furnished with several ingenious and useful articles besides the now famous clock and bed.

One of these was a desk, which if *en rapport* with the clock, moved the text books required in each study to the front, and opened them at the proper place.

But to me the most captivating piece of mechanism was an apparatus for registering the growth of an ascending plant stem during each of the twenty-four hours. The plant he had selected for the purpose was the common Madeira Vine; (*Boussingaultia* of botanists) which was growing luxuriantly in his sunniest window.

A fine needle, threaded with the long hair of a fellow studentess, when attached to the plant, made the record faithfully upon a paper disk marked to indicate minute spaces with great exactness, while the rustic clock ticked the minutes and hours away.

During the following winter Muir taught a district school in a log building without other apparatus than the water pail and dipper.

But with the help of these he contrived a clock, and by applying his knowledge of chemistry and mechanical powers still farther found a fire and warm schoolroom awaiting him after his long walks through snow drifts in an almost Arctic temperature. A water color painting of that log schoolhouse was long treasured by one of his friends as a proof that the artist's eye and touch were not wanting among his many gifts.

At the beginning of the next University year he was missed, and knowing how eagerly he wished to finish the course, Professor Sterling in behalf of the faculty, invited his return as a free student. The University had not then come into possession of its large endowments.

Dr. Carr had plans for him also in the geological service which we were holding back for a surprise; but

> "The best laid plans of mice and men
> Gang aft aglee,—"

and these letters were never received. After many fruitless attempts to recover him a characteristic missive reached us from Tronts Mills near Meaford, in West Canada, where there was a manufactory of wooden rakes.

"I am sorry over the loss of Professor Sterling's letter, for I waited and wearied for it a long time, keeping up an irregular course of study but since undertaking, a month ago, to invent new machinery for this mill my mind seems to busy itself in this work to the exclusion of everything else." He had been disappointed and we were grieved as we read. "Oh how frequently, when lonely and wearied, have I wished that like some hungry worm I could creep into that delightful kernel of your house, your library, with its portraits of scientific men upon its walls and such bountiful store of their sheaves into the blossoms and verdure of your little kingdom of plants," (our winter garden,) "luxuriant and happy as if opening their leaves under the open sky of the most flower-loving zone in the world."

He seemed uncertain into which of many alluring ways he might turn his steps, and again he wrote: "A voice seemed to mock my aspirations towards the study of medicine, that I might do something to alleviate human misery." At another time: "I felt called toward the study of nature among the dells and dingles of SCOTLAND, and all the other, less important parts of our world."

I would like to invent useful machinery, but the voice answers·

"You do not like to spend your life among machines."

In spite of the warning of his demon Muir committed himself to rake making, supplying new contrivances for setting the teeth and handles, and by the subtlety of his intuitions and suggestions, impressed his employer with his ability to substitute mind for muscle in a great variety of ways.

His services were substantially rewarded, and on becoming a capitalist, he had decided to invest in a grand walking tour; when the factory was burned, and his money, clothes, books and papers vanished in flames.

Then began the *wanderjahre* of this *meister* in nature's greater workshops, whose record for the next ten years was as strange as any recorded in the literature of her lovers.

His first important stopping place was at Indianapolis, where visiting some of the great machine shops, he fell into conversation with a skilfull and intelligent operator. Some suggestion of Muir created a discussion of mechanical powers and their applications, which led to an engagement, promising still greater advantages than those he had lost.

In this new work he wrought as faithfully as before, making many friends, but during the following April there came a letter to us, traced by his fingers, with no help from his eyes, which read: "The sunshine and winds are working in all the gardens of God, but I, I am lost! I am shut in darkness. My hard toil-tempered muscles have disappeared; and I am feeble and tremulous as an ever sick woman.

"My friends here are kind beyond what I can tell, and do much to shorten the immense, black days."

The explanation, written by an attendant, told us that while adjusting some delicate machinery, a small file had pierced his right eye on the outer edge of the cornea. Afterwards he wrote: "I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone; that I should never look at a flower again."

Later, during his slow recovery, he wrote: "On some cloudy day, I am promised a walk in the woods, where the spring's sweet first-born are waiting." After many weeks I received his token of recovery in a little package of *Climacium*, that miniature palm among the mosses.

We were still more encouraged when he concluded a letter by saying: "I have nearly an eye and a half left, and can read a letter with the poorest. I feel if possible more anxious to travel than ever. I read a description of the Yosemite Valley last year, and have thought of it almost every day since."

That he was using both his eyes was proven by a rhapsody upon the mosses.

"The dear little conservative green mosses have elevated their smooth, shining shafts and stand side by side, every cowl properly plaited, and drawn down just far enough, every hood with its dainty slant, their fashions unchanging because perfect."

One may trust a nature-lover to be his own doctor, and soon this one prescribed a walk from Indianapolis to Portage, Wisconsin, accompanied by a lad eleven years old. They were weeks on the way, and appeared at Madison, laden like donkeys, with their burdens of pressed plants. He spoke only once of his trial, saying that "he was very thankful that his affliction had driven him to the sweet fields rather than away from them." This was in June, 1867, when he spent some happy weeks with "the loved of home."

The shock to his nervous system, resulting from his injury, was greater and his recovery slower than had been expected. September found him in Kentucky, among the hills of Bear Creek, after walking from Louisville, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles.

Of his plans and purposes he wrote: "It was a few miles south of Louis-

ville when I planned my journey. I spread out my map under a tree, and made up my mind to go through Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia to Florida; thence to Cuba, and from there to some part of South America. It will be only a hasty walk. I am thankful, however, for so much. I will be glad to receive any advice from you; I am very ignorant of all things pertaining to this journey.

"The lordly trees and scenery of Kentucky are cut into my memory, to go with me forever."

In pursuance of this plan, he reached Georgia, where, from a camping place near Savannah—the famous Buenaventura—his letter was an exquisite prose poem on the "natural beauty of death."

"I gazed at this peerless avenue as one newly arrived from another planet, without a past or a future, alive only to the presence of the most adorned and living of the tree companies I have ever beheld. Buenaventura is called a graveyard, but its accidental graves are powerless to influence the imagination in such a depth of life. The rippling of living waters, the song of birds, the cordial rejoicing of busy insects, the calm grandeur of the forest, make it rather one of the Lord's elect and favored fields of clearest light and life. Few people have considered the natural beauty of death. Let a child grow up in nature, beholding her beautiful and harmonious blendings of death and life; their joyous, inseparable unity, and Death will be stingless indeed to him."

Having no doubt that Muir's persistence would lead him to the Andes and the Amazon, we addressed to friends in Buenos Ayres and to President Sarmiento letters which we hoped would ensure his comfort and safety. Meanwhile he lay sick with a fever in Florida, and a lady friend and admirer informed us of the perils he had incurred, and the interest felt in his behalf by all who had listened to his glowing descriptions of the scenes still fresh in his mind. On the eighth of November, he wrote from Cedar Keys that he was getting plants and strength, and about to go to New Orleans for a passage to South America; not quite sure as to what point.

Then occurred a break in a correspondence, so fully shared with others that the letters are far more travel-worn than the writer of them, next heard from—"Near Snelling, Merced County, *California*," July 26th, 1868:

"I have had the pleasure of but one letter from any source since leaving Florida, and of course am very lonesome and hunger terribly for the communion of friends. Fate and flowers have carried me to California, where I have reveled nearly four months. I am well again, and were it not for loneliness and isolation, the joy of my existence would be complete. I saw little of the beauty during the journey across the Isthmus of Panama, for my body was still a wreck, and was borne with cruel speed through the gorgeous Eden of vines and palms. I could only gaze from the car platform and weep and pray that the Lord would sometime give me strength to see it better."

The prayer seems to have been answered at once and strength given to improve his opportunities in California, for he says: "Florida is indeed a land of flowers, but for every flower creature dwelling in its most delightsome places, more than a hundred are living here. *Here is Florida*. Not scattered, with grass between as on our prairies; but the panicled grasses are sprinkled among the flowers; not as in Cuba, piled and heaped into glowing masses; but side by side, flower to flower, petal to petal, touching but never entwined, each free and separate, yet making one smooth earth garment, mosses next the ground, grasses above, petaled flowers between.

"Before studying the flowers of this valley, their sky and all of the furniture sounds and adornments of their

homes, one can scarcely believe that their vast assemblies are permanent, but rather that actuated by some great plant purpose, they had convened from every plain, mountain and meadow of their kingdom; and that the different coloring of the patches, acres and miles marked the bounds of the various tribe and family encampments."

He reached San Francisco in April, and at once struck out into the country, following the foothills along the San Jose Valley to Gilroy; thence into the San Joaquin Valley by the Pacheco Pass, and down to the mouth of the Merced. This walking (?) trip included the Mariposa forest of Sequoias, and the Yosemite Valley, then in primeval freshness; Lemon's Log Cabin; Hutching's original hotel and the smaller one at Blacks being the only houses, did not mar the impression of "a sacred solitude."

"One week from the burning plains of the San Joaquin, and I was lost in the blinding snows of the Arctic winter. The winter scales are shut fast upon the buds of the oaks and alders; the grand Nevada pines wave solemnly; my horse is plunging in snow ten feet in depth. Wonderful indeed is the meeting and blending of the seasons of the mountains and plains, beautiful as the joinings of lake and land, or the bands of color in the rainbow."

A letter dated February 24th, 1869, written from Snellings, showed how much he had felt the human hunger for friends and fellowship.

"Your two California notes from San Francisco and San Mateo reached me last evening, and I rejoice at the glad tidings they bring of your arrival in this magnificent land. Of all my friends, you are the only one who understands my motives and enjoyments.

"Only a few weeks ago a true and liberal-minded friend sent me a sheetfull of the most terrible blue-steel orthodoxy, calling me from clouds and flowers to the walks of politics and philanthropy. I thought that you had never lectured me thus, and were coming to see and read for yourself these glorious lessons of sky, plain and mountain, of which no mortal lips can adequately speak.

"I thought, when in the Yosemite Valley last Spring, that the Lord had written things there for you to read some time. I have not made a single friend in California, and you may be sure I strode home last evening from the postoffice feeling rich, indeed.

"I am engaged at present in the very important and patriarchal business of keeping sheep. I am a gentle shepherd. The gray box in which I reside is distant about seven miles northeast from Hopeton. The Merced pours past me on the south, from the Yosemite. Smooth, downy hills and the tree fringes of the Tuolumne bound me on the north; the lordly Sierras join sky and plain on the east, and the far coast mountains on the west. My mutton family of eighteen hundred range over about ten square miles, and I have abundant opportunities for reading and botanizing. In about two weeks I shall be engaged in sheep-shearing between the Tuolumne and Stanislaus, from the San Joaquin to the Sierra foothills, for about two months. I will be in California until next November, when I mean to start for South America.

"You must prepare for your Yosemite baptism in June."

This I did with the utmost zeal and earnestness. Just before starting another letter came from Muir, telling me that he "would be 'at Black's' until the end of June." In my own or others' ignorance that there were two localities of the same name, one near Coulterville and one in the valley, a blunder was made which prevented my meeting Mr. Muir that summer. I inquired of every dusty herder that we passed on our horseback ride from Mariposa to the Yosemite until the curiosity of a fellow traveler, not of our party, was aroused. Riding alongside of me she asked, "Is the

feller you're huntin' herdin' sheep!" "That is his present calling," I replied. "Wall, you're darned lucky to miss him; that's my experience with sech as them;" and she rode complacently away. What had befallen John Muir, especially in the regards of this female, or what there could be in a calling of which so many poetic things have been said since shepherds watched their flocks by night, to offend the most fastidious, I could not imagine.

Many of his letters about this time were dateless, thrown off as if to relieve the tension of his unshared enjoyment.

"My studies have increasing rewards of truth, and I will seek to be true to them, although all the rest of the world of beauty besides these mountains burn and nebulize back to star smoke." He becomes more and more in love with ice.

"I know how you love this purple and yellow and green—these warm sun songs of color, but I must edge in a kind word for ice. Glaciers are paper manufacturers, and they pulped these mountains and made the meadowy sheets on which this leaf music is written."

"Are you pluming for our mountain better land? I was on Cloud's Rest yesterday, and enjoyed a very vigorous snowstorm. Did you not hear a shout? Three avalanches of ice and snow started from the summit of Cloud's Rest ridge, one after the other in glorious gestures and boomings; I was within a few yards of them.

"It will probably be late in June before we can get on to the summits, snow is very abundant. Nevada and Vernal and the strip of glory between were in full gush of spirit life as I passed them yesterday.

"I will be glad to know your friend Stoddard. He wrote about the Lord's making Yosemite, and I want him to write an entirely different version of the affair.

"Sunday night I was up in the moon among the lumined spray of the upper falls. The lunar bows were glorious, and the music Godful as ever. You will yet mingle amid the forms and voices of this peerless fall.

"I wanted to have you spend two or three nights up there in full moon, and planned a small hut for you, but since the boisterous waving of the rocks (slight earthquake tremor on the coast) the danger seems forbidding, at least for you. We can go up there in the afternoon, spend an hour or two and return.

"I had a grand ramble in the deep snow outside the valley, and discovered one beautiful truth concerning snow structure, and three concerning the forms of forest trees.

"These earthquakes have made me immensely rich. I had long been aware of the life and gentle tenderness of the rocks, and instead of walking upon them as unfeeling surfaces, begin to regard them as a transparent sky. Now they have spoken with audible voice, pulsed with wave-like motion—this very instant, just as my pen reached the spot indicated on the third line above, my cabin creaked with a sharp shock and the oil waved in my lamp. We had several shocks last night. I would like to go somewhere on the west coast to study earthquakes. I think I could invent some experimental apparatus whereby their complicated phenomena could be separated and read, but I have some years of ice on hand.

"'Tis most ennobling to find and feel that we are constructed with reference to these noble storms so as to draw unspeakable enjoyment from them. Are we not rich when our six-foot column of substance sponges up heaven above and earth beneath into its pores. AYE, we have chambers in us the right shape for earthquakes!

John Muir of to-day everyone knows—one of the most delightful writers in the West, a word colorist in every sense, who, it is hoped, will not lay down the pen for many a day to come.

THE LAST DEFEAT

BY ADELE A. GLEASON

WHO seeks the strange desertion of the seaside summer resort in winter? Even the tourist from "the East," who is told by the native Californian that it is even more delightful in winter than in summer. Delightful? yes; yet even on the warm Southern California coast, where the hotel is open all winter, the stray guest is discouraged by so many white-draped empty tables, standing unattended by waiters, that he feels himself under the ban of the unpopular, however sunny the shining sea, with summer in every wave.

Wandering along the one street of the town, I see twenty or more closed cottages, and half as many stores, also closed, and, as the French say, I know not "where to conduct myself." I wandered, not finding the deserted village as full of poetry as of philosophy, till I came facing an abnormally big sign situated just on a level with the eye, being fixed on the top of a low whitewashed fence: "Delmonico's." The association with cut glass and fine damask was strange, and I looked up, smiling involuntarily at the entrance. Ambition stood before me! The door was not closed, but filled! The largest negress I ever saw—take her hip and thigh, foot and hand—filled the doorway of a large restaurant. She stood at home, evidently; yet she had not the air of a "free nigger." The heavy white linen apron, the three-cornered shoulder shawl, the red and gold turban were all worn as a costume, not as a "make-shift." I passed her with this idle mental comment, then turned, half from curiosity, half from a subtle attraction for the big creature.

"Mornin', mammy," I ventured with the careless tone a rank impostor generally uses.

She weighed me a moment in her majestic consciousness before she replied. I felt on judgment. Was I "'nough somebody" for her or not? I trembled.

The reply came slowly in beautifully modulated tones. "Mornin' lady. I see you're out by you'sef dis mornin'."

Oh, the delicately implied reproach! I knew her ole missus had never strayed about alone; never.

"Yes," I said falsely, "I want some one to take care of me." Her eye lighted with real enthusiasm. "Sure you does, honey. I'se jes' wondrin' to see ye by yousef. What mammy 'gwine do fer ye?"

I had to invent. "Come to the hotel every afternoon and give me a sea bath."

"Yes, honey, sure. I'se comin' right on de clock, (a darky phrase for being on time). What's I fer, lesson to wait on yer?"

I felt some doubt as to my existence being sufficient reason for the being of the splendid woman, but I did not voice anything contradictory to her creed.

"Yes'm, us'ter be a lady's maid mysef 'fore I got so monstres." (I rather took this for a white lie.)

"I thought you were a cook by the sign you have here."

"A cook! so I was, honey, 'fore de wa'. Won't I stood up on de block in Ma'land' an' sole for a cook, an' did'nt I fotch three thousan' dollars for dat very 'complishment? I jes' was, ev'ry cent of dat money! I hear 'em now. 'Who'se gwine get dis nigger? 'Tain't no cheap nigger you're lookin' at, gemmen. 'Tain no fiel' han'; 'tain no breedin' nigger; 'tain no 'unaway nigger. Look at dat han'.' Dat's de way dey us'ter say, lady, when dey want ter mount de price up. 'Dat-a-han' don't pick

no cotton; dat-a-han' don't hoe no co'n; dat han' make de bes' pigeon pie an' pick de mos' patridge on de place. Gemmen, dat nigger fit ter ambrosier de food for any guest in any great house in de Souf!' Didn't I hate ter be sole? What I kar, so I keep my place in de ranks? I's sole *up*, I was; I wan never sole *down*. I cum up outen So' Calliny ter Ma'lan'; wa' din' do no good to de ole folks 'cept jis 'long de aige like. Us firs chalk niggers was ready for it like. I jes' 'bout buyed up my freedom, anyway, 'bout de time de wa' strike in. Eight years I was earnin' an' learnin', den de wa' broke out, an', my good Lord! ye cudn't find nuthin'. Massa ner Missus ner nuthin'. Ef I'd had dat money I'd been earnin' my freedom for, I tell ye, honey, I'd jes' start an' clear de fence! But lan', 'course I din' have nothin', an' dey ain' no use talkin', white folks is white folks an' niggers is niggers, wa' er no wa'."

"But, surely, Auntie, you despise poor white people just as much as you do poor black folks?"

"'Spise 'em? Course I does! Want I fotched up 'long o' quality fer? Don't I know quality when I sees 'em?" This with an indescribable glance at me, that as an enforcer of a delicate compliment could not have been excelled. Irish flattery makes one laugh; negro flattery brings a sigh! The negro lived only for others. To please is the luxury of the free, the necessity of the slave!

We had been sitting on the porch in the shade of the flowering Mexican bean; I in the carpet-covered rocking chair, Mammy on the steps, her elephantine knees forming a rampart before her chest and a support for her arms; the sun sunk low over the ocean, the click of a gate attracted my attention from the amythystine pile of the Catalina Islands glorified in the purple light. From the gate at the side of the house an old negro came leading two lambs; a quacking of geese, a bleating and barking, and above all, the shrill cry of a tame magpie, were set alive by the old man's progress through the yard. To get the lambs out and keep the other too-willing creatures in was more than any one man could accomplish. Mammy rose with an apology to me and lumbered toward the scene of action. All insurgents fled before one mighty flap of her thick apron. Her husband advanced to be presented to me. Ah, welcome, shades of Thomas Jefferson! What dignity! Not the money-fed politeness of the ordinary serving man, but something thorough, so quiet, so sustained in manner and voice! Whom had he imitated long ago? Some gentleman of old Virginia's best, long dead, and perhaps forgotten by his sons; yet the style survived in this negro. From the moment this man bowed to me, without letting his eyes rest on me yet seeming to protect me with a respectful watchfulness, with eyes trained to serve, I ceased to smile at the big sign on the whitewashed fence. Delmonico! certainly. Here was a Del Monico! He led his lambs away. The hair on his well-shaped head was as white as the wool of the lambs. Fred Douglass was never more impressive. I could have greeted him with, "Farewell, O, slave! Triumph of a bondage better than freedom!"

His wife's voice startled me. "A nigger dat's fell in position ain' never hold he haide up," quoth she.

"I should not be able to think of your husband in that light, he appears most superior."

"Yis, honey," in a softened voice, "dat's jes' it, ye speak it you'sef; only you call it superior, an' I call it trainin'. I'se de hen an' he's de mockin' bird. I lays de eggs an' he counts de chickens. He kin read an' he kin write an' he kin figger 'counts an' he knows where we got money an' where we aint. Course I don't know." This with a wonderful sly look to see if I took in the joke.

"He master poor an' be 'bliged fer ter rent him out fer a barber right young. He jes' take hole de newspaper, an', 'fore de Lord, he read dat paper an' books, too, 'for he ten year da! I dunno huccum he marry me. He aint de fust nigger I 'bliged to take up with, but (with a sigh) he boun' to be de las', I reckon! If my lady like ter pic a bit o fish I set de pan on de ashes."

I replied as formally as possible that I should be very gratetul to get a supper in her splendid restaurant.

"Sho, dar, lady, 'taine no restaurant fer sure; we jes put up dat sign fer ter 'tract de populace," she resumed with contempt.

I sat long under the shade of the flowering bean listening to the incoming tide. Somehow the mournful splendor of the social life of the South, now past forever, appealed to me in the tones of its forgotten slaves. I remembered the old days in Virginia when a guest was fortunate. At last the double doors were thrown open and a voice full of deference and as low as if it intended to escape the criticism of a drawing-room of guests, announced "De suppah!" The big, low, cheap-looking room, decorated with fancifully cut tissue and glazed paper and advertising pictures, was illuminated in all its dingy coarseness by a flood of dusty sunlight from the setting sun, which did not spare the poor linen and tiny napkins; but there, just two and a half feet behind my chair, stood the perfect servitor, dressed in the most ancient possible of dress coats, a white necktie, a napkin on his left arm and a water bottle in his hand. I know he enjoyed "de suppah more than I did." If he could have served me Tokay with fish and champagne with salad and Roquefort cheese, and coffee with just a touch of Burgundy, how happy he would have been. He was not inclined to talk "during service," as one might say. He had none of his wife's readiness to be free with a "lady" as by right.

"Have you waited at Delmonico's, in New York City?"

"Fifteen years, madam."

"So? I suppose, then, you could easily build this place with your savings?"

"No, madam; my wife built it."

His way of taking my plate was fine art, indeed. He did not lift it, but slid it from the cloth, quickly, but not too quickly. He wiped the tablecloth with a velvet touch—no flourish, just perfect ease. A French waiter is dexterous, but only the shadow-race can be graceful in service. He did not, of course, ask me if I would taste this or that dish; he placed it before me, hovered anxiously a moment, and if I tasted it he retired to just his distance; if I did not, he slid it away, holding his breath meanwhile. Surely he was "the man who knew." The sadness of his face was from being too near success; a bank failure had taken the good thousands saved from twenty-five years' patient work. He was politely incredulous of any real sympathy or interest in his great misfortune. * * *

The following summer when I went to the same restaurant, to my surprise it was alive! Seventy or eighty noisy, common and unclean people, the riff-raff of a camp meeting and revival, filled the dining-room with clattering plates and loud voices. Hired waiters ran to and fro. My black prince was not to be seen. I looked on for a few minutes at this beggarly service, and then made my way through the duck yard, greeted by the magpie, which shrilly invited me to "take a shake," and peered into the big shed kitchen. A long range filled with steaming pots and frying-pans stretched the length of the place; a hundred tins, pails, pans and spoons, hanging from nails in the two beams overhead, plates and dishes, filled and empty, stood on the floor and on tables and chairs. Mammy, as sole cook and dispenser, made the place hum! She bounced from pot to pan like a Swiss bell-

ringer. She trod regardless of plate or pan or stray cat. She boiled and fried and stewed like a very demon of cooking; giving her husband ten orders to one he could execute, and calling him, I am sorry to say, "a fool nigger" for all his pains. At last she spied me where I stood in the doorway.

"O! great Lordy, Massa! ef dar ain' my lady standin' musin' hersef with dis yer ole nigger pranks, mought ter got drounded in 'f de dish pan, or pelted wid the con' cob; you're terrible venturesome jes like my Mis' Emma. She uster cum roun' fer de hoe cake, said hit wanted light'nd red an' ash ter make it tase good. Ha, ha?"

In spite of this happy reception I saw that I was stopping the supply train, so I accepted her husband's invitation, given in a shocked whisper, to "step into der parlor t'well de trouble was over."

"Tain no use settin' out a coarse dinner for such folks, 'fore de Lord, dey dunno how to eat it if dey get it," said he of Delmonico.

Once in the parlor, I pondered on the easy chairs, the fine matting and rugs, the great mirrors, the rosewood *etagere*, to say nothing of Dore's illustrations of Don Quixote and Milton's Paradise Lost on the center table. It all showed individual taste in the selected articles. Yet I knew this colored woman, this giant of human toil, could not read a word. How much her hands had earned, how much she had wished, and how much she had won!

Mammy and her "fallen nigger" came in in half an hour, bearing each a large tray, and followed by two underlings (weak white folks) also carrying small tables, cloths and napkins. The table being spread, Mammy declared she would "serve my lady hersef," and much to her husband's displeasure, ordered him "to go an' look after de trash an' keep de door shet." She then confided to me sadly that with all his figgers an' writin' in books, she did not know how matters stood, and that it might be well enough for white folks to count money in books, but nigger money count bes' in de han.' Alas! though she "was makin' money han' over han' "she was still afraid of 'gittin' sold up' cause she had to keep payin' back what dey owed on de place."

"How'd I git dis place anyway, an' pay two thousand dollars for de lan' 'sides de home buildin'?"

"Well, honey, ye might say, I git it little by little, an' it ain't got yet! When I cum yeah my nigger counted to lay he pile ter hit, an' he don lost it all, and so we 'gwine ter work it anyhow. He's a city nigger, an' I knowed he couldn't content hisself in a chicken coop. So I set a tent near by de hotel, dat was way back four years ago when de boom was on, an' dar' I wash an' wash an' wash! Times I seed every consternation of the sky over my head, an' I hain' done washin' yet. Miss Judge Toune an' Miss Major Fish, dey was ladies, dey uster cum an' bring me snac' in ther own hans, an' dey often cum an' urge me fer ter cease; dey say I work like a slave! Jehu! dey dunno what dey say, dey ain't no slave dat works like dat, an' der ain't no massa ner missus in de whole Souf got de gumption ter make 'em, needer. Slaves don't work, ner dey don't res' neither, don't never know what 'gwine ter be 'spected. But I jes' toil an' toil an' when I gits 'nuff, I gits de beams fer de house an' de timbers an' I tote 'em on de back' an' I take de singles, an' I git carpenters, an' I jes watch 'em, an' I take de workin' days an' bossin' de men. Dem was proud times, I tell ye an' I keep washin' nights. An' I keep pilin' up an' fixin' fer glory jus' like I din' know I'se a worm ob de dus.'"

The exultation of a great triumph shone in her eyes.

"Yes'em," lowering her voice, "I'se had white ministers to boad yeah, an' I'se entertained de conference."

"What more honorable! This is a great center for religious meetings, is it not?"

"It am, my lady. Pears like dey think they 'gwine ter kill de debbil, if dey have camp meetins' enough. But he ain't dead yet! I see his tracks, honey, right yeah in dis very place. I see 'em plain. I'se tracked him up, too, an' I regret fer ter be 'bliged ter state dat dem very tracks jes as likely ter end at de church door as anywhere else, so! But now I looks at ye close, honey, yer ain't lookin' right. Mammy don't like ye looks. She's jes 'gwine ter lay yer in yer baid, en' put yer to res' an' charm ye feet, so she is."

There was the grand bedroom off from the little parlor, opened for me to admire, a room not for common boarders, but for wedding parties and "quality." Her way of putting me to bed justified her boast of having once been a lady's maid. She laid aside each garment with so deft a hand, and caressed and smoothed each bit of lace or frills with a really restoring touch, and when her clumsy looking fingers traveled gently over my head and the length of my hair, my very soul pulsated with content. Then she "laid me straight in de baid," and the incantations began, with bits of bright ribbon and three long horse hairs from the tail of a piebald stallion. She braided these among my astonished toes gently, and crooning strange words, she tapped my feet and ankles with her puffy finger tips. A sleep of the body with a strange wakefulness of mind resulted from her mystic proceedings. She, too seemed to be half asleep; she swayed where she sat, but suddenly the original overlaid African nature of the old woman waked within her; she clapped her hands, her eyes turned, and she laughed wildly, "Somethin' tells me in my soul dat you know de Lord! Yah!"

"Yes, Aunty," I answered, knowing that I must adapt my words to her religious vernacular, "I know the Lord." More wild shouts. "How you come to know him?"

"I was very ill and He came to me," I said, still adopting her style of expression. She shouted for gladness, she had the "power."

"And how did you come to know the Lord, Aunty?"

"How I cum to know de Lord, my strength and my salvation? Why, dat's de tellin' ob my whole life, honey. 'Long when I'se young I, uster see de other niggers git de power, an' I jes' set and laff. What I keer? I ain had no trouble den. I uster see 'em throw deysef an' talk 'bout de Lord, but I hear de white folks up to de great house makin' fun de poor ignerant darkey, an' I jes dat proud I boun to be 'bove 'em; I wan goin' to have no nigger heaven. Dat ain't no good sign when you see a nigger like dat. Den first I know I jest struck with love for one de yaller boys on de place, an' dey dun part us 'cause dey's too ristercratic ter have light-colored niggers raised on de place. I tell you I feel dat. You're willin' ter work fer folks, but nobody don't want to be interfered with like dat. But I jes hole my haide up an' I wouldn't look at de Lord. Mighty hard to look at de Lord when dare's a man round courtin' ye. I'se jest 'bellious. Next off my massa marry me to a big run'way nigger fer ter keep him on de place, I s'spose. You wouldn't call it no marryin', jes' sen' de man down to de quarters, an' hog an' whiskey nuff to feed de weddin' party. After while I got ter lovin' my man, 'cause we's both fond ob de chillun', an' by livin' in de cabin stive ob de great house, I didn't git so sassey. Well, honey, I got ter tell you 'bout de time my man was sole off Souf. Course de fambly begun ter sink, an' den I begun ter look fer de Lord, but sho, honey, I'se so proud an' pinenated I couldn't find nothin'. Dey all tellin' He give grace to de humble, but I 'spected to git Him de odder way. So I live long an' I live long, an' my oldest son, he giss pride

ter me, an' I kinder look up ter him, an' I think he mine, an' he 'gwine ter take keer ob me; well, an' he run away when he got de firs' whippin' an' I never seen him. Den I set down an' I called on de Lord. Well, I kep de Lord waitin' thirty years an' He kep' me waitin', but he very merciful an' didn't keep me waitin' long, an' I tell ye, honey, dey ain't been any pit o' darkness in my soul ever since I was accepted. I'se seen toil an' I'se seen trial, an' I'se been lost an' lonesum an' sick; I'se been 'spised an' rejected, but my soul ain't never been dark since I found de Lord."

The radiant face! The radiant voice!

* * * * *

I went again a year later to the seaside place to find my friend. In the parlor sat a shrewd-faced lawyer making out legal papers; a shrewder faced white woman was ranting of foreclosure of mortgages and interest at twenty per cent due and over due. Aunty sat there; her face was as mysterious as Napoleon's after a defeat.

"What's all this?" I said, cold with fear.

"I'se bound to be sold up, at last, honey," said Aunty in a patient voice.

"How can that be," I said, "after eight years' work and the land paid for? Sold up! It can't be. Why you both know Aunty has earned this house three times over and that the land is paid for."

The lawyer coughed. "She has no deed for the land, it seems, and her liabilities are greater than her assets since the recent fall in real estate. Still, I think if things had been managed sometime ago more in the interest of the original owner——"

"Have you got Aunty into debt to you?" I said, looking at the sharp faced woman.

She laughed a queer laugh; "I am sure, ma'am, I've been tryin' to help her out this long time."

Aunty plucked me by the sleeve and whispered: "Help me de way de fox help de goose."

It was, indeed. Aunty was victimized.

The lawyer and the sharp-faced woman went out together sharing the fruits of many years of almost incredible toil.

Aunty's head dropped. "Yes, honey, I'se made a big fight since 'fore de wah, an now I can't work no more, an' I'se sold up. Niggers is jes' bound to be sold up at lass; I can't hole up dis poor ole head no mo'."

"Aunty," I said, hardly able to speak, "Who shall lift up the head that is bowed down?"

There was a long silence. Slowly the old negro rallied, her great turban-crowned head was reared once in rare dignity.

"Ye spoke de word, my lady," she said, "De Lord lif' up de haid."

The Echoes, Elmyra

CARMENITA, THE DANCING GIRL

BY ELLA HIGGINSON

THE carnival was at its height. There was a glow warmer than moonlight and paler than the palest sun-rays of Indian summer over the city — the glow of shaded lamps and flaring torchlights. High, high above in the violet sky and beating against it, three red stars, like passionate human hearts. There was music everywhere. It throbbed through the air, fragrant with the breath of dying flowers and it beat along one's veins in little rills of ecstasy; it shone in the splendor of dark eyes and it twinkled in dainty feet that could not be still. The prisoners facing death in horrible dungeons heard it and were young and innocent again dancing to the carnival notes and flinging roses for lighter feet to trample down.

One figure I kept always in sight. A young girl, beautiful as a dream, with long hair, dark and soft, and about her brow a chain of cream azaleas. Her bare throat and shoulders whiter and softer than rose petals were linked round with chains of the same flowers; and her short skirt of black lace reaching just to the knee was starred with them. The pure and delicate curves of her limbs, the contour of her body and the rhythmic grace of her dancing would have driven an artist mad. Not an instant was she still. Her feet sparkled and her body swayed to every note of the ravishing music, and with each curve of her bare arm and wrist she tossed blood-red roses high into the golden air.

I was surprised that no one else seemed to follow her or even look at her as she twinkled by. No swart admirers pelted her matchless throat with soft flowers or flung kisses from pointed fingers into her tempting scarlet mouth, no man sent a longing look into those marvelous eyes that had set even my cool blood to leaping like wine along my veins.

Suddenly the music burst into a very passion of rapture — swift, riotous and wild — and the girl before me, poising upon the tips of her slender toes, whirled round and round a dozen times, her arms curved like linked lilies above her head and her hands showering crimson roses about her.

In that instant a black form darted from a shadow and ran a poniard to the dancer's heart. I shrieked and fell senseless. * * * * "Where is she?" I stammered after, to the curious crowd, trying to rise—"The girl who was stabbed?"

"What was she like?" cried a woman, kneeling beside me.

"She was like a fire-opal," I uttered passionately. "She was all warmth and color and she danced." — I shut my eyes and shivered with the remembrance of delight. — "And she wore black lace — and her limbs were bare and lovely — her eyes were like stars with red hearts in them — and there were cream azaleas about her throat, her arms —"

The woman leaped to her feet, white as death.

"Mother of Christ!" she cried crossing herself —

"It is Carmenita, the dancing girl who was killed by her rival only last year! Ay, run to the heart with a poniard while she poised to whirl to the music on carnival night! — Hear, Mother of Jesus!"

The music throbbed on again, flowers pelted soft throats and gay dancers flashed by with coquettish glances. But I — I shuddered and went away from them all! What is any other jewel under heaven to one who has looked on an opal with its heart of chastity and its soul of fire?

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR

A LADY'S JOURNAL

(Commenced in January number)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

ON January 1st, 1863, the steamer *Magnolia* visited Fort Jefferson and we exchanged hospitalities. One of the officers who dined with us said it was the first time in nine months that he had sat at a home table, having been all that time on the blockade.

Mr. Leavitt, an officer from the *Magnolia*, told us that on the blockade of St. Andrews, where they had been stationed, they were ordered ashore to destroy the salt works, and that people, who were far from being poor, were living on cornmeal cake without salt. They could not get it even to "put down" their pork, which was their chief dependence. Salt was fifty dollars a bag, and men came from a long distance in Georgia, offering treble that sum; but there was none to be had. Later in the season we saw steamers from Havana every few days taking small craft loaded with salt around by us, going into the inlets and bays, where there was no blockade.

Colonel Alexander, our new Commander, said that in Jacksonville, where they paid visits to the people, the young ladies would ask to be excused from not rising; they were ashamed to expose their uncovered feet, and their dresses were calico pieced from a variety of kinds.

We received a paper on the 10th of January, which was read in turns by the residents, containing rumors of the emancipation which was to take place on the first, but we had to wait another mail for the official announcement.

I asked a slave who was in my service if he thought he should like freedom. He replied, of course he should, and he hoped it would prove true; but the disappointment would not be as great as though it was going to take away something they had already possessed. I thought him a philosopher.

In Key West, many of the slaves had already anticipated the proclamation, and as there was no authority to prevent it, many people were without servants. The colored people seemed to think "Uncle Sam" was going to support them, taking the proclamation in its literal sense. They refused to work, and as they could not be allowed to starve, they were fed, though there were hundreds of people who were offering exorbitant prices for help of any kind—a strange state of affairs, yet in their ignorance one could not wholly blame them. Colonel Tinelle would not allow them to leave Fort Jefferson, and many were still at work on the fort.

John, a most faithful boy, had not

heard the news when he came up to the house one evening, so I told him, then asked if he should leave us immediately if he had his freedom.

His face shone, and his eyes sparkled as he asked me to tell him all about it. He did not know what he would do. The next morning Henry, another of our good boys, who had always wished to be my cook, but had to work on the fort, came to see me, waiting until I broached the subject, for I knew what he came for. He hoped the report would not prove a delusion. He and John had laid by money, working after hours, and if it was true, they would like to go to one of the English islands and be "real free."

I asked him how the boys took the news as it had been kept from them until now, or if they had heard a rumor whether they thought it one of the soldier's stories.

"Mighty excited, Missis," he replied. "We dun sleep berry little las' night," shaking his head in a very solemn way.

Henry had been raised in Washington by a Scotch lady, who promised him his freedom when he became of age; but she died before that time arrived, and Henry had been sold with the other household goods.

The former slaves behaved very well when the news was fully established, and as they could not get away, continued to work for themselves on the fort, as they could earn more that way than any other.

The free men would not come down from Key West, although Captain Ellis had orders every trip he made to bring back somebody who would work, he offered exorbitant prices, but the negroes were having a beautiful time doing nothing, and we had to wait and do without.

A lady in Key West who owned a number of slaves had little cabins for them in the rear of her house, separarated by a fence. When they were declared free, they all left the house and retired to their cabins, and Government provided them with rations. They would look over the fence and see their mistress, who had never performed such duties, cooking and doing her own work, and ask her how she liked it. She replied with a spirit I wondered at, knowing how she felt on the subject, that "she was learning and getting along very well."

After a few months matters adjusted themselves and they came back to her. She hired as many as she wanted for the house and said she was better off than when she had them all to take care of.

One day, early in the spring, Colonel Alexander, who was very watchful and always on the alert, was quite alarmed by seeing some twenty vessels hovering just in sight. Extra guard was mounted, the big guns were loaded and the men slept by them all night; but the vessels passed by without coming nearer.

The Inspector-General, after returning to Beaufort, made rather an overturning in Key West which was under the command of Colonel Morgan of the Ninetieth New York, who had been rather playing the tyrant.

He had perverted a very good order of General Hunter into one that ordered every person who had friends in the rebel service to leave Key West allowing them only fifty pounds of baggage apiece. The people protested, plead with him, even threatened, for it would almost depopulate the town, but in vain.

Justice, however, was nearer than he suspected, for just as the vessel was to start with these people who were being sent adrift, a steamer came in bringing Colonel Goode of the Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania to relieve Colonel Morgan.

The people were almost crazy in their excitement. They took the soldiers' knapsacks as they marched up the street and would have carried the men on their shoulders in their joy over Morgan's defeat.

Colonel Goode came to Tortugas a few days afterwards, and while there

said that he might send the remainder of the Regiment down to us — something very reassuring for the summer as they were acclimated and would be more likely to withstand any epidemic that might occur.

The dreaded month of June came again and found us in Key West — to break the terrible monotony of island life.

The feeling in Key West between the various political factions became more and more intensified as time went on. The sectional spirit had been so strong that it had almost resulted in the residents keeping entirely aloof from each other, although the greater part of them professed to be Unionists.

Those who owned the greatest number of slaves were at times defiant, although they made no attempt to join the other side. Society was anything but pleasant, and we felt that the efforts of General Woodbury, who was now Military Governor, to bring people into more friendly relations were most commendable, and were seemingly successful.

Just as we were about ready to go down to the boat before starting for Key West, some one came for us to go on the ramparts as there was a fight at sea; one of our gun-boats was firing at a big steamer.

Taking the glass we were soon with the others on top of the Fort, and, surely enough, about five miles out was an immense steamer emitting a dense black smoke which announced its character as only the Confederates used soft coal, and when they were running away, as that one evidently was, they put in pine wood or anything they had.

She was running from a little boat that in comparison was like a pigmy. Two larger steamers were trying to head her off, and they passed out of sight in that position. There were between twenty and thirty guns fired, and all in all it was quite an exciting affair.

We saw nothing of them on our way to Key West, but the day after our arrival a steamer brought into port a large Mississippi River boat, a side wheeler, loaded high upon deck with cotton — a prize valued at half a million dollars.

Colonel Alexander met one of the owners of the steamer who said that the people in the south were hopeless; but, he added, "we have nothing now to lose and we are going to fight as long as we can."

I met at the hotel a lady from Mobile who ran the blockade with her husband on a vessel loaded with cotton. She said she stood on deck all the time they were being fired at, and would avow herself a Secessionist at the cannon's mouth.

Her husband lost a large amount of property in the steamer. He was going to Europe while she returned to Mobile with her three children.

The straits to which we often became reduced on these days, in out-of-the-way Florida, was more amusing than serious.

My sister informed me before I left Tortugas that we were reduced to one needle between us and to be sure and remember to bring some back with me. I found some needles but there was not a piece of cotton cloth or muslin in the stores of Key West.

Upon our return to Tortugas, we heard that brave Colonel Putnam, who marched out of Fort Jefferson only a few months before, so proud of his regiment and so hopeful, had been shot at Morris Island.

It cast a gloom over our little circle that had known him so well, bringing home to us the horrors that were so familiar to the people of the North.

The latter part of August, 1863, Mr. Hall, who with his wife, had been long with us, was ordered away. He was a very efficient officer and we heard long afterwards that his bravery under fire was remarkable. Their departure was most tantalizing to them and to us somewhat amusing. It showed more clearly than anything else would our isolated condition, for

our only legitimate means of getting away was by sail; whenever we had steam conveyance it was by special favor.

We had given some farewell entertainments to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and Saturday afternoon saw them on board the boat that was to carry them directly to Pensacola. When ready to sail the wind suddenly failed, and the vessel could not get away from the wharf.

The doctor went down and brought them back with him to tea after which they returned to the boat, hoping that during the night a breeze would spring up, but in the morning there the boat lay, and they breakfasted with the colonel. Later all went down again to see them off, as a breeze gently flapped the flag, but it was dead ahead, making it impossible to get out of the narrow channel, which in some places was not wide enough for two vessels to pass each other, and beating out was impossible, so they came up to tea again and spent the evening.

The next morning the doctor looked out of the window and exclaimed: "There they go!" when suddenly as we were watching, the masts became perfectly motionless. We knew only too well what that meant. They had run on to the edge of the reef, within hailing distance of the Fort, and the doctor with others, went out and spent the morning with them, as they refused to come on shore again. Mr. Hall said he was going to "stand by the ship."

In the course of the day, by kedging as the sailors call it, putting out the anchor and pulling the boat up to it, then throwing it out again further on, they managed to crawl to the first buoy, and there lay in the broiling sun.

Mr. Hall remarked that at that rate of speed the war would be over before he reached Charleston, where he was ordered, for it was then Tuesday and they had only made a half a mile since Saturday night, and had been aground once.

Some one replied that it was fortunate that the *Wishawken* had captured the *Atlanta* and that the *Florida* after running the blockade from Mobile under the British colors, rarely came near our coast, for they certainly would have been captured had there been a privateer in those waters.

The next morning when we went on top of the Fort, the sails of the schooner were just a white speck on the northern horizon, and we could hear the music from the steamer, which was bringing Colonel Goode for his monthly inspection of the troops.

Our rains continued occasionally later than usual, one in the middle of September almost ending in a hurricane; so rough was it that the *Clyde*, a long, graceful, English-built steamer, that came in for coal with the *Sunflower*, had to remain several days. The *Clyde* had quite a serious time in reaching the harbor. We watched it through a porthole with great anxiety. It was too strong a wind for us to venture on the ramparts, but we could walk all about inside seeing everything that came in from our safe lookout.

Colonel Goode on his last trip had left the regiment band for us awhile, so that guard mount and dress parade were important features, while the naval officers went about visiting the various houses, keeping us bright and gay while they were weather bound.

The high winds ended in a severe norther—an almost unheard of thing so early in the season. Later we saw by a paper that they had snow in New York the latter part of August; it might have been the same cold wave that swept down over the Gulf, for it housed us shivering.

While the band was with us the ramparts were the favorite places for viewing dress parade, and the colonel gave the ladies all the pleasure he could, having the band play on parade during the evening.

My old cook, Aunt Eliza, visited us occasionally, as she said she felt that she "blonged" to me.

I asked how she was getting on with the new husband.

"Oh," she said, "he's cross as the berry debbil hisself."

"Why did you not get a good one this time?" I asked, "Jack was so cross you could not get along with him?"

"Why, missus, Jack was a bery angel in hebben by de side ob dis yer one," was her reply, laughing as though it were more a cause for joking than a serious matter of complaint. "But I hear, missis," she added, "you hab John de fouf to do yo' washin' an' John de fust to do yo' errands. Dey's good boys, dey is, but dey'll soon be 'gwine away w'en Mars Linkum dun send 'em free papers down yere; heaps dem niggers gwine to 'stuction in dem days.

"I'se gwine ter stay wid Mis' Fogarty; she's boun' to tek cyare ob me. I don't want none o' dem papers; I'se too old; dey'll do fur Classy and Sophy and sich gals, but I'se too ole, too ole, marm."

She did not take her freedom upon hearsay; hers was to be a document "right from Mars Linkum."

A remittant fever broke out and we were ill for three weeks. It was very much like the break-bone fever; extreme suffering in the limbs and back seemed to be the prevailing feature of the attacks. At the same time they were digging a ditch around close to the wall of the Fort, which made it pass between the house and kitchen as the latter was in the casemates.

The rains, of course, swelled the size of the brook so that the bridge over it, when the wind blew, as it seemed to most of the time, was rather an insecure passage, as it was five feet wide and from three to four deep, and to cross that every time one went into the kitchen was no small annoyance, and the contrivances to get the meals into the dining-room hot required no little ingenuity.

Some very funny things happened during the high winds in the transportation of the dishes, as a sudden gust of wind coming round the corner of the house with the force of a steam engine, taking the contents of the dish the boy grasped, while with the other hand he clutched the one railing, and, under the shelter of the piazza, which he had reached with an empty plate, watched his dry toast floating off, bread literally "cast upon the waters."

At another time when it really seemed a doubtful chance of getting over safely, the head of the house offered to convey the platter, on which was a fine roast of beef, it being one of the feast days, and we stood in the doorway to watch the passage.

He was just over when a whiz came and a thud, and we saw an empty platter and a man watching a roast of beef sliding across the piazza. His look of disgust and mortification overpowered all other feelings, and we rushed to the rescue of the beef, with peals of laughter.

On the 8th of November, 1863, a steamer came in with one hundred and twenty-five prisoners from the prisons at the North, which were running over with bounty jumpers, deserters, and men who had committed a variety of misdemeanors. We had heard that Tortugas was going to be made a military prison for our soldiers and were rather dreading it.

Captain McFarland had been unable to secure workmen enough to expend the appropriation, and it was still considered necessary to push the work on the fort as rapidly as possible, so that the prisoners were turned over to the engineers' department as laborers.

The morning after their arrival they were drawn up in a line and the overseer of the works took the name of each man, their occupation and trade, then they were turned over to the department they could work in, and as all trades nearly were represented, things began to look brisk again, yet when I saw the men at work I did not think that lot of prisoners would complete the work, nor many more

like them. I could not help a feeling of pity, so many of them ought not to have been sent there. I presume there was little time at the North for discrimination after a man had been found guilty, perhaps for drunkenness, or disrespect to his commanding officer, who might have been a comrade at home, that was exercising an authority over the man who had not yet learned to obey in true military spirit. Many cases as trivial as these might have resulted in a season at Tortugas, whilst others were deserving all and more of a punishment than a few years of life at work on the fort, for they fared almost, if not quite as well as the paid workmen, only they could not get away or go outside the fort after dark.

With all the precaution, however, two prisoners took a boat one dark night, rowed to Loggerhead and there found a sailboat, and sailed away; no one ever knew whether they reached the mainland or went to the bottom of the Gulf—the latter, probably.

We were delighted to welcome Captain Van Syce, the U. S. gunboats *Sunflower* and the *Clyde* again, and at the same time Captain McFarland paid us a flying visit.

While they were all there, we had the most severe norther of the winter, the mercury falling to fifty-seven degrees. The fish floated ashore they were so chilled, and we had fires for nearly a fortnight. The wind filled the air with sand, cutting the skin like sleet, and people went about with overcoats on, looking as though they were buffeting a northeast snowstorm.

Captain Bowers was detained a week, and the *Tortugas* was delayed in Havana harbor for twelve days by the gale.

A large steamer was seen off Loggerhead, and the *Clyde* went out to it. She proved to be from Baltimore with a cavalry regiment for New Orleans and a lot of cattle. They had been out in all the gale, and the poor creatures had not eaten or drank since starting, and they were stopping to let them rest.

The *Catawba* came with cattle for us, making seven vessels in the harbor —two steamers. A vessel had arrived with one hundred and twenty-five workmen, another with brick, and the work was rapidly progressing.

The prisoners in the main were growing better contented, as most of them realized that they might be in a much worse place, for as yet there was plenty of room and their work not hard.

The new year of 1864 was ushered in with cold winds and rain, so that a fire on the hearth gave us both comfort and company, and during the night more rain fell than in any one day during the year, accompanied by severe thunder and lightning. On the second day, a steamer came bringing the veteran troops who had been North for thirty days, looking like another set of men, so benefited were they by that short change.

On the nineteenth the *Tortugas* came in, bringing Mr. Holgate and Captain McFarland, without a northern mail, but with the news, which seemed to fly sometimes so mysterious was its coming. The regiment was to be moved to Louisiana and the New York One Hundred and Tenth Regiment would replace the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania with us, and a colored regiment would be stationed in Key West. Captain McFarland was ordered to Mobile, and Mr. Frost was going to New York for a two months' leave. It was enough news, without a mail. The troops had been so long with us, we hoped they would not be changed until the following autumn, we so much dreaded having unacclimated people sent to us before the summer. Some of the officers had sent for their families, and they had already arrived in Key West.

We had at that time over two hundred prisoners, sent there for all kinds of crimes, from murderers to the pettiest offenders—some for life with hard

labor, others for five, ten, fifteen years, down to as many months, and our little island had become known to the world as the Dry Tortugas.

Colonel Alexander had quite an alarm during this month. After it was over, they said it was needless, yet such a thing could not be passed by without taking action thoroughly and investigating matters. Three of the prisoners went to the colonel and told him that the prisoners were making dirks and knives out of everything they could get that could be turned into such weapons, and some night when the *Matchless* and *Tortugas* were both in, they were to spike the guns, kill people if they resisted, and sail away—something very difficult to carry out, yet the attempt might have been exceedingly unpleasant and disastrous to somebody. It was impossible to prevent them from prowling about the casemates, as the place was not made for a prison, except the small one by the guard-room at the Sallyport. The casemates were simply boarded in, as the necessity for more sleeping rooms arose. It was hardly a pleasant thought that we were inside of a prison, not knowing who were desperadoes and who were not, without any means of protecting ourselves against them, for before all that I hardly think any one ever locked a door. Whether there was any truth in the matter or not, the colonel saw fit to prepare a room in the casemates, where about thirty of the prisoners were locked up every night and a guard stationed at the entrance.

The guns were always examined night and morning, and we, of course, felt easier when we saw all that extra caution.

It was an imposition to send prisoners there who ought to have been put in the penitentiary, yet every one felt that, but there was no remedy for it.

One of them became angry at another prisoner who was sent to convey a message from one of the officers, some words passed between them, when he drew a knife stabbing the messenger twice just missing the heart, he was put in irons and drew a ball and chain for occupation after that.

On the twenty-third we saw a steamer over the ramparts and concluded that the exchange had come, but to our great disgust it proved to be one hundred and seventy more prisoners, really there seemed a prospect of the fort being turned into a penitentiary.

It was followed during the day by another steamer, bringing Captain Hook with marching orders for the Forty-Seventh, that steamer taking the Key West troops to New Orleans and in two weeks the One Hundred and Tenth was to take its place.

We saw by the papers that the weather had been very cold in New Orleans accounting for the low mercury with us, for some three weeks we had fires and wore our thickest clothing that had not been needed since leaving the north.

A theatrical performance gotten up by the soldiers one evening was a very creditable entertainment and the audience an appreciative one. We were sorry they had not started it before, but of course they did not expect to be ordered away.

We were very much startled one night by heavy firing outside and seeing danger signal rockets, which was soon followed by six guns inside the fort, sounding in the still night as if everything was coming down about our ears.

The *Matchless* was at the wharf and went out to find the transport *McLellan* on the reef. The excitement could hardly have been greater had we been attacked.

Three of the prisoners gave us quite an excitement by taking a boat and rowing away. There was nothing in but the little sail-boats, and Colonel Alexander with a crew started off in pursuit, as soon as they were found to be running away, but the wind failed and finally became a dead calm.

We watched them from the ramparts until they disappeared, and the dis-

appointed Colonel had to spend the better part of the day becalmed in the scorching sun, while the prisoners rowed away toward Cuba, they were never heard from and most likely escaped it was so calm.

On the 28th of February the One Hundred and Tenth New York arrived to relieve the Forty-Seventh, bringing a mail with the news of General Grant being made Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The excitement incident to the changing of troops in garrison was always great, for so much had to be done in a short time, and as we were always left behind it was a sad time, giving us a feeling of unrest that clung to us until we became interested in the new people.

The coming ashore of the new troops who stacked their arms waiting for the quarters that were being vacated by the departing Regiment: The officers going about to say good-bye, and some always taking their last meal with us, and finally the columns marching out always to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Then the watching of the steamer from the ramparts could never be divested of a certain sorrow as if it were a final leave-taking of friends with whom the association could scarcely be understood except by people who have lived a garrison life.

Then came the choosing of quarters by the new people, which we fortunately did not borrow trouble about, as we occupied those belonging to the Engineering Department and were never disturbed.

In a week everything was back into the accustomed routine — guard mount in the morning and dress parade at night, the only change being all new faces.

(*To be Continued*)

LOVE'S REGRET

BY ALICE I'ANSON

O love I am so tempted to defy
  The Power that ordain'd thy sudden flight,
  The Power that withholds thee from my sight,
Yet keeps me thoughtful of the days gone by.
There was a time—I speak it with a sigh—
  The very stars seem'd friends of our delight ;
  The placid moon look'd on from night to night
Directed earthward like a guardian eye.
O love once more the circling frost retires,
  And all is widespread bloom from hill to lea ;
But my ambition and the old desires
  That soon had blossom'd in behalf of thee,
Now serve to kindle sacrificial fires
  Upon the altar of my memory.

PADRE FELIPE AND THE BURIED TREASURE*

BY GEORGE F. WEEKS

"OH, *Padre* Felipe, *los Chimehuevas! Los Chimehuevas! Oh, Madre de Dios*, we shall all be killed by the gentiles!"

So shouted Pedro Bandini as he reined back on its haunches the stout little mustang, whose heaving flanks, lather-covered body and sides bleeding from the deep gashes made by a pair of immense-roweled spurs on its rider's heels, attested the speed with which he had been ridden across the wide *mesa*, red-hot in the midday sun.

Padre Felipe, to whom the panic-stricken rider had addressed his alarming ejaculations, stood in the broad-arched corridor that formed the front of the principal building of the outpost of the San Gabriel Mission that had been established far to the eastward of that place and named after good Saint Bernard, San Bernardino. The low-roofed adobe structure with its tremendously thick walls, red-tiled roof and heavily-shuttered windows stood on a commanding slope of the range of hills which separated the valley of the Santa Ana River from that of the San Timoteo Creek.

A short distance below the building the waters of a rudely excavated *zanja* rippled over the roots and beneath the shade of the alders and sycamores that lined its banks. The handiwork of the first Indians who had been "converted" *i. e.*, lassoed, corraled and broken to work like so many unruly mustangs, this *zanja* had been constructed with the rudest tools and engineering appliances and advantage had been taken of the many natural depressions in the surface, so that in time the stream came to be regarded as a natural water course. At the foot of the slope a couple of hundred yards from the building the *mesa* ended in the level plain, and here were the orchards, vineyards and grain fields that had been planted when the outpost was first established, and whose thrifty growth in this genial soil had been a marvel even to those who were best acquainted with what had been accomplished in the same direction at the older missions. Close at hand were the adobe buildings and brush *wickiups* that gave shelter to the hundreds of Indians who had been gathered together by the secular arm of the church and were being taught the rudiments of a civilization which they were only too willing to shake off at the first opportunity.

The parent Mission at San Gabriel had been established for several years. The herds of cattle, horses and sheep had increased in such numbers that it became necessary either to slaughter them by thousands or to seek other grazing grounds. Exploring parties were sent out in various directions and in a few days one of them returned and reported that at a distance of some two days' ride to the eastward and almost at the base of the lofty mountain which had already been named San Bernardino, they had discovered a marvelously lovely valley with beautiful streams of water running through it, many living springs bursting from the hillsides, and best of all with a dense growth of fine grass promising an abundance of food for all the superfluous cattle that the Mission possessed.

There were, it is true, rumors of hostile Indians having been seen in the Valley. Indeed just across the mountains on the borders of the desert was the country of the fierce

*Founded on a tradition concerning the branch Mission at Old San Bernardino. Several years ago *La Plaza Verde* or the Green Spot was honeycombed by searchers for the buried treasure, who claimed to be acting under direction of the spirits.

and warlike *Chimehuevas*, hereditary enemies of the more peaceable *Serranos* and *Coahuillas*, and already had roving parties of these savages crossed the range through a low gap to the westward of the peak of the San Bernardino and boldly penetrated almost to the walls of the San Gabriel Mission itself, killing several of the herders and driving away large bands of cattle and horses to their desert fastnesses.

It was decided, notwithstanding these rumors, to establish a settlement in the valley of which such glowing reports were made, but because of the danger of trouble with the Indians a man was chosen to command the enterprise who was equally at home as a representative either of the secular or the spiritual arm of the church.

Padre Felipe was a stalwart broad-shouldered man, who, had he been clothed in other garments than the frock of a priest, would never have been taken for anything except what he in fact was — a soldier. True, he had abandoned the sword and spear for the crucifix and rosary, but his mind and his habits were of martial mold, and he was in every way fitted to fill the position to which he was appointed.

So the mission at San Bernardino was established, and under the energetic administration of *Padre* Felipe, it grew and prospered in marvelous fashion. Extensive buildings were erected, orchards and gardens planted, grain fields sewed, and in the lush pastures of the valley the flocks and herds waxed fat and increased in number rapidly. *Padre* Felipe never lost an opportunity for making converts in the method peculiar to the times. On occasion armed parties were sent to the east and the south, and invariably returned driving before them bands of the Gentiles who were to be Christianized. Sometimes the more adventurous of these proselyting parties penetrated even to the borders of the desert of the Colorado, and on one memorable occasion reached a large Indian *rancheria* at *Agua Caliente*, where they met Chief Cabazon, head of all the tribes in that region. Him they persuaded to accompany them to the mission, using argument rather than force. He was received by *Padre* Felipe with such kindness and so well treated that forever after he remained a warm friend of the whites. As was the custom, the Spaniards questioned the Indians as to their possible knowledge of the existence of gold in their country, but were always met with professions of profound ignorance. Sometime after the friendship of Cabazon was obtained, that individual, who quickly learned of the all-pervading desire for gold, came to the mission after a protracted absence desertward, and sought *Padre* Felipe. After pledging him to secrecy, the Indian produced a pouch made from the skin of a rabbit, and to the immeasurable surprise of the *Padre*, poured out a quantity of nuggets of pure gold upon the table before him. He resolutely refused to tell where he had obtained the precious metal, further than by a vague sweep of the arm, covering all the region to the east and southeast, but in the most matter-of-fact way told the *Padre* that he knew where there was plenty more of it, and as he and his people had been well treated by the Spaniards, he was willing to bring them more of the nuggets upon occasion. Only, he insisted that *Padre* Felipe should tell no one of the source whence the gold came, and he peremptorily refused to allow any of the Spaniards to accompany him on his treasure-procuring journeys.

Now, *Padre* Felipe had one great ambition, and that was to have the altar in the chapel of his mission decorated in the same gorgeous manner that was customary in his native land. Hitherto everything had been of the cheapest and crudest description. The sacred utensils were of base metal, the censers were of common earthenware swung by stripes of

rawhide, the crucifixes were of wood roughly fashioned. All this grated on the pious sensibilities of *Padre* Felipe, and while zealous in saving the souls of the gentiles, his heart burned within him to obtain the means for more appropriately furnishing forth the sacred precincts.

The disclosure of chief Cabazon was his opportunity, and he urged upon his Indian friend to gather all the gold that he could and bring it in. Among the soldiers stationed at the mission was one Jose Carillo, who had been a goldsmith in his native Barcelona, but who had abandoned his peaceful pursuit to seek a fortune in the new world. To him, with many cautions of secrecy, *Padre* Felipe told the wonderful tale, and to him was intrusted the task of converting the precious golden nuggets into vessels for service at the altar. He labored diligently, and periodically Cabazon made trips to the eastward and returned with further store of nuggets. Finally, however, he announced to *Padre* Felipe that the gold was all gone, but not before he had brought in enough of the precious metal to provide the most valuable set of ecclesiastical furnishings possessed by any of the missions on the coast.

Padre Felipe and his military goldsmith kept their own counsels. When the Father Superior made his next annual visit, the ambitious *Padre* had decided to proudly marshal before him, all unannounced, the golden vessels with which he had honored the memory of St. Bernard. But until that time the precious objects were kept carefully stored away in the recesses of the fortress-like adobe building.

* * * * *

It was while waiting the arrival of Father Crispi, which was to be made the occasion of the display of this sacred wealth, that Pedro Bandini brought his alarming intelligence of the approach of the *Chimehuevas*.

With a gesture, *Padre* Felipe bade him alight, and as he did so it became apparent that he had been sorely wounded. He limped with every step, and hobbled painfully to the corridor, where he sank exhausted on a bench. The *Padre* himself hastened for wine, which he gave the suffering man and revived him so that he could tell his story.

Bandini was one of the men stationed at *Jurupa*, still another outpost of the San Gabriel mission, some thirty miles farther down the valley. According to his account, all the people at that place had been murdered by a large party of *Chimehuevas*, who had descended upon the place during the previous night, and there not having been the slightest premonition of their coming, the Spaniards and their Indian allies had been taken entirely unawares. The Indians had spared none, and Bandini himself had been wounded—knocked in the head and left for dead. When he came to, it was broad daylight. Fortunately he had fallen in an obscure spot, and he was able to see what was going on without being observed. The *Chimehuevas* had broken open the storehouse, and were now gorging themselves on the unaccustomed provisions and drinking copiously of the wine they had found in the cellars. Pedro gathered from the little that he understood of the *Chimehueva* dialect that they intended next to attack the San Bernardino Mission, and knowing that they would use the same treachery that had cost the lives of his companions at *Jurupa*, he determined to make an effort to escape and warn *Padre* Felipe of the danger. The Indians were so busy with their feasting and drinking that Pedro was able to make his way into the brush unobserved. There he bandaged up his wounds, and keeping out of sight of the *Chimehuevas*, who were clustered in front of the buildings, he went to the spot where his horse was staked out, saddled it, and making for the timber in the river bottom close at hand, was soon safe from any fear of

discovery on the part of the murderous gentiles. Although suffering terribly from his wounds, which were aggravated by the severe heat of the June sun, he urged his horse onward, sparing not the spur, until he reached the mission and gave his warning.

Padre Felipe was a man quick to see the necessities of the situation and to act accordingly. He questioned Pedro closely, and allowing for unconscious exaggeration, he saw that the hostile band must number several hundreds. They were between him and San Gabriel, and it was useless to look for succor from that far-distant spot. His own little force only numbered half a dozen soldiers, while the Indian converts were not to be depended upon to strike a blow in defense against the feared *Chimehuevas*. Then there was the treasure! While not knowing its intrinsic value, the hostile Indians were certain to be attracted by its beauty and novelty, and would either carry it away or destroy it. Should he allow the sacred vessels to fall into the blood-stained hands of the heathen? Rather let every drop of blood in every Spanish heart at the mission be shed.

For a few minutes after Pedro had told his story, *Padre* Felipe pondered silently. Then he summoned Jose Carillo, the soldier who had played so well the part of goldsmith, and told him to get three *burros*, put pack-saddles on them, and bring to him the great *aparejos* in which it was customary to pack goods for transportation in the primitive fashion then prevalent. He was also directed to summon two Indian servants, and tell them to put up provisions and other necessaries for two days' journey. As soon as the *aparejos* were brought, *Padre* Felipe, with the help of Jose, wrapped all the golden vessels—the candlesticks, the censors, the basins, the goblets, the crucifixes, all of solid gold—in cloths, and carefully packed them in the leather sacks. These were fastened to the saddles on the backs of the *burros*, there being ample to load two of the animals heavily. With the treasure was also put a large pouch containing nuggets which goldsmith Jose had not had time to work up. *Padre* Felipe announced that it was his intention to guide Jose and his companions across the valley, whence he thought they would be able to make their way to San Gabriel, keeping on the opposite side of the valley, from where the marauding Indians were.

The *Padre* himself made few preparations, but a singular one consisted of the selection of a large sharp knife which he carefully concealed in its sheath inside the folds of his frock. He warned the soldiers to keep a close watch for the Indians and promising to return either that afternoon or during the night, he left the mission with Jose and the two servants.

Padre Felipe led the little party, the soldier by his side, with the two Indians following and driving the *burros*. A straight line was made to the north for the *chaparral* which covered the plain up to a short distance from the mission and in which the party were lost to sight within five minutes after starting.

Then the course of the travelers was changed to the northeast. While standing in the open corridor after hearing Pedro Bandini's story and formulating his plan of action, *Padre* Felipe had glanced quickly over the valley and finally his eyes had rested on a grove of trees which showed clearly on the *mesa* several miles away across the plain to the northeast and well up under the mountains. These trees and the verdure with which they were surrounded stood out sharp and clear against the uniform dull brown of the major portion of the landscape, betokening the presence of some springs and which had led to the place being called *La plaza verde* or the green spot. He glanced again, nodded, said to himself "That will do," and then proceeded with his preparations.

The *chaparral* was dense, the sun was hot and the little party made slow

progress. Indeed, close observation would have led one to almost suppose that *Padre* Felipe was in no great haste, or that he was singularly undecided as to what route he desired to follow. He twisted in and out, crossed gulches, climbed hills, sometimes retraced his steps, now went north and now west, now south and now east. Accustomed to unquestioning obedience his companions said nothing. It was sunset as they finally, after stumbling for miles over the bowlder strewn wash of the Santa Ana River, clambered up the bank and approached *La plaza verde*.

They halted close to the edge of one of the *cienegas* whose waters kept the grass green for some distance around about. Near at hand was a grove of noble sycamores and the *Padre* bent his steps thither.

He examined the trees closely and at last seemed to be attracted especially by three which appeared to form a triangle. He paced the distance between the two which formed the long arm of the triangle, then paced bark again and halted exactly midway between them and on a direct line with the tree at the apex. Thrusting a twig in the ground, he walked to a distance and getting the two trees in line saw that the twig also was in a direct line from one to the other. Having carefully located the spot, he called sharply to his companions and they approached, driving the *burros* before them. Pointing to the spot marked by the twig, he commanded "dig." The necessary tools had been packed at his command on the third *burro* with the provisions, and the two servants went to work with vigor, as the twilight warned them that darkness was at hand. Having excavated a hole of considerable depth the *aparejos*, which had been laced tightly shut with buckskin thongs were, much to the apparent amazement of the two Indians, put carefully in the bottom and the earth then refilled, care being taken to trample it down closely so that no depression might be left by subsequent settling. When the task was finished it was night. At the *Padre's* command camp was then made and branches were brought from a fallen tree near by with which a great fire was built over the buried treasure so as to obliterate all traces of the soil having been disturbed. The surplus earth left after filling the pit was carefully thrown into a *barranca* near by the bottom of which was covered with mud and thus all signs of the excavation were removed.

Padre Felipe had been very silent all through the afternoon and evening. He only spoke to give the necessary directions and used the fewest words possible even then. After eating supper Jose offered to stand guard during the night, but the *Padre* said it was not necessary. There were no hostile Indians in that remote spot and as the moon would rise later all would sleep for awhile, and then take an early start and get well on their journey by daylight. Well content, Jose and the Indians wrapped themselves up and stretching on the ground near the camp-fire were soon fast asleep. Not so *Padre* Felipe — as his companions succumbed to their weariness, he drew his hood over his head and apparently slept likewise. But it was only in appearance. A hard stern look crept over his face. Finally making sure that all three were sound asleep, he arose silently, drew the keen-edged knife that he had hidden in his gown and approached the prostrate forms.

* * * * *

Hardly had the sun peeped over the mountain crest next morning when *Padre* Felipe reached the mission. Its occupants were on the lookout for the Indians, but they had not come. *Padre* Felipe expressed his pleasure at this, and said that he had accompanied Jose and the two Indians until well advanced on their journey, and that they might reasonably look for assistance from San Gabriel, were they able to hold out against the *Chimehuevas* for a short time. That the Indians had not come that night he took as an

indication that they had indulged too deeply in the wines at *Jurupa*—a supposition that was correct. All that day *Padre* Felipe was feverishly energetic, giving directions for the preparation of the defenses, and seemed laboring under even greater excitement than the actual condition of things called for.

That night the *Chimehuevas* came in overwhelming force. Still maddened by wine, they attacked the Mission with insane fury, and, though dozens lost their lives, they stormed the building after a contest that lasted till daylight.

A week later a party from San Gabriel rode up to the Mission, which they found a scene of desolation. In the chapel, not far from the altar, lay the body of *Padre* Felipe, surrounded by the corpses of a dozen *Chimehuevas*, a blood-stained sword showing that the *Padre's* hand had lost none of the strength which it had possessed when it belonged to a soldier.

On the whitewashed wall near the altar and just above the *Padre's* body, were traced apparently by a finger dipped in blood and in tremulous characters: *La plaza verde* — the golden altar vessels—buried by the three sycamores that——"

But the people from San Gabriel did not know of any such place as *La plaza verde*. They did know, however, that the furnishings of the San Bernardino mission were of the cheapest description, and the golden vessels could have had no existence save in the fevered imagination of a man wounded to death, so with many a sigh they buried the *Padre* beneath the altar where he had perished, and with him was buried the secret of the green spot.

But not all of the secret. On the night that the mission was sacked, the wild beasts that prowled about *La plaza verde* seemed to have found an unexpected feast. They snarled and growled and fought, just as did the human beasts at the mission, and when morning came, the cleanly picked, polished bones of what had been three human beings glistened in the rays of the sun, and the gorged beasts slunk back to their lairs in the mountains.

Of a truth the secret of the green spot was well hidden, and though many have sought the solution of the *Padre's* lost message, none have yet found it. It is said that three ghastly figures, with gaping wounds in their throats, streaming blood, guard the treasure, which cost them their lives, and woe to the unfortunate mortal who tempts their wrath.

THE PEARL DIVERS OF THE CALIFORNIA GULF

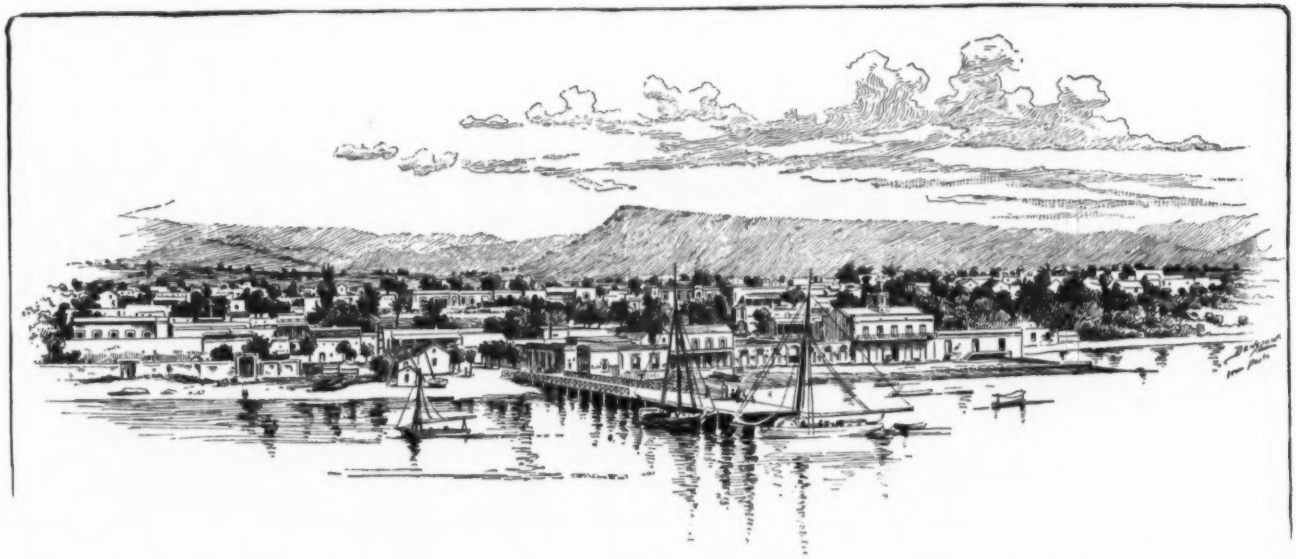
BY C. H. TOWNSEND

BETWEEN the western shores of Mexico and the mountainous land that extends for seven hundred miles beyond California's southern border lies the great Gulf of California. Its width is not so great but that on a clear day one may, from one side, see the mountains at the other, yet from north to south, its waves roll uninterruptedly for more than two hundred leagues. For all that is ordinarily heard of its products, it might be as devoid of life as the Dead Sea, yet its waters teem with riches. Few of the inhabitants of California proper imagine that pearls, the rarest of the gems of the sea, are found so close to their own border. Yet in this Gulf of Cortez, as the Spaniards called it, more than six hundred men, living almost next door to us, earn their daily bread diving for pearls. Perhaps the most interesting thing I could say about the comparatively unknown fisheries of the Gulf of California is, that the pearl fishery is not merely the most important of them, but that pearl divers have been plying their trade there for more than three centuries. Cortez found pearls in possession of the natives when he discovered Lower California early in the sixteenth century, and his followers carried many pearls back to Spain. Later, when the Spaniards began to occupy the country, one of them, named Osio, sent six hundred pounds of pearls to Spain at one time. The Jesuit missionaries saw its beginnings as an industry, but if the naked divers that plunged into the shining waters of the Gulf in those days, could see their descendants, arrayed in the diving clothes of the present day, go down to remain for hours at a time, and watch the workings of a machine that sends down air for them to breathe at the bottom, they would feel as out of tune with the times as the seven sleepers themselves.

Other advantages enjoyed by their successors, especially the immunity from sharks, granted by the diving armor, would doubtless appeal to them strongly. The big "tintorera" shark that goes about seeking what he may devour, is terrified by the appearance of the submarine engineer, with his waving ropes, sharp-pointed spear, and, more than all, the upward leaping bubbles of air from his helmet.

The days of the naked pearl diver are, indeed, past. No longer plunging for sixty seconds into the sun-lit green water that covers a coral bank, the diver for pearls has become a mere submarine laborer who uses all the modern diving paraphernalia available. Whatever romance formerly enshrouded him has disappeared. He now puts on a rubber suit, with a glass-fronted headpiece, and, suitably weighted with lead, deliberately walks upon the bottom, gathering pearl oysters in a basket made of wire which is methodically hoisted to the boat that floats over his head.

In conducting the pearl fishery the divers are located in camps at favorable places along the shores. Each camp is supplied with a diving suit, and an air machine which is mounted in a heavy, barge-like boat. This boat is rowed daily from camp to each place of operation: Arrived there one man becomes the diver, one tends the signal rope with which communication is kept up with him, one hoists and empties his basket of shells, two turn the cranks of the air-pump that supplies him with the breath of life, and two are at the oars, to keep the boat well over him and carefully follow his



City of La Paz

wandering course upon the bottom in search of shells.

A small fleet of schooners moves about the Gulf supplying the camps of the divers with provisions, and transporting their ever-accumulating heaps of shells to La Paz, a town of some two or three thousand people, lying on a small bay of the same name on the west shore of the Gulf of California. It has some little importance as the capital of the Mexican Territory of Lower California and its commercial importance is derived entirely from its being the headquarters of the pearl-fishing industry of the Gulf. Of course when the fisheries were more productive La Paz was more prosperous, but it has declined in proportion with these and is now a sleepy old Spanish-American town, the monotony of whose existence is only broken by the arrival of some coastwise trader.

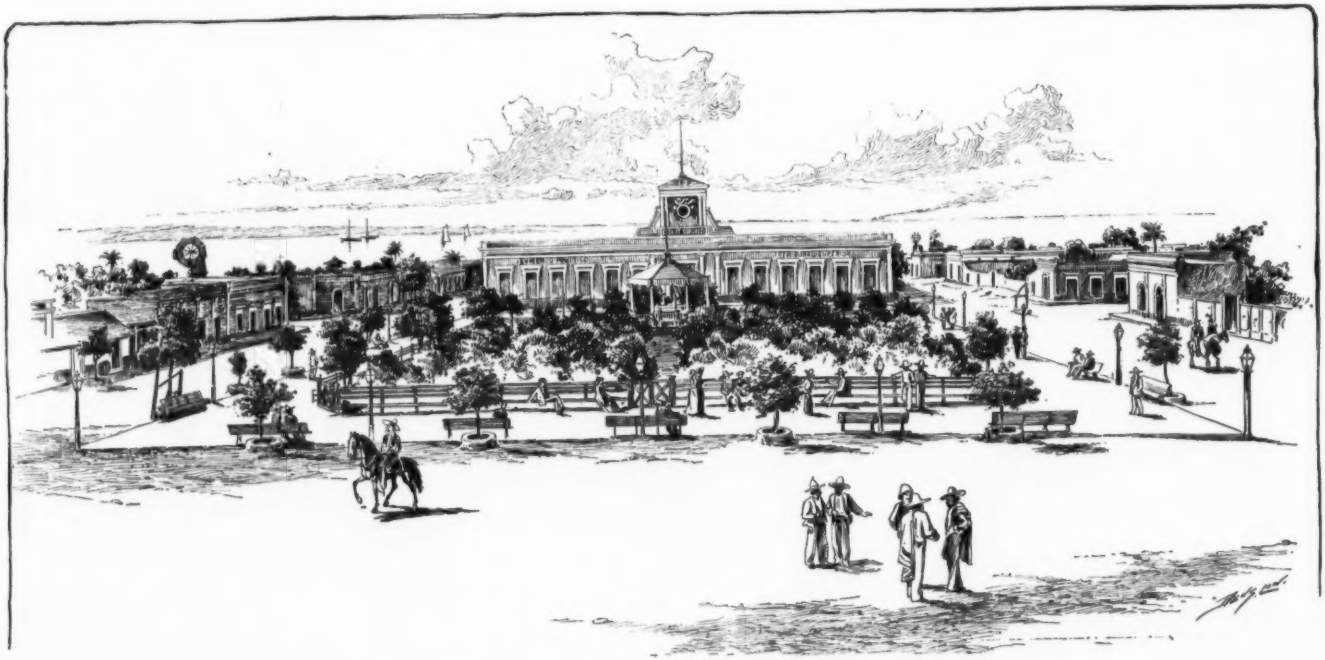
It is a pretty place enough, with its picturesque buildings and plaza and gardens filled with semi-tropical plants and flowers, the blue waters of the Gulf in front. Behind are the purple mountains, and over all the sky of the tropics.

Here I visited some large warehouses filled with diving machinery and the supplies and stores used in the pearl fishery. In one of them were stored in sacks eighty tons of shells of the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina margaritifera*). The shells are shipped to Europe for manufacture into ornaments, knife handles, buttons, and all those articles for which mother-of-pearl is employed.

The revenue derived from the annual catch of shells of the pearl oyster is not greatly inferior to that of the "pearls," which they only occasionally contain. Pearl, or mother-of-pearl, as it is usually called, is but the nacreous interior of the shell of the pearl oyster, laid down in successive layers by the mantle of the animal, while "pearls" are purely accidental growths, "being caused by the deposition of nacre around some foreign object. This nucleus may be a bit of sand, a parasite, or some similar object." The pearl *oyster*, it should be stated, does not resemble in appearance the edible oyster.

The products of the pearl fishery increased in value from year to year, the systematic gathering of pearl shells, made possible by modern machinery having greatly reduced the numbers of the species. During recent years, the combined pearl fisheries of the world have failed to supply the fifteen thousand tons of shells required to meet the universal demand. Only about eleven thousand tons can now be procured annually. Of this amount, the fishery of the Gulf of California supplies nearly five thousand tons, which, valued at ten or eleven cents a pound, amount to more than a hundred thousand dollars a year. Pearl shells from the fisheries of Ceylon and Tahiti are larger and bring better prices, being worth twenty and twenty-seven cents a pound respectively. The pearls obtained annually from the shells gathered in the Gulf of California are worth nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The best pearl taken from our neighboring fishery during recent years, and shown in the accompanying cut, was discovered last season and sold in Paris for ten thousand dollars. This pearl, named the Cleopatra, weighed thirty-six carats. The largest pearl known is two inches long and weighs three ounces.

The manager of the pearl fishery at La Paz kindly opened his safe and showed me the pearls representing the gatherings of the three preceding months, the value of which was roughly estimated at fifteen thousand dollars. They were separated into eight or nine grades, the lower grades constituting by far the greater number of those exhibited. Most of them were small and imperfect and of little value. The large, symmetrical and consequently valuable pearls of the lot, worth, perhaps, from five hundred to one thousand dollars each, were



The Plaza at La Paz

only a dozen or so in number. One or two of these were black, and most of them were of metallic black hues. I was informed that they were more valuable than white pearls of similar proportions. It is on this account that the pearls of the Gulf of California are deemed the most desirable. The pearls of the Ceylon fishery are, as a rule, white.

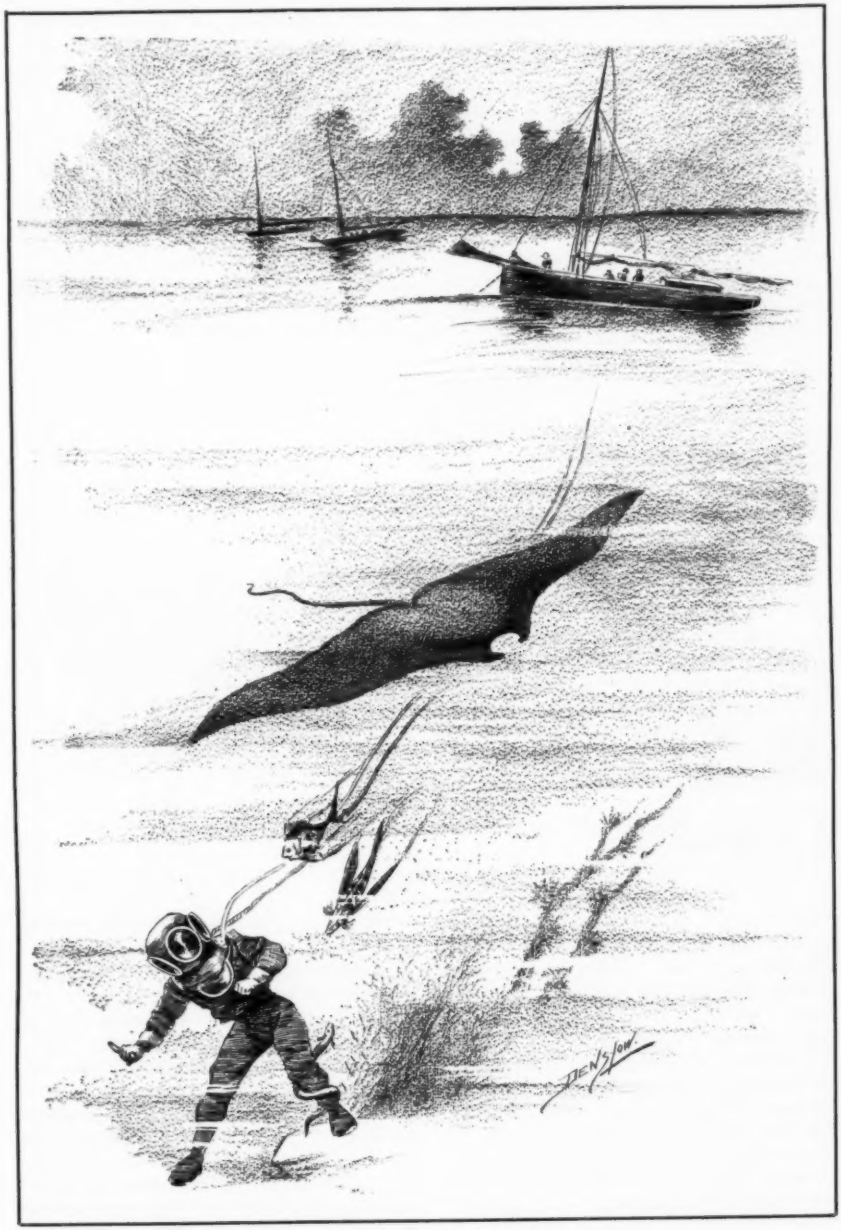
The territory over which the operations of the fishery extend embraces the coast of Lower California, from Cape St. Lucas to the mouth of the Rio Colorado, at the head of the Gulf, and much of the west coast of Mexico. The season for pearl diving commences in May, in the vicinity of Cape St. Lucas, whence the work is carried into the Gulf, which is usually entered by the fifteenth of the month. During the summer the entire western shore of the Gulf is worked, and in October the base of operations is moved from La Paz to Acapulca, where the fishery is continued a little longer. Pearls are also found along the Pacific Coast of the peninsula for nearly two hundred miles north of Cape St. Lucas, but the shells of that region are too thin and brittle to be marketable as mother-of-pearl, and are not gathered, although the pearls found in them are valuable.

The $10,000 Cleopatra Pearl

The pearl fishery had been declining for many years, when the adoption of the submarine engineers' suit, by the divers of La Paz fifteen years ago, led to the continuance of the industry. The search for shells can now be carried on in deeper waters than in the days of the naked divers, the best of whom could not descend a dozen fathoms. Half that was rather more than their practical working depth. During the investigations of the United States Fish Commission's ship *Albatross*, in the Gulf of California, shells of the pearl oysters were brought up by the "dredge" of the vessel from depths of twenty and thirty fathoms. In slightly greater depths, the number of hauls made with the dredge were, perhaps, not sufficient to test their existence, but none were obtained.

It must have been difficult to teach these people the use of the diving suit, as during the first year or so after its introduction, a man was lost from the La Paz force almost every month. This was usually ascribed to the giving way of the rubber tubing, and it is said that no accidents have occurred since the introduction of a better grade of tubing. An accessory to the diving suit as used at La Paz is a small sheet-iron reservoir of compressed air, which can instantly be made to supply the diver with five minutes' breathing material, in case of accident to the air machine or the connecting rubber tube. It goes down with the diver, and its connection with his helmet is effected by the simple turning of a cock within his reach.

The devil-fish, the huge *Manta raja*, largest of all rays, measuring sometimes twenty feet across, is perhaps the only marine animal dreaded by the armored diver. Fearful tales are told of this great creature, which the divers say can settle down over a man, enveloping him, as with a blanket, in its wing-like fins; but notwithstanding its formidable appearance, it is perhaps more terrifying than dangerous, for its teeth are small, and only in the largest specimens is its mouth wide enough to take in the head of a man. Whether rightly or not, it is placed in the category of the diver's perils, for have not vessels been suddenly moved from their anchorages by its getting afoul of the cables, and has it not more than once struck the diver's ropes, dragging boat as well as diver before getting free? "*Carramba!* a big one will weigh a thousand pounds."



The Pearl Diver and the Giant Ray

In company with two associates in the work of studying the Gulf fisheries under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, one of them a Professor of natural history and the other usually referred to as "The Fisherman," I went out with a party of divers and made a descent in a diving suit. The sensations accompanying this experience were by no means comfortable, at least not in the excitement and perhaps nervousness of a first trial, but one can readily understand how a diver accustomed to breathing under such conditions could very thoroughly search the bottom for shells. The light is gray and dim, notwithstanding the intense light at the surface, but within a radius of a few yards, everything is distinctly seen. Owing to the pressure of the water and the weights necessary to overcome it, a novice has the same difficulty in maintaining the perpendicular as a child learning to stand alone.

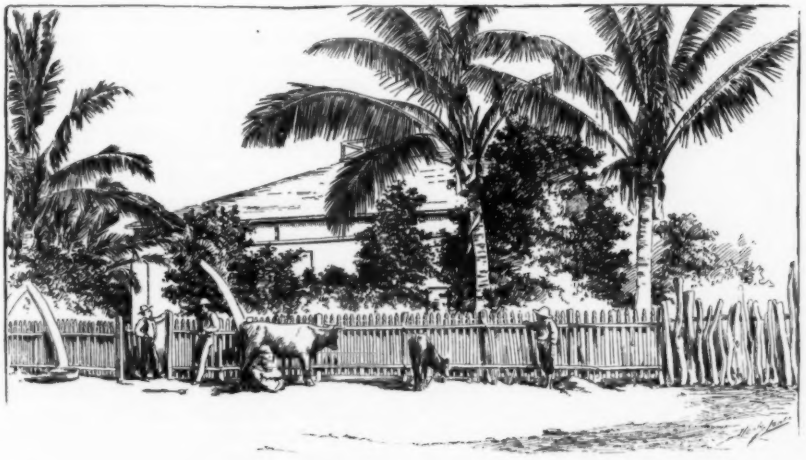
Loitering about the sunny wharf at La Paz, we heard interesting stories of the experiences of the divers, and eventually arranged to make a trip with some of them, without fully realizing the seriousness of the task we were undertaking. The next day found us on board their boat outward bound, one of us at least with some misgivings.

Several miles from the harbor we stopped over a coral bank where the water was four or five fathoms deep, and seemed a pale green in contrast with the blueness of the deep water a few hundred yards beyond. One of the Mexicans soon got into his cumbersome paraphernalia and was lowered down, remaining on the bottom about half an hour, and gathered many shells and corals which were hoisted at his signal in a wire basket made for the purpose. His position was being indicated constantly by the escaping bubbles of air from his helmet. We could see them rising shaped like large medusæ, without sound, until they broke at the surface with loud gurglings. The basket was hauled up frequently with only a

The Old Mission at La Paz

few pearl oysters, however, among its contents. There were shells, corals, starfishes and other marine objects for our delectation.

When the diver came up the professor, the fisherman and I exchanged glances. I at once suggested the tossing up of a coin to determine which of us should make the experiment for our party. The professor bravely said he meant to go first, but looked my way so reproachfully that I felt I had been guilty of levity on a solemn occasion. So with much outward show of self-sacrifice and a feeling of relief inwardly, I made room for him.



Home of a Pearl Diver

After the helmet was secured and the air started to see how he stood it, he signaled to be lowered, for not a word could be heard from out the air-tight and water-tight contrivance.

A diver ready to go down looks somewhat diabolical. Not to make the story too long, he came up alive.

The "Fisherman" and I listened to his account with keen interest. Not the minutest detail of his experiences but was circumspectly noted. We had not that control of the Spanish tongue that would enable us to cross-question the Mexican, but here was one with whom we might converse without difficulty or reserve. By this time the diving suit was once more vacant and I covering my nervousness with great carelessness of manner, motioned the visibly diffident "Fisherman" aside. I tossed hat, coat and shoes among the junk of the barge and took my place beside the armor, feeling that I was a lamb led to the slaughter.

The rubber suit, large, and baggy, is entered at the neck. The Mexicans took me in hand and I was inserted without ceremony, my hands, which alone were to be exposed to the watery element, having first been liberally soaped for easy slipping through the snug-fitting wristbands. Then the glass-fronted helmet was put over my head. There are about a dozen brass thumb-screws, used in making the connection between the helmet and the suit water-tight. Judging by my feelings, they might have been dressing me for the grave.

Each screw that shut me in seemed a nail in my coffin. The tedious, soul-harrowing preparations being

completed with the adjustment of the necessary leaden weights for proper gravitation in the submarine world I was to enter, they began to lower me down. The air crowded down upon me. I seemed to take it in principally at the ears, although I have some recollection of a gasping sensation. A valve inside the roomy head piece allows the continually accumulating air to escape when touched by a sidewise motion of the head. Under water I looked through my window but saw nothing—only a blank grayness. I was thinking on the way down, thinking whether I remembered the signals, whether the rope, which looked slightly worn, was really strong enough to hoist me again; whether they would be *careful* up on the barge—those Mexicans did not know any more about the business doubtless than the law allowed; whether there was any danger in my helpless condition, of my rig snarling up in the coral—strange that I should ever have been interested in such useless stuff as coral. I thought of one or two hundred things besides which I have since forgotten, but among them doubtless, whether my life had been what it might have been. The sensations would put an atheist in a condition to be reasoned with. To say that I was frightened would scarcely be just to myself. I had never once thought of evading the trial. Excitement, intense excitement would be the words best suited to express my condition. Then my feet touched bottom. I pressed the valve a few times to let off the air that threatened to inflate my suit, and seemed lifting me from my footing despite the eighty pounds of lead on my person and found my breathing freer. There were masses of coral everywhere about and of several varieties. I walked in this direction and that, wherever the way seemed clear of coral. Too much diving must have frightened away the fishes, but there was enough at my feet to look at, what with my uncertain equilibrium and the care of my ropes and air valve uppermost in my mind. The solicitous Mexican was twitching the signal line constantly and I must constantly be making answer of safety or be hauled up, which added to my cares. The water pressed the rubber suit very closely to my legs and body, but the pressure was not specially uncomfortable.

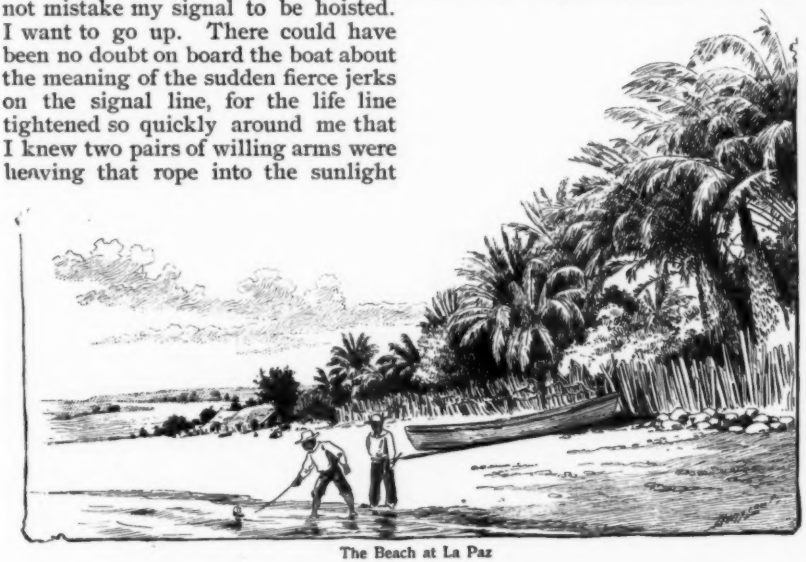
A half-upward glance convinced me that there was one direction in which I dare not look. Indeed I came near going over backward and the possibility of cutting my rubber pipe among the coral was too horrible to think of. There were some beautiful starfishes and shells, but I feared to stoop for them, tottering, swaying, big-headed child that I was. I wished something to take back with me from Neptune's realm, but felt that my mission had not the same urgency as that of Orpheus in the under world. Ah, sweet allurement of the forbidden. Eurydice was not here, but a glance in the direction I most desired might bring disaster upon me. How I longed to see the boat swimming over my head. Could its sides, white in the dazzling sunlight, look white from here? Would it be possible to distinguish the faces of my companions leaning over the side? A pearly cloud arose like dust where my uncertain footsteps stirred the light sediment and obscured my surroundings like a fog if I did not move on. The ringing in my ears from the air forced down to me did not give me quite the silence I expected, but if ever I was *alone* surely it was during that trip under the California Gulf. The valve inside the helmet was making my head sore, so viciously did I keep bumping it. The signal man gave me no peace. Must I have no time for anything but twitching the rope, thumping the valve and moving on out of the fog? The thin whitish ooze was stirred up by the lightest step. How the demon pursued me, move on, move on. Why should I senselessly recall jangling rhymes in this place which of all places I wish to observe calmly — "demons down under the

sea can ever dissever my soul —" that starfish is surely brighter colored than any of the others. I know its name too — *oreaster occidentalis*. I will bend my knees and try to reach it without leaning forward. Ah, I have it. The professor also got one but lost it in the ascent. I will not lose mine. It is a pearl of great price — not even the demons down under the sea can ever dissever, dissever, dissev — There, there, this multiplicity of cares is tiring me, my thoughts become tumultuous, I had better go up while I can do it in good shape. I hope they will not mistake my signal to be hoisted. I want to go up. There could have been no doubt on board the boat about the meaning of the sudden fierce jerks on the signal line, for the life line tightened so quickly around me that I knew two pairs of willing arms were heaving that rope into the sunlight with an energy that betokened apprehension of trouble below.

What an unconscionable time they were getting me up. How I yearned to rise faster; my leaden feet were dragging me back. All the troublesome fancies that addled my brain at the bottom were now merged into one, that they would not get me up before disaster in some form should overtake me. In fancy the demons down under the sea were already plucking at my helpless dangling legs. Then my helmet bumped against the boat, I was seized from above and my own hands were grasping the gunwale. Do drowning men grasp at straws? If my last moment had come and my hands had been laying hold upon eternal life, I could not have laid hold more firmly.

"I thought you went after pearls," said the Professor in derision, holding up my starfish when I emerged from the diving suit. How it had been saved I know not.

The fisherman's turn came next, but with a splitting throbbing headache, I took but a passive interest in his descent, compassionately lending a hand however to get him on board quickly when he came up.



The Beach at La Paz

When the boat was headed for home the fisherman said, "I suppose you would not have missed this afternoon's experience for a good deal?"

"No," I answered, "not for a hundred dollars."

His sensation must have borne a resemblance to my own, for he presently queried, "I suppose you wouldn't care to repeat it?"

"No," I said, "not for two hundred —"

A FELLOW FEELING

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE

JACK Jerningham and I had lunched together one day about a year ago, and as we passed out of the restaurant we met Dick Devlin. Devlin, Jerningham and myself had been school and college class chums, but since we had been out in the world, he had drifted apart from us, having married very shortly after finishing his University course, and as he was devoted to his wife and she to him, he naturally had little time for his men friends, and so it had come about that of late years we had seen little or nothing of him ; but a few weeks since his wife had died in giving birth to a child, and poor Devlin was a wreck.

As we met he looked at us, nodded, averted his eyes and passed by. He was but the the ghost of his former self, poor chap, instead of the erect, alert figure, with head up, clear-eyed, ruddy-skinned, always greeting one with a frank disingenuousness of manner that charmed. He was now a shambling, sallow, hollow-eyed creature that glanced at a friend furtively and passed by with a nod almost churlish in its brevity. Jerningham and I looked back at him and passed into the street. Presently Jack said : "I have no patience with a man with no more backbone than Devlin has. God knows I pity his grief. He has all my sympathy, and he knows it, but he is a man of the world. He knows that death must come to all of us, no matter how dear we are to others. Why can he not call his philosophy and his moral pluck into play and conquer his inclination to parade his grief in public? One would think his very pride, if nothing else, would prevent him from making an exhibition of what should be sacred. Thank heaven I have too much philosophy to ever allow anything, no matter how great a sorrow it might be to me, to crush me as his sorrow has him." I made no direct answer, but turned the conversation into another channel, and at a near corner we parted.

A few months later, I was shocked one morning on picking up a paper to find among the death notices that of Jerningham's only child, a beautiful boy of about four years. I hastened to the house and sent in my card to Jack. The servant told me he would see no one, but I insisted on his taking my card to him. I was shown into a reception-room, and presently Mrs. Jerningham came in. She was a slight, big-eyed, white-faced little creature, with apparently no more vitality or pluck than a bird, but her manner and voice were perfectly composed, and she gave me the details of the poor little man's death as clearly and concisely as though she were not suffering a particle. Only now and then the big eyes would grow bigger and the voice would sink almost to a whisper. It was membranous croup that had killed him. The day before he had been as well as ever, "and you know," the poor mother said, "what a great, strong, active creature he was, romping and shouting all over the house. He never seemed to feel fatigue. He always threw off the other diseases that are common to children so easily that I came to think that his splendid strength and vitality were proof against anything, but now—" Here her voice trembled for the first time, and I hastened to assure her of sympathy, and asked to be commanded if I could be of service. "You must not pity me," she said, "at least not in words nor in looks, if you can help it, for if you do I might break down, and I must keep up for

poor Jack's sake. He is completely prostrated, poor fellow, and I really do not know what to do with him. You might go in and see him, and do try and get him to let the undertaker arrange the poor little man's last resting place, for he swears he will not allow any one to touch him." She had risen as she spoke, and motioning me to follow, she led the way upstairs and into a sleeping chamber on the floor above. She stood by my side with her finger at her lips for a moment, on the threshold, then softly turned away. I went quietly on into the room. The blinds were down and the half light showed me a disordered bed, beside which knelt a man. His body, with arms thrown out above his head, rested prone upon the bed, and on the pillow lay the waxen face of the dead child.

I laid my hand on his shoulder and no sooner had he felt the contact than he leaped to his feet, and with a savage oath, took me by the throat. "You'll not touch him, do you hear?" he hissed, "save over my dead body." Then I spoke and he recognized my voice and dropping his hand from my throat, said, "its you, is it? What do you think, there's a ghoul of an undertaker in this house somewhere and he says little Jack's dead, and he wants to lay him out, but he shan't; the little lad is only in a sleep, a deep sleep, he'll wake up soon and———" here he seemed to read something in my face, (he had been looking me straight in the eyes all the time he was talking) for he gripped me by the shoulders with either hand and shook me roughly to and fro as I stood, "Oh, Tom, Tom," he said, and I never want to hear again the heartbreak in a strong man's voice as I heard it then, "he is dead. I know it. He *is* dead, but oh, God, how can I give him up, look" and he threw back the bedclothing, and displayed the little body, stripped just as it had been taken from the bath, "did any one ever see a more perfect child, physically? Look at those limbs. Look at that torso. See how the grand little chest swells. See how firmly the muscles are developed, and last night, only last night he was as well as you or I are now, and now—Oh God! Now!" and he threw himself on the little body again, as I found him. I was a doctor myself, although I did not practice, and I knew that the more he unburdened himself to me, the sooner the reaction would set in, and the sooner he would recover his mental balance again. I roused him to talk by asking him some question as to the child's illness. "Yes," he said, "it was croup, that cursed, membranous kind that one can't do anything for except let it do its deadly work. We had a doctor—a drivelling fool like all doctors, what good are they, if they can't save the ones we love?—of course, and when the membrane would form and the little man would choke and gasp and cough—that awful rending, tearing cough—and the cursed thing would come away, the dear little lad would motion me he wanted to speak in my ear and I would stoop to him and he'd gasp, 'Papa, why don't you take that thing out of Jacko's—you know we called him Jacko to distinguish him from me—'froat, you can do it, papa. You can do anything you want to if you only try hard enough.' I had taught him that in my absurd conceit of my own powers, thought it a good lesson for him to learn young, and here he was throwing it in my teeth at such a time as this, in all seriousness, too. He believed I *could* do it if I would—then the poor little face would begin to grow dark again, and another of those awful scenes would ensue, and there I was, a *man*, strong and powerful, with money by thousands, ready to give every cent of it and my own life into the bargain, and when my poor little laddie would gasp, 'help Jacko, papa, you know you told me always to come to you for anything I wanted, and I want to be well, papa,' all I could do was to stand there and watch him be done to

death before mine and his mother's eyes."

As I went down the steps an hour or so later, I met another man coming up. It was Devlin. He stopped, and with a rare pale smile, only a ghost of his former brilliant welcome, shook hands with me. "I am going to see poor, dear, old Jack. I see little Jacko is gone. We can sympathize with each other *now*," and he passed on.

Jerningham and Devlin are inseparable. I am a rank outsider. They are always glad to see me and upbraid me for not coming to them oftener, but I am outside the finer, truer sympathy that exists between them.

IN MEMORIAM—EMELIE TRACY Y. PARKHURST

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL

"My name is Life," a radiant angel said;
"I bring the sacred bliss of motherhood;"
Then turned to go his Heavenward way, when, lo!
Another angel on the threshold stood.

Before the awful glory of that face,
The bright first comer bowed his shining head.
"The smiles that welcomed me must melt in tears,
Since thou art here, O, Brother Death!" he said.

'Mid twilight's gathering gloom Death entered there;
Whispered, "The Master calls thee 'Come up higher.'"
Closed to all earthly things, the earnest eyes;
And set his seal upon the lips of fire.

"She is not dead, but sleeping," saith the Lord,
But tears are falling like the summer rain
For her, who, wearing woman's crown of love,
Sank 'neath the weight of woman's cross of pain.

THE HAUNTS OF THE PACIFIC JEW FISH

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

IT was not the promise of good fishing, but bones that drew us to Santa Catalina, the long range of mountain peaks that rise abruptly thirty miles off the shore of Los Angeles County—bones galore, the refuse of the ancients, huge stone mortars and pestles, mighty swords fashioned of stone and from whales' ribs, polished steatite sinkers, hooks of pearly abalone, precious bits of fiber, and other objects dear to the heart of the lover of true ancient history. These were the magnets which drew us on and explained our presence one day on the little steamer that during the summer months plies between the port of San Pedro and the off-shore possessions of St. Catherine. In the long ago, before Cabrillo and the rest had sailed among the channel islands, they were inhabited by a race superior in many respects to the inland tribes—a race of hardy men and women, who had temples, such as they were, and graven images; who were the delvers in stone of the Pacific Coast, and who in passing away left these legacies buried in the island sands with their bones.

No wonder the island was well populated in the old days — everything about it is attractive. The water through which we surge is of the most intense blue, and deep in its heart, we see pulsing, moving medusoid shapes, telling of its wondrous purity. The island rises grandly from the sea, as if the waves had parted but yesterday, leaving its cliffs beetling and menacing, presenting a bold front to the sea—a ridge of mountain peaks from four hundred to nearly five hundred feet in height, eighteen or twenty miles long, often four miles to a fifth of a mile in width. On the west side of the island, which extends parallel with the coast, the wind blows and the waves beat furiously, while the fog steals up the deep cañons and gathers about the peaks, but to the east all is fair, and many of the little bays are scarcely disturbed from one day's end to the other. Harbors are few and rare. The mouths of the cañons are the only points of vantage, and into one between rocky sentinels we pass, finding a half-moon-shaped bay, a little town, with picturesque cottages, white tents, with the mountains reaching away to seeming illimitable distance. This is Avalon, and its hotel rests on a townsite of unknown antiquity. From the piazza, the visitor sees the sparkle of pearl among the fallen petals of the rose, telling of the old sword-maker, who broke up the shell in days gone by, to set the gleaming bits in a rude mosaic, a bit of polished stone, an oval pendant, a sinker of steatite, a needle of bone, suggestive of the old days. The ground here has a dark and rusty appearance, a tell-tale of the days of yore, when the kitchen-midden process was in operation. We had dug in the graves of the upper island, found yards upon yards of beads, taken mortars from the lowest level of the old graveyards, and segregated beads from bones, and ashes from human dust, and were surfeited with archæology, when one day we espied a fisherman, wending his way to his boat, with a hook and line of extraordinary size.

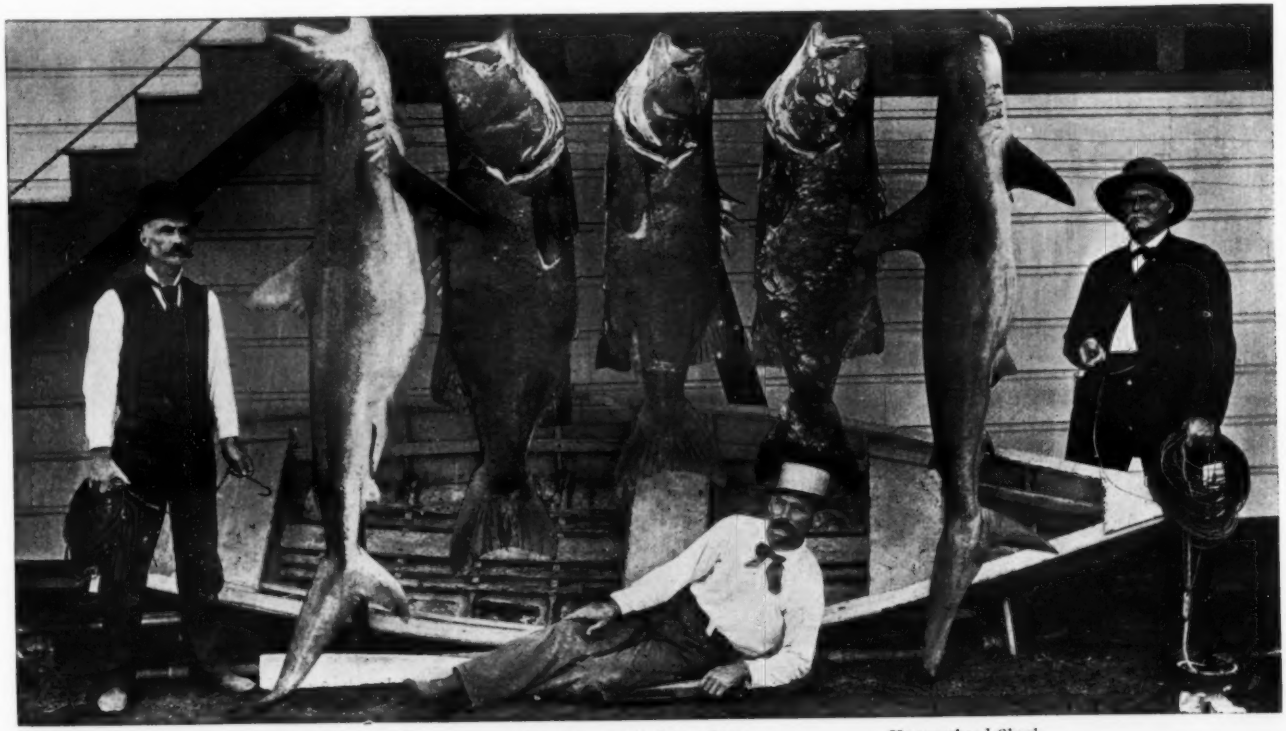
In reply to my interrogations he informed me that he was on the trail of the black sea bass. "A bass line as big as a rope?" I queried. "Yes," said the half Mexican, a half Indian. "You ever catch bass—black bass?" Memories of summers on the St. Lawrence River, where I had often way-

laid gamey bass, and of certain four and five pounders taken on sundry occasions, passed through my mind as I assented.

"Wall," said the fisherman, "You never cot black sea bass, that's certain. Go with me, I show you." I was soon on the pebbly beach, and a moment later the little boat was gliding around the grim, rocky sentinel that guarded the island. My oarsman was an old settler, a picturesque, big-chested half-breed who had lived on the little island for thirty years; who knew and, I could see, loved it well. We passed by the grim precipices, against which the surf had formed a half-moon shaped beach, with white sands and pebbles, and then the Mexican stood up, looked around out to sea, then up at the gray slopes, then took the oars again, and in a few strokes put the boat over what he assured me was a big rock fifty feet down, and a favorite haunt of the black sea bass. The anchor was tossed over, the rope ran merrily out, and the hook, baited with a six-pound grouper, went hissing down to the big submerged rock. "Sometimes he bite, sometimes he don't," quoth the fisherman, "but whether he do or not, we have the fishin' all the same;" and he looked at me inquiringly to see if I was that kind of a fisherman or of the variety who are never satisfied unless the fish are always on the line. It so happened that I was not of the latter kind. I found pleasure in the mere anticipation, and so we sat silent for half an hour on the sea of glass, I holding the throbbing line that the ebbing tide played upon as the string of a musical instrument. The broad channel between us and the mainland was smooth and as blue as steel. Here and there a flying fish rose and soared away, like some fantastic insect. Away inland rose the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madres, telling of Pasadena, the San Gabriel Valley and the fertile garden spots that reach up to the mother mountains. Far to the south I traced them, until they were lost in the blue haze. There was Santa Ana, with a capping of golden cloud, and far away, rising grandly, rich, masses of cloud that told of the great California desert and the burning sands in such marked contrast to the verdure of the coast country. I glanced at my companion and his dark eyes rested on the great rocks that rose above us, and the gray slopes that reached away, making up the fair mountain island. I wondered if he was thinking of his ancestors, the Indians, whom Cabrillo and others found here centuries ago; of the time when Santa Catalina was an empire in itself, and owned by them; of the time when the temples of their god capped the hills and villages, crowned every cañon's mouth. This I wondered, and more, when suddenly I became aware that the tension of the line I held had increased, by a steady pull; then came a jerk that took my hand into the water.

"Jew fish, sure," whispered the Mexican, awakened from his reverie by my exclamation. "Slack!" I paid out the line while he seized the anchor line and made ready to haul up. "Give him five feet and then hook," were my orders. I was an old shark fisherman having caught many of those monsters in the South, and I saw that work of a similiar kind was laid out for me in this black sea-bass fishing. The line jerked heavily in my hand, then began to run out steadily, I paid out; and then when about six feet had gone over the gunwale I stopped, gave a glance at the coil to see that all was clear, and when the line came taut I jerked the hook into my first black sea bass.

I have every reason to believe that the latter was astonished, as for a single second there was no response; then came a jerk that almost lifted me from the boat, and the line went hissing over the rail like a living thing, playing a merry hornpipe of its own composition. Nothing could stop such a rush



Shovel-nosed Shark Jew Fish, or Black Sea Bass Hammerhead Shark

A Forenoon's Catch in a Small Boat at Santa Catalina

From a photograph

and I simply waited while the Mexican pulled up the anchor, and when the latter was in I grasped the line and braced back for the fight. The light boat whirled around like a top and away we went like a tug, surging through the water, an ominous wave of foam rising high around the bow. A ten-foot shark never pulled harder than this gamey fish, and for five minutes I was undecided who was master. I took it in with the greatest difficulty, gaining ten feet only to have the gamey creature rush toward me and then dash away with an impetus that was more than irresistible. Then I would stop him again, slowly making foot by foot, hand over hand, taking a turn on the cleat, slacking and pulling, in attempts to tire the monster—tactics that for a while were of no avail. One of the tricks of this fish was to stop and jerk its head from side to side violently—a proceeding that produced an effect equivalent to striking blows at the holder of the line; tremendous jerks which came, one, two, three, then one, two, three; then the line would slack as the monster rushed up, and if I took the line in quickly enough to prevent a turn well and good; if I did not the bass would turn and dash at the bottom, making everything hum and sing. Giving and taking, hauling and easing off for twenty minutes, and I was almost satisfied that I had done my duty in the premises when suddenly the fish rushed up, and recovering I took in the slack and with a final effort brought the black giant to the surface. For a moment I saw a pair of eyes as big as those of an ox, a rich chestnut back, and then with a tremendous heave the fish threw itself over, deluging me with water, tipping and half capsizing the dinghy. It was the last struggle. I kept my hold and with another haul had the king of Pacific Coast fishes at hands' length where it rolled and tossed, its huge tail bathing us with spray, protesting against its capture. What a capture it was! How we breathed hard and looked at each other. The experience of the moment, the sensations, could not have been purchased. It was worth going a long way to accomplish. Imagine, you casters of the black bass fly, a small-mouthed black bass lengthened out to six feet, bulky in proportion, a giant black bass—one that you would dream about in a nightmare, after a good day's fishing—almost a facsimile of the five-pounder you have taken pride in, but increased to a size that tips the scales at *four hundred* pounds. Imagine this and you have the black sea bass, the Jew fish, or, as the naturalists have it, the *Stereolepsis gigas* of the Pacific Coast, a noble fish, a gamey fellow, especially adapted to the man who desires animated dumbbells, or who, sedentary in his habits requires violent exercise, coupled with much excitement. The black sea bass is to the Pacific Coast what the tarpon is to the East, though it is thoroughly a hand-line catch. If any Eastern angler desires to try it with a rod, I will not say that it is impossible, but when it comes to the reel I would recommend a donkey engine attachment of two or three horse-power, as our quarry sometimes reaches seven hundred pounds. I give this as a fair sample of a California fish story, one to be chronicled among the big things as the trees of Calaveras, the Yosemite and others, and quite as real, as the accompanying photographs from real life will testify, one showing the catch of Jew fish of three fishermen on the same spot in the course of a few hours in an August day.

During the catching process, the big bass had towed our boat several hundred feet out from shore, where the ground swell was coming in, and with the huge black form struggling alongside, the situation was not an agreeable one. The question of landing was now to be considered, which my companion solved by attempting to kill the game with an axe—almost upsetting the boat in the struggle; but finally it was quieted and firmly made fast at the stern, and we pulled

A Three Hundred and Fifty Pound Jew Fish

From a photograph

slowly into the little bay—a tedious process. Once more we experienced that feeling of conscious triumph as we rowed into the beach, and the population came down in a body; some to tender their congratulations, some to compare the fish to much larger ones they had caught. We had triumph enough for one day as the crowd took the line and ran the big fellow up the sands with a shout. It was a proud moment, indeed, which the fisherman who reads these lines well understands. Then came the telling and retelling the story at night on the veranda, each incident of the battle being gone over again and again, while my trusty colleague, the Mexican, he of the ancestors, stood by, willing to do hard swearing if necessary should I wander from the field of actual fact, as fishermen have been known to in the exuberance of the moment; but the facts were all sufficient, and there, in the moonlight, on the white sands, was the gamey fish. On the morrow it was taken in hand by the *chef*, hoisted on the children's swing that stood on the little plaza, and later was served up for the benefit of the entire village. The weight of this specimen was between three hundred and fifty and four hundred pounds, about the average, but specimens have been taken that weighed seven hundred and even more, if we are to believe traditions; but the three hundred and fifty or four hundred pound fish is a match for the best man, and I have duly surrendered to a larger one. I had the honor of hooking it and my five companions in the boat watched my struggles until I gave out, then took the line one by one, and this monster gave each man all the work he required, and when finally brought alongside, nearly filled the boat by an unexpected lunge. Such sport may be considered hard work and not æsthetic fishing, yet it requires skill, and to take a big black sea bass, single-handed, in a very light boat and bring it in, may be considered a matter for self congratulation. The Jew fish is very common along the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, Santa Catalina, San Clemente and others with their steep shores and vast schools of fish being the favorite haunts of the big fish; and in July and August it can be taken by the patient and muscular fisherman, upon almost any of the bright, sunlit days that make these isles of summer among the most delightful summer camping grounds of the Pacific Coast.

SOME AMERICAN GLACIERS

II

BY CHARLES R. AMES

TAKU Inlet is a mountain-locked fjord walled in by lofty cliffs of black forbidding granite, scored, seamed and polished by countless ages of friction with the slow flowing ice river that centuries ago found here its outlet to the parent sea, the ship steamed slowly in between the sentinel cliffs that guard this Dantean entrance but that portal bears no forbiddings. God's fair blue sky is over all and hope in every glint of it.

Here are wonderful pictures, incomparable colors of ice, and sea, and sky, rocks and ice piled in massive architecture, all combined to disarm the pen or brush of any colorist.

The Taku Glacier, a great river of ice, rears its awful front at the head of the inlet, nearly three hundred feet high and amid much subglacial grinding and rattling peals of glacial artillery produces bergs that float out into the great unknown a terror to all those who go down in ships to the north seas.

There are several other glaciers to be seen from Taku Inlet, one of which the Norris comes down almost to the sea, but for a narrow moraine which separates it from the water.

A most lovely stretch of all Alaskan wealth of weird and wonderful beauty is that few hours' steaming through Lynn Canal, as it is called. Shortly after leaving Juneau, passing Douglas and Admiralty Islands, we enter the canal; here the walling cliffs are loftier, wider apart than in any other of the many like arms of the sea we have yet seen. Here to our right as we enter the fjord are the Auk and Eagle Glaciers, a glimpse of the former being shown in the accompanying cut, these, together with several other smaller glaciers on the canal, do not come down to the sea but end at what is known as a terminal moraine which means simply the strip of sand and gravel lying between them and the water's edge—a strip which the glacier has deposited.

At the head of Lynn Canal lies the Davidson Glacier. It is of the same class as the Eagle and Auk but much greater in extent, it comes winding down from its mountains debouching on to the stretch of leveler country that lies along shore through a narrow pass in the foothills and then spreads itself in a great facade of solid ice three or four miles wide.

Muir writes of it:

"But it is on the west side of the canal near the head that the most striking feature of the landscape is seen —the Davidson Glacier. It first appears as an immense ridge of ice thrust forward into the channel, but when you have gained a position directly in front it is shown as a broad flood issuing from a noble granite gateway, and spreading out to right and left in a

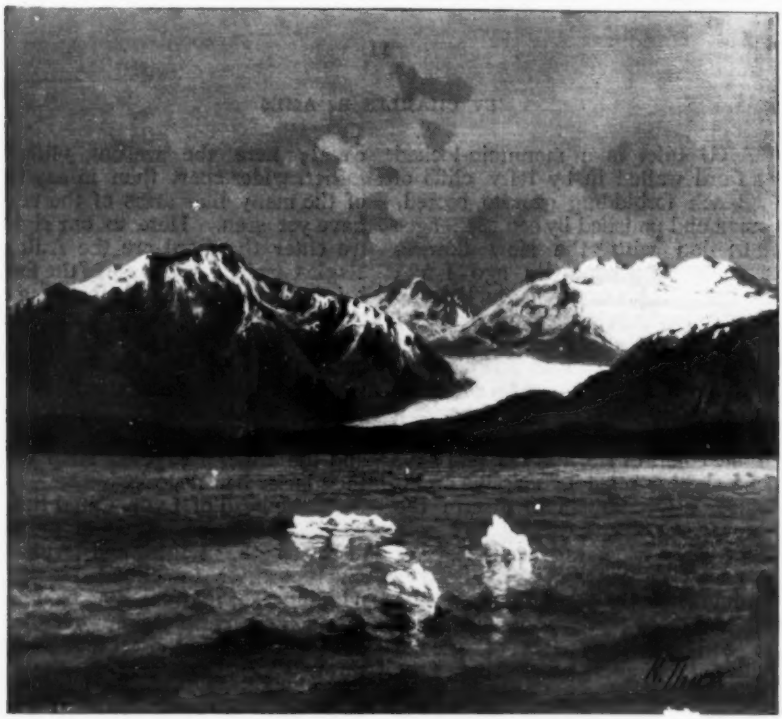
beautiful fan-shaped mass, three or four miles in width, the front of which is separated from the water by its terminal moraine. This is one of the most notable of the large glaciers that are in the first stage of decadence, reaching nearly to tide water, but failing to enter it and send off icebergs. Immediately in front of the Davidson is the deposit or moraine, the accumulation of hundreds of years, upon which is growing a fine forest that at certain positions stands out in strong relief against the ice." *

Those cliffs of blue were made to front where summer seas ripple and splash, or the giant rollers break and foaming and hissing, fling their spray high up even to the glaciers very top.

The glaciers of Alaska are of two different kinds, generally speaking, the Alpine and the Piedmont.

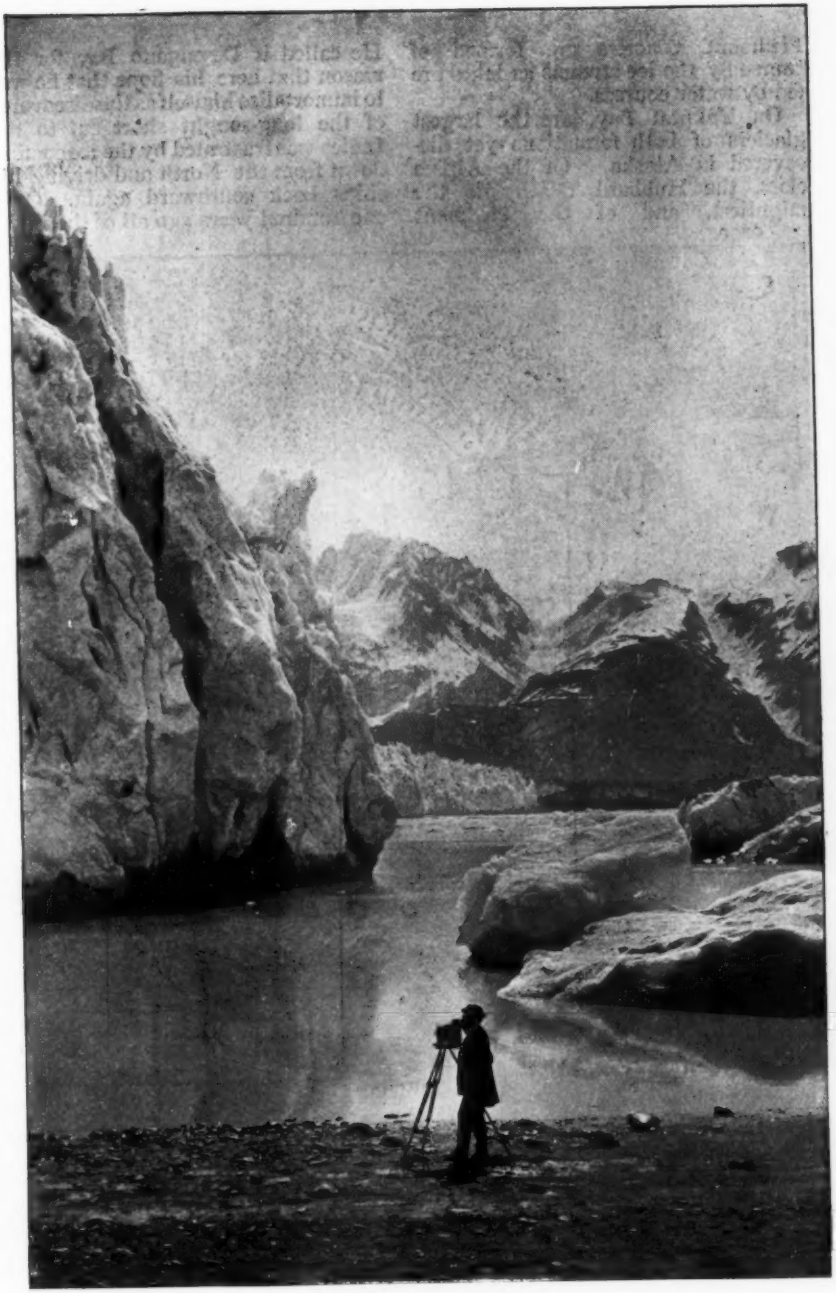
The former are those glaciers like the Muir and the Taku, which have their sources in the mountain cañons, and come sweeping down to the sea, rivers of ice swollen to great volume by the tributary ice streams that flow into them.

The latter are the plateaus of ice formed along the leveler strip of country lying at the foot of the mountain ranges between them and the sea and hence the term Piedmont. The



A Glimpse of Auk Glacier

*[In the first article on glaciers in the May issue two views of Davidson Glacier were shown representing it as entering the sea. It should have been explained that they were intended as *restorations* of this magnificent glacier showing it as it appeared perhaps a thousand years ago when its icebergs broke off and floated away as do those of Muir to-day. To-day Davidson is a magnificent glacier but between it and the sea rises a forest growing on the *debris* which the ice has brought down from the upper range.]



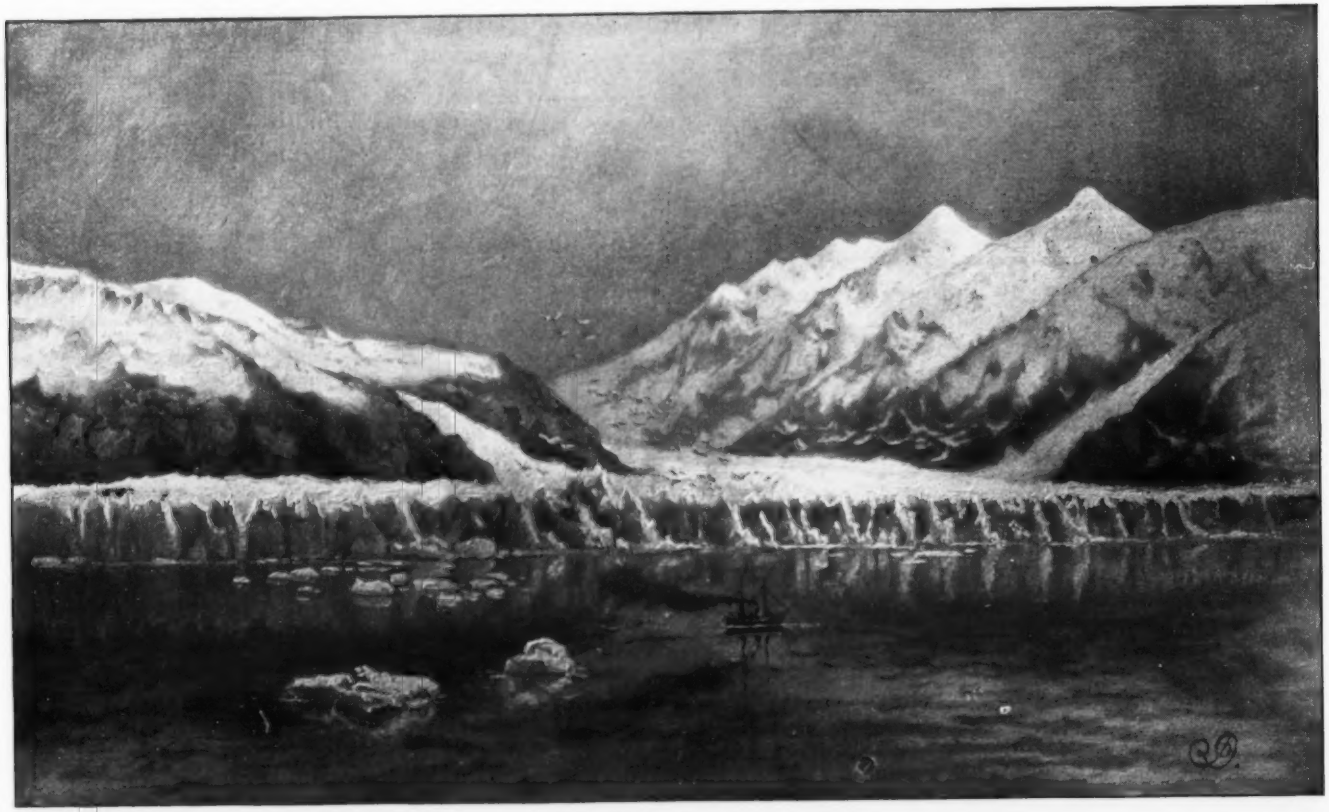
Muir Glacier from the Moraine

Piedmont Glaciers are formed of course by the ice streams as lakes are fed by water courses.

On Yakutat Bay, are the largest glaciers of both formations yet discovered in Alaska. Of the Alpine class, the Hubbard Glacier is the mightiest, and of the Piedmont class the Malaspina is the greatest. The Malaspina takes its name from an Italian explorer who in the service of Spain, A. D. 1792, sailed to the North Seas in search of the Northwest passage. He explored the eastern shore of Yakutat Bay, and gave its name to Disenchantment Bay. He called it Desengano Bay for the reason that here his hope that he was to immortalize himself as the discoverer of the long-sought short cut to the Indies was frustrated by the ice coming down from the North and driving his ships back southward again. Only one hundred years ago all of the inlets north of Haenkes Island were filled with ice. By consulting the map published herewith of Malaspina Glacier, one can see at a glance the recession of the glacier during the past hundred years.

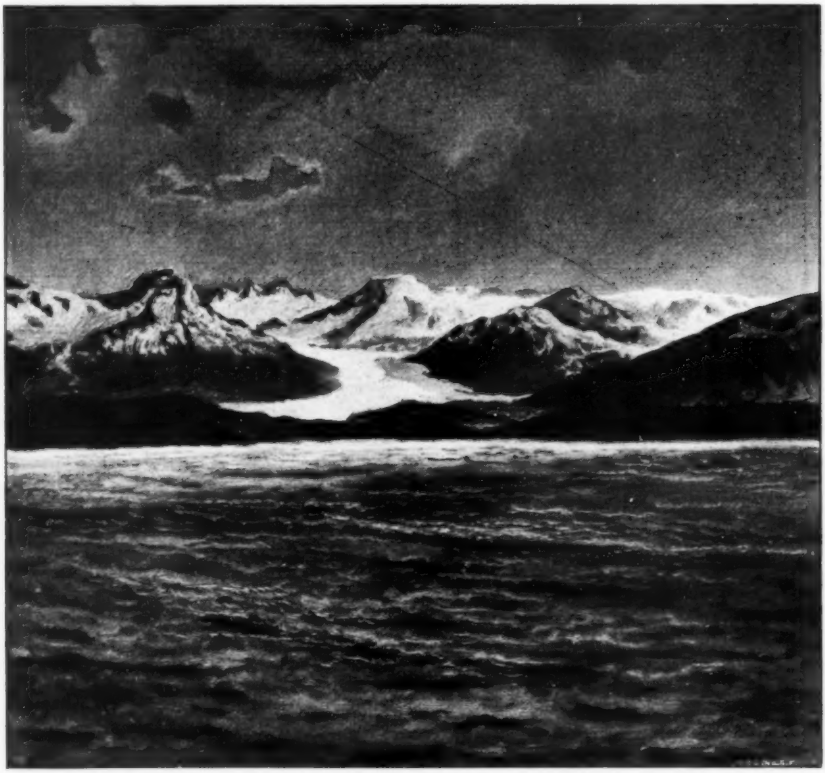
Malaspina Glacier

In addition to the Hubbard Glacier there is also one other very large



Hubbard Glacier

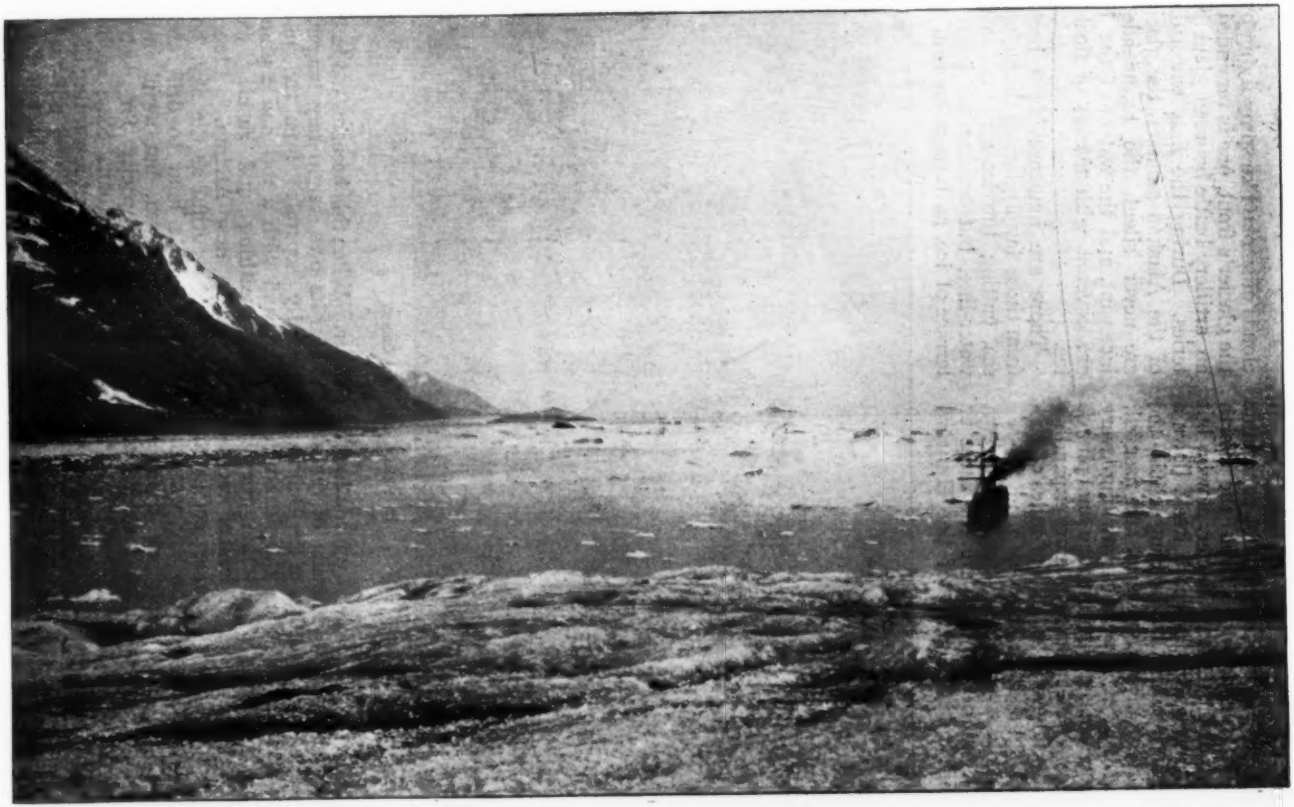
glacier of the Alpine variety on Yakutat Bay called the Dalton, which enters tide water several miles from where the Hubbard makes its entry, when Malaspina explored Yakutat Bay only one hundred years since these two monsters, the Dalton and Hubbard were one. Can the imagination of man conceive the grandeur of eight hundred feet above sea level. The sides and top show, from their polished striated condition and the terraces cut into the sides of solid granite, prove that the glacier which formerly filled Disenchantment Bay must have been two thousand feet deep. At least as late as one hundred years ago the glacier



Patterson Glacier

that scene, the ice foot of these two combined pushing out into the bay could not have been less than twelve or fifteen miles in width, and the front of proportional altitude. The scene is sublime beyond conception even now. What must it have been then? There is an island called Haenke's Island in Yakutat Bay, the top of which is surrounded this island on three sides, and by computing the recession at the same rate as it has progressed since Malaspina's map was made the glaciers must have filled Disenchantment Bay two hundred years ago, and between five hundred and one thousand years ago were at their very flood.

Standing on the summit of Haenke's



Glacier Bay from the Top of Muir Glacier

Island one has the grandest panoramic view imaginable. From the North comes the Dalton Glacier, slowly, but as irresistibly as death itself, down a cañon walled by beetling cliffs, the stream of ice shattered and fissured, with great crevasses yawning every now and then, making one final plunge down a steep descent before expanding into its grand sea cliff of miles of glittering, shimmering ice.

And then across the berg-strewn waters of the bay are the three or four miles of front of the Hubbard Glacier, which keeps up continually an answering cannonade of thunder of rending ice to that of the Dalton.

Standing there on the bleak wind-swept island, with all that grandeur about one, the thunders of the two great glaciers booming across the desolate waters of the bay, watching the great bergs split off from the fronts of ice totter for a second and then sink noiselessly down into the waters of the bay (for so far-distant is the glacier's front that one sees all this take place ere the accompanying roar has time to reach him), sending clouds of smoke like spray flying over the glacier's front, one is reminded of an artillery battle between giant batteries. During the fine, warm days of the Alaskan summer, the glaciers are never silent, the cannonade is incessant, and the waters of the bay are covered with masses of floating ice.

There are immense bergs broken from these large glaciers through the sea, cutting the ice away above the water-line, but leaving an immense terrace of ice, as it were, beneath the water. When this becomes too heavy to bear its own weight any longer, it naturally separates from the main body, and with a roll and a plunge comes seething and rushing from the sea, a new Atlanta. Blue as turquoise, beautiful as the sky, born but for a little hour to drift about that northern sea, but awful in its majesty and capacity for destruction, these leviathans come rushing from the sea without a warning of any kind, and woe to any unfortunate caught in canoe, small boat or steamship, even in the maelstrom of

Sitka, showing the Church

rushing, surging waters left in the berg's wake, for anything less stable than an island to come in actual contact with such an enormous body of solid ice would mean annihilation.

The Malaspina Glacier is the largest of all Piedmont glaciers yet explored in Alaska. It lies between Icy and Yakutat bays, on the mainland. It is between five hundred and six hundred square miles in extent, and between one thousand five hundred and one thousand six hundred feet thick at its maximum. The central portion of this plateau of ice is clear and clean, but for a distance of five miles from its edge all around it, it is covered with *debris* and moraines, save at the points at which the Seward and Agassiz Glaciers come in. At some points this fringing circle of sand, gravel, rocks and silt is covered with vegetation, and in places flowers are blooming, strange contradictions of nature, ice, that death in life beneath and on all sides, miles and miles of it, and here in the midst of all this desolation bloom flowers.

The Malaspina is a lake of ice fed by tributary streams, the principal ones of which are the Agassiz, Seward, Marvine and Hayden glaciers, which flow into it from the mountains above. A strange fact is to be noticed in the structure of the Malaspina, which is that the courses of the tributary glaciers are plainly defined in the main body by the difference in the ice tints, just as rivers entering a bay or lake leave a clearly defined course, marked by the varying shades in the water. The surface of the great glacier is one network of crevasses, many of them filled with deep water, of a clear blue. These crevasses are not very wide, one can easily leap across them. The highest point is near where the Seward Glacier debouches into the Malaspina, and from there the plateau undulates in a gradual descent to its borders. It is simply a prairie of ice, the clear part of which is of much greater extent than the debris-covered margin. The intense silence of the ice plateau impresses one as in contradistinction to the constant sharp, cracking rifle-like reports, and the roaring and grinding of the ice rivers. The water caused from the summer melting of the ice drains down through the crevasses to the bottom of the ice field, and there joins the waters that run under the tributary glaciers, but what becomes of this vast quantity of water eventually, no one can say.

Yakutat and Disenchantment Bays are usually covered with bergs of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, and it is at most times almost impossible to make way into them in a steamer, but small boats or canoes can usually find a path through the ice pack. There is danger in getting very near either the Hubbard or Dalton Glacier for the reason that the sudden breaking and rising of the submerged ice foot or the vertical splitting off of the cliff occurs every now and then during the summer, and a very small berg carries an immense force with it quite sufficient to wreck anything that floats in these waters. The bergs can be distinguished from one another in most cases, that is, those that come from the submerged ice foot, from those that have broken from the face of the cliff, by their colors, the ones that are from the submerged part of the glacier, are usually of a dark blue, and those from the exposed face white, some of them are covered with deposits of gravel, and sand with which the portion of the glacier from which they have been broken has been covered and which has been ground and worked into the ice until it has almost become a part of it.

There is still another type of glacier among the Alaskan ice rivers, which is very often overlooked altogether by explorers and that is an Alpine Glacier, so completely covered with sand, gravel and soil that it is usually passed over entirely and not recognized as a glacier at all, such as the so-called Black Glacier.

This covering of *debris* is simply the natural accumulation from sand and earth slides from the sides of the cañon or valley in which the glacier flows, and as it recedes naturally undermining the sides of the valley, bringing them down upon it until it is completely covered and only recognizable at all in spots where the covering is not thick enough to hide the ice entirely. Some of these glaciers show evidences of extremely rapid recession, so much so as to leave the plain inference that either the Alaskan snowfall is infinpletely filling Disenchantment Bay northeast of Haenke Island is a small illustration of the rapidity with which the ice is disappearing.

There is a nameless charm in this land of rivers, lakes and mountains of ice with its endless days of northern sunshine, its deep dark fjords in which always there resounds the thunder of the ice artillery, a charm as undefinable as it is subtle but which when one has once tasted of it draws him back as surely as the song of the Lorelei drew the ill-fated mortal who heard her voice.

Juneau, Alaska

itely less than formerly or the summer heat greater, or both. On the moraines where vegetation has begun, it has spread rapidly. The growth attained by plants, shrubs, and even trees during the short summer is wonderful, and it is only a question of time when these ice-clad shores will blossom with all the luxuriance of the North Temperate Zone.

The glaciers are growing less : every year sees greater and greater recessions, the fact that only a hundred years ago the Hubbard and Dalton Glaciers formed one immense river of ice com-

The formation of ice known as Piedmont Glaciers has at no such very distant day covered the whole coast country of Alaska where the comparatively level land between the sea and the mountain ranges was wide enough to admit of the accumulation in the wide valleys of the interior country there must yet be immense seas of ice covering what will at some epoch of the world's history be fruitful soil.

There exists a very decided idea among people generally that the Alaska climate is an Arctic one and in the interior of course it is, but on

the coast the mercury seldom registers as low as zero and then remains at that degree of frost only for a very short time, the winter storms are severe but are usually of rain and although snow sometimes falls to a great depth it does not lie very long being quickly melted by the heavy rains or a decided rise in temperature.

At the time the United States acquired Alaska from Russia and indeed more or less ever since, there has been no lack of detraction in congress and the press directed at the country. Any one who knows anything of the facts must admit that we acquired an enormously valuable territory for a comparatively small consideration.

The rainfall is excessive and that is the greatest discomfort of the climate the summer temperature (June, July and August) will average about fifty-five degrees seldom rising above seventy-five degrees and the winter about thirty-five degrees. Very seldom does the mercury reach the freezing point, inland however beyond the mountain ranges the winters are excessively cold. The cause of the mild coast climate is of course due to the Japan current as it is called. It is a stream of warm water analagous to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic.

Summer in Alaska is delightful when bright, but the sunshine is never to be depended on. Showers are frequent and sometimes very heavy. During the winter months, the rainfall is almost continuous. And to this excessive moisture and bright, warm days of summer are to be attributed the marvelously rapid growth of the Alaskan mosses and wild flowers. The very glaciers themselves are sometimes turned into veritable flower gardens, so wonderfully quick does Nature work in this far north land.

There is wealth of forest, principally cypress and spruce. The yellow cedar is the most valuable timber of the country. It is common to all the islands, and along the mainland of southeastern Alaska grows wherever there is room for a tree to grow. It averages between a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet in height, and from three to five feet in diameter, and is one of the most valuable timber products of the whole coast. Every one knows of the salmon and seal fisheries and of the mineral wealth of the country. Only the merest idea can be had now, but the little that is known proves beyond a doubt that were it only for its mines alone, Alaska would be a "good buy" at the price the United States gave for it. Mr. Seward claimed for Alaska the future shipyards of the world, but the days of wooden ships are past; still there are many other uses, although more ignoble ones, perhaps, to which the Alaskan cedar can be put, rendering it even more valuable than for shipbuilding.

An Alaskan forest is indeed one of the most beautiful scenes that can be imagined. The trees rise straight for a hundred feet or more before they branch out their round, smooth trunks, set close and true, as though grown in a nursery. Underfoot is a perfect carpet of moss, piled like velvet and as soft to the step. Ferns and mosses abound, and the underbrush is almost impassable, the sylvan beauty is unparalleled, and all this in a land of glaciers, rivers, mountains, seas of everlasting ice.

POLITICAL STRATEGY

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON

THE theory of popular government is that all public questions shall be considered on their merits, and that every citizen will express himself upon them as his conviction of duty to the country shall dictate. It is supposed that questions will be presented without ambiguity or other disguise that the people may act understandingly. In the early period of the government under the Constitution, this theory was followed with a large degree of fidelity, and patriotism and statesmanship possessed a dominating power. Under the administration of Washington there were differences in construction of the Constitution and on questions of general policy, but there were no partisan contests as really there was but one political party. Opposition did not crystalize into organization, but dissatisfaction increased during the term of the elder Adams to such an extent that in the fourth presidential campaign two parties were formed, and since that time our political contests have been fought between two or more parties with more or less zeal and bitterness. Organization is essential to success in propagating a sentiment, in securing the adoption of particular measures; and for considerable time parties were conducted for these purposes. Even in those days of virtue and patriotism a man now and then appeared who subordinated the public welfare to an ambition for personal preferment, but the demagogue and the manipulator were not as successful as they have since become. While party organization and discipline are essential to the advancement of a cause they are no less potential agencies in securing preferment to those who are governed by personal ambition, and hence the patriot and the demagogue for opposite reasons have joined their efforts in giving to parties the most effective organization and enforcing the most rigid discipline.

Contemporaneously with party organization, the political strategist appeared, and his power at all times has been measured by the organization and discipline which he has been able to create and enforce, and that party which possesses these elements in the greatest degree is most subject to the domination of the political tactician. Statesmanship and political strategy may be regarded as antagonisms, and in our contests the latter has quite as often as the former secured victory in elections. Statesmanship seeks to promote the public welfare through candid argumentation of real and essential issues, and the adoption of measures in legislation and administration resting upon sound principles. The interests of the country being widely diversified and often conflicting, the strategist finds it important to the accomplishment of his object to disguise issues, to make ambiguous platforms, to appeal to local or partizan prejudices, and thus to prevent an intelligent and fair expression of the popular judgment.

The success of the strategist has been so abundant that the effect has been to divert the powers and direct the efforts of many young men who have aspired to public positions, from the study of great principles and the advocacy of wise measures, to the invention and execution of plans for securing desired election results. If there is decay and degeneration in statesmanship, as is generally believed, it is because the people have become so inattentive to their public duties or so demoralized that the strategist has been able to give character to our

political methods. It is undeniable that at times, at least, party attachment and prejudice have been so abnormally developed that it is almost truthful to say that judgment and conscience have been given up to caucuses and conventions, and the doctrine inculcated and believed that their action absolves from moral responsibility. Individuality has often been crushed out by organized action. Gerrymandering to defeat, a fair popular expression, is the work of the strategist, and every election crime is his invention, all of which is not unfrequently defended or palliated on the ground of party exigency, and dignified by calling it strategy instead of crime. Wise legislation and the better policy have often been defeated or postponed and the wheels of progress arrested or turned back to advance the interests of locality, party or individuals. The celebrated Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and those of Virginia of 1799, though intended merely to be declaratory of the true principles of constitutional interpretation, were distorted into justification of States' rights, nullification and even secession and rebellion. Though it was a great political and moral question, the strategists induced the Whig party to declare that it would discountenance and the Democratic party that it would resist the agitation of slavery in and out of congress. By strategy for more than a half century freedom was subordinated to slavery.

The session of congress immediately preceding a presidential election is more or less devoted to making capital for party, to framing issues that will avoid antagonism, with little regard for principle or consistency, and during such session the most adroit and experienced strategists are called into service. The present session is no exception to the rule, and the manœuvering is more than usually interesting to observe because each party has a majority in one of the branches. The Republican party has possession of the executive branch of the government and the object of the opposition is to manœuver it out. The party out of power is forced to be the aggressor, and the other holds a defensive position. Unless the former can point out misconduct in administration or errors in policy, coupled with a suggestion of something better, it is to be presumed that the people will sustain the *statu quo.* As there is no charge of dishonesty or inefficiency against the incumbent administration, the attack must be upon the general policy. The session has proceeded far enough to have disclosed the lines of the attack to be made by the Democratic House of Representatives.

The last congress is charged with extravagance; "the billion dollar congress" is a designation repeated as flippantly as the cry "turn out the rascals" in the campaign of 1884. A strategy of the present house is to appropriate less than its predecessor that it may go to the country on the plea of economy. The aggregate of the appropriations of the last congress is put in the foreground, while the items that make up that aggregate are studiously kept out of view. Wisdom and economy are not proved by amounts merely. Whatever is necessary should be granted.

This country will not be developed, and made prosperous through parsimony, but as a rule all should be appropriated, for which an equivalent will be received by the people. It has several times occurred within the last fifteen years that appropriations, far short of what were absolutely necessary for the public service, were made for the purpose of affecting the elections and when it was well known that the deficiency must be supplied at the next session and by the same congress. The strategy of the present house is to withhold money, and the senate is able to thwart it by granting all that is reasonably required and leave it to the house to assent or take the responsibility of crippling the government. The tactics of refusing money, which have in

past campaigns deceived the people, will be of doubtful value under the conditions which now exist. It may please the miser to refuse appropriations for carrying our mails upon the sea under our own flag, but it will displease those who believe in developing our commerce, and that America should be relieved from dependence upon other nations. It will be bad tactics to refuse money for rapid increase of the navy, or to build adequate coast defences, or to improve rivers and harbors that transportation may be facilitated and cheapened. The attempt to repeal the sugar bounty law under the demagognical plea that the growers of wheat, corn, and cotton get no such favor will not be successful. The people know that until sugar was put on the free list we were paying $60,000,000 in duties; and we are also expending in foreign nations for this article $70,000,000 annually, while we do not buy wheat, corn and cotton. By producing our own sugar we avoid an enormous depletion of our resources, and what is still more important we will give employment to a large number of people. The time has come when, how shall we employ our people? is the most important question before the country, it is the greatest problem to solve in in all populous nations. By putting sugar on the free list and granting a bounty, the consumers were saved during the last year fully $50,000,000. It is incontrovertible that, in order to succeed in sugar production with our better paid labor, there must be protection either by duty or bounty, and until one-half of what we consume is produced at home, the bounty will be the cheapest way to encourage the industry. Surely no congress dare refuse the money to pay pensions to soldiers. If appropriations are less, it will be for the reason that some of the expenditures described will be cut off, or the government in business branches will be put on short allowances.

The money question is troublesome to both parties, and more especially the silver coinage feature. It is not a party question, but there are friends and opponents of free coinage in both parties. As represented in the popular branch of congress a large majority of the Democrats are for the measure, and a minority of the Republicans. The strategists of both parties are laboring to devise a plan by which a direct issue can be avoided. It is a question that should be settled, but apparently the people are to be denied the opportunity to vote directly upon it so far as the two great parties are concerned. The effort is to shuffle it off through a proposition for an international conference in order to postpone the question beyond the election, and in the hope that the country will be satisfied with this political husk. The time was when an international conference with a view of agreeing upon a common basis was a reasonable proposition, but conferences have been tried and have failed to produce any good result; and an assent to bi-metallism in international transactions need not be expected so long as the leading commercial nation of Europe continues to be the clearing house of the world, and all balances of trade are paid in gold in her chief city. Bi-metallism will never prevail through diplomatic efforts; a policy in the nature of coercion is necessary. Some great nation must lead off, whether others follow or not, and the United States is the one to take the initiative, because we produce one-third of the silver of the world, and if our policy is American in all its features we will be too independent to be injured by the action of any or all other nations. The Napoleonic policy was to fight first and negotiate afterwards. It would do us no harm to adopt it on this question. There can be no doubt that a large majority of the American people favor free silver coinage, and they ought to have an opportunity to disclose their will. The strategists of both parties are laboring to subordinate the money question and to make

the tariff the leading issue of the campaign.

It must in truth be said that the republican position on this question is undisguised, and that the democratic strategists are taxing their wits to devise some way to make a successful attack upon it. During the first fifty-five years of our existence under the constitution there was substantially one opinion on this question and it was in favor of the principle of protection to American labor and encouragement to manufacturing industries.

In 1844 a new theory was promulgated in the national democratic platform and it was to impose duties upon foreign commodities for the sole purpose of raising revenue, ignoring the development of American industries and protection to American labor. This has been the issue ever since that time. The real issue of 1844 was obscured by the interposition of Texas annexation, and until the war of the rebellion, by the slavery question. The necessities of the government during the war, and for many years thereafter, required such duties as would give ample protection. As the debt and expenses of the government were reduced, conditions became such as to cause a revival of the free trade issue. It is an issue that the democrats avoided for a considerable time, and never but once have they made it the paramount question and that was in 1884. Their favorite strategy has been to make an ambiguous platform. That of 1884 was so ambiguous that Mr. Randall supported it on the ground that it recognized the protective principle and Messrs. Carlisle, Morrison and others because it did not. They must have been sincere because their votes were different on the Morrison Tariff Bill in the Forty-Ninth Congress. In his message to the Fiftieth Congress the democratic president construed for the first time the platform on which he was elected. He gave utterance to the free trade views which originated with John C. Calhoun and which under his dictation were put into the platform of 1844. The democratic House of Representatives passed a bill reflecting the views of the President. The convention of 1888 reaffirmed the platform of 1884 in phraseology equally ambiguous, except that it indorsed the President's message and the free trade Mills' bill. This effectually removed the ambiguity in the minds of the people and the verdict of the country was in favor of the protective principle.

The Fifty-First Congress proceeded to carry out the instructions of the people. The measure known as the McKinley law was resisted by the democrats both on principle and in detail. It was made the prominent issue in 1890 and the democrats carried the House of Representatives by an unprecedented majority. As in the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Congresses they had attempted a thorough revision of the tariff on free trade lines in the face of a republican senate; it was presumed that they would proceed in the same way in the present congress. The result of the election in 1890 caused many republicans to fear that the issue upon the McKinley law in 1892 might prove disastrous. The Hon. Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts, in an article in one of our magazines, predicted that the issue of this year would not be upon the McKinley law but upon a bill of revision similar to the Mills bill, which would be framed and passed by the present house. This may have suggested to the democratic strategists the policy that has been adopted in dealing with the tariff. The great body of the democrats in congress agree with the principle embodied in the Mills bill, and if they followed their convictions would resort to a complete revision rather than to the plan of "punching holes" in the law. This plan is intended to leave as much of the law open for attack as possible and to avoid the issue of protection in the impending election. They hesitate to repeat what proved to be a blunder in 1888. It is

curious tactics, for it is fair to presume that what they do not attack in the McKinley law is deemed by them to be unobjectionable. If they leave the protective principle in the law untouched to a great extent it is hoped that the protection democrat will be satisfied, and as all the proposed changes are in the direction of free trade, it is supposed that the free trade element will be appeased. There is a further feature worthy of notice and it is, that raw materials which are produced at home are placed upon the free list. The New England States produce but little raw material while they manufacture largely. This generosity is an appeal to the venality of the New England manufactures and is designed to have a specific political effect. Late elections show that it is not impossible for the democrats to carry several of those states which may be necessary to their winning the presidency; and this concession to the New England manufactures will also break the objectionable effect to an extent of the free silver coinage sentiment of the southern and western democrats, in New England where mono-metallism is dominant.

Whether so disposed or not the republicans are not in a position to successfully mislead the people. They have possession of the executive branch of the government and have made a record. Upon the tariff their views are unmistakably in favor of the protective principle of the McKinley law as an entirety, but admitting that in some of its details there may be errors which should be corrected. On the silver question they stand committed to the Windom law and in matters of appropriations they favor a liberal increase of the navy, coast defenses, improvement of rivers and harbors, encouragement to the building of a merchant marine, adequate buildings for the transaction of the public business, a bounty for the encouragement of sugar production, and the existing pension laws. Their strategy is to defend these measures before the country, and to force the democrats to show their hands upon all these subjects.

The country would be better governed and elections would be pure if there was an utter absence of strategy to secure mere party ascendency or personal aggrandizement. It is comforting to know that partisan feeling and party discipline have been growing weaker within the last few years, and that the power of the strategist and boss is waning. A stronger individualism is being developed as intelligence increases. Appeals to local or class prejudices are less effective and the tendency is to get back to primeval principles and restore the government to popular control under the theory on which it was constructed. There are many hopeful signs that the manipulator will ere long be shorn of his strength, and that mere political strategy will become a lost art.

BALLAD OF THE SUMMER SUN

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

It is said that human nature needeth hardship to be strong,
That highest growth has come to man in countries white with snow,
And they tell of truth and wisdom that to northern folk belong,
And claim the brain is feeble where the south winds always blow.
They forget to read the story of the ages long ago!
The lore that built the pyramids where still the simoon veers,
The knowledge framing Tyrian ships, the greater skill that steers,
The learning of the Hindu in his volumes never done—
All the wisdom of Egyptians and the old Chaldean seers
Came to man in summer lands beneath a summer sun.

It is said that human nature needeth hardship to be strong.
That courage bred of meeting cold makes martial bosoms glow;
And they point to mighty generals the northern folk among,
And call mankind emasculate where southern waters flow.
They forget to look at history and see the nations grow!
The cohorts of Assyrian Kings, the Pharaoh's charioteers,
The march of Alexander, the Persian's conquering spears,
The legions of the Roman, from Ethiop to Hun—
The power that mastered all the world and held it years on years
Came to man in summer lands, beneath a summer sun.

It is said that human nature needeth hardship to be strong,
That only pain and suffering the power to feel bestow,
And they show us noble artists made great by loss and wrong,
And claim the soul is lowered that has pleasure without woe.
They forget the perfect monuments that pleasure's blessing show!
The statue and the temple no modern artist nears,
Song and verse and music forever in our ears.
The glory that remaineth while the sands of time shall run—
The beauty of immortal art that never disappears
Came to man in summer lands beneath a summer sun.

The faith of Thor and Odin, the creed of force and fears,
Cruel gods that deal in death the icebound soul reveres,
But the Lord of Peace and Blessing was not one!
Truth and Power and Beauty, Love that endeth tears,
Came to man in summer lands beneath a summer sun.

A MYSTIC JOURNEY

BY I. L. G.

DREAMS are very unsubstantial food for thought, and yet, how often do we awake to the inexorable morning light dumbly feeling that our journeyings, during the mysterious unconscious state, have in them more of actuality than the prosaic happenings of everyday life.

We are, more or less, capable of distinguishing between the illusions following physical disturbances and those resulting from an excited mental condition. But, when the tired body and restless brain are alike in repose, we may permit ourselves to feel that our dreams are a phase of life, and not a fancied vision. Sometimes these dreams are vague. Familiar, yet unknown, faces rise in space, intangible, transparent and altogether wanting in solidity which we vainly endeavor to separate from the surrounding haze. Then again they are accurately, clearly and delicately defined as by a silver point in the hand of a master, and compact as a picture in a frame; a picture, whose mysterious legend we cannot unfold though we may interpret it as we please.

It is now some months since I had the dream which I am about to relate, rather to look at it by the light of other eyes than to hope to amuse or interest. It was more of a real occurrence to me than many an incident in the past. I shall not attempt to fill in by explanation, but relate simply as though I described a picture.

I seemed, with many others, to be living in a stately home of great architectural beauty. All that could satisfy the human in us was there, exquisite furnishings, light and space. The mistress of the mansion was a lovely, soft-voiced, majestic woman, who was at once hostess and guardian of our lives and, while not a harsh taskmistress, gently admonished us for neglected work—work that was suited to our strength and capability—and, in many cases, adapted to individual fancy. She was not niggardly in rewarding for good work, and constantly pressed on us the hospitalities of her magnificent domain.

Our perception of the beautiful was quickened. Each day the curtain was swept from before a noble gallery of art, and we reveled in pictures that never grew old. The dreamy beauty of the soft landscapes, rugged rocks and dashing streams gave a sense of freshness and added variety. Perfection in form and feature and decided, yet delicate coloring, characterized all the pictures there.

Delightful gardens were thrown open for our gratification. There, amid sweet-smelling flowers, shrubs and umbrageous trees was a heaven-inspired orchestra and sweetest music, subtle and calming, filled its hearers with an ecstasy not to be described.

And yet, I was discontented. My spirit craved for something higher and nobler. It pleaded for freedom, beat against the confining walls, and longed for time to be no more. But the soft voice said: "Peace, it is not yet time."

The days passed on; months, years flew over me and still I was an unfettered prisoner. From time to time our party was augmented by others, some of whom were joyous and pleasant guests taking no thought for aught but the present, the rest were silent and morose; no effort made to please satisfied them, and they in time departed from our circle as mysteriously as they had come. There were many, like myself, who chafed against the apparent restrictions, yet they could not withstand the pleadings of

the grand and lovable mistress of our lives, and passively submitted to their fate. But over me the old unsatisfied longing gained power day by day. My existence seemed utterly useless, the occupations of every-day life so petty that I tired of them almost before well begun. Once I voiced my rebellious feelings to one whom I had chosen as a companion, a maiden in whom was embodied all that was delicate and pure. I said:

"Oh, to be free from these confining walls; to rise above all that holds me down; to breathe the pure air in which dwell those beings who are above and beyond the materiality of our present state; to soar untrammeled in the space above, is my absorbing desire!"

"Indeed, I like it here," said she, "It is so delightful discovering strange new places every day. Our pleasant associates, too; yes, they are charming. Besides, I am looking and waiting for that which I feel puzzled to name and which I fear I shall never find, but I keep hoping that the next day may reveal it to me. Strange, is it not?" And a gleam came into her sunny orbs as she continued: "The certainty I have that it is something I had once in my possession and have lost but I cannot imagine what it is. Oh! I am content, believe me." And brightly smiling she bounded away.

Had I ever felt as she? Was there ever a time when I could say, I like it here? Restlessly I wandered up and down. I met an old man, bent and gray, leaning heavily on his staff. I spoke to him.

"Do you remain long here, or are you, too, eager to go home?" I said.

He regarded me intently for a short space, and at last in a tremulous voice, replied:

"I do not know when I go; truly I cannot say. My children are here, many of my old friends tarry on, and I find it very pleasant. I do not think I shall be in a hurry to depart."

I turned from him, and presently met a young man, athletic and handsome he swung along. A sad, harassed look on his face made me believe he could not be satisfied. "Find it tiresome?" was his answer to my enquiry, "anxious to go back home? Oh, no! the best of it is to come. I am just beginning to feel interested. No, no! this is too delightful to give up."

I reproached myself for my discontent, but could not sympathize with those who clung so tenaciously to the present existence.

Can you, then, conceive of my joy when a day came that the cry went ringing through the halls, "Time to depart! Time to depart! Time to depart!" I noticed that none of those in the room with me had seemed to hear as I did, but with careless indifference, each pursued his occupation. There were some who laughed gaily, chatted and danced merrily and others worked diligently; the student quietly read his book and made notes on the margin, as usual. I was astonished at the apathy with which they regarded the clarion summons, but lost not an instant, hastily I gathered around me my wrappings, for, as I approached the open door, the chill air struck me. Passing into the outer chamber, which was filled with effulgent light, I was joined by my comrade, who, with sober face and a sad drooping of the dainty mouth, said:

"I do not wish to go, but I may not remain here longer."

We hastened on, down broad marble stairs, through spacious corridors, each succeeding one more and more dimly lighted, until at last obscurity prevailed. By groping, we reached the open doorway that led to the free air. I felt a delicious sense of satisfaction as I drew in the draughts of pure ether that appeared to pass through and through me, until at last my whole being seemed purified. All that I now desired was light, that my eyes might gaze on the great and unknown world outside the confines of

my late home, passing through the open door, we found a darkness deeper than the mind can picture. The space was void of moon and stars, and gave back no soft gleam of floating cloud, no promise that the sun would rise on the morrow. The air was chill and motionless. Strange, quiet sounds fell on the ear.

With clasped hands we stood, fearless and unquestioning, and in perfect faith advanced at the command of our friend, whose vibrating voice called to us from out the gloom. Guided by an unseen power, for our eyes saw nothing, we approached until we stood by the side of a long, low chariot or car, then a mystic luminosity, which seemed to exude from her revealed our friend seated in the far corner holding in her arms a fretful infant, whom in her loving way she gently soothed. She said a few kind words of regret that we were to part. I eagerly enquired, "May I come again, to tell you of my happiness?"

With a look of ineffable love she smiled into my eyes, vouchsafing no reply. At this instant my attention was caught by a movement, noiseless as the sweeping clouds, and I discerned the faint outline of an upright, silent form. A sensation of dread now took possession of me and I clung to the hand of our hostess. Gaining courage therefrom, I looked at the unknown and asked:

"Who are you?"

Shuddering I closed my eyes for it was a sight to freeze my blood and numb my tongue. Gaining courage I leaned forward and endeavored to pierce the darkness. Nearer still, I pressed, and found that the spectral light had distorted to demoniacal features, a face, pale and delicate as a snow-drop, with sad, soft, dark eyes. The lower part of the face expressed decision and resolution while the broad waxen brow told of æons of thought.

With a sigh of relief I turned to look on the home that had sheltered me for so long a time. A fine mist almost enveloped it leaving but a shadowy outline to indicate its place, while a faint light showed to me a host of slaves moving hither and thither before it. Some of them were black and hideously repulsive and they leaped and frantically gesticulated. They carried sharp, glittering knives, cruel looking instruments. Others again, were beautiful in feature and almost white, their movements slow and languorous and in their hands were curiously shaped vessels. Many of those forms were clearly visible, the rest, merely spectral.

Astonished, I said, "Strange, I did not know you had these servants. Long as I lived with you I never saw them in attendance."

"They are not my servants. I need but one," said she. "They are—" and her voice was low and sorrowful — "they are the hand-maids of Death; her train of attendants who lie in wait for unsuspecting mortals and at last bring them to the portals of the world on whose border we are now waiting. This, my child, is the Chariot of Death which conveys those who are done with life to the Great Beyond."

"If this be Death, this glorious being, and those her slaves, this her chariot, then, who are you? And who am I? What am I? Now that I see Death, am I a spirit? Tell me, I pray you! I have waited so long."

"I am the spirit of life," she said, I come, I go. It is my work to foster the life of each mortal, to make all things reasonably just and perfect, to provide occupation and relaxation, above all to combat Death in every possible way, to supply antidotes to the poisons administered by her slaves; poisons that afflict the body and exhaust the spirit. This frail child in my arms may not encounter the journey of life beyond a short space. We wait but to see shall Life or Death prevail."

"Why is Death so cruel?" I cried, "why the slow poison? The quick

knife? And why all the agony of living, encompassed as we are by lurking, demoniacal savages?"

"That, you could not understand. It is beyond you. Not even Death herself may know and I dare not seek the knowledge. Life to many—to all—is a constant struggle. The strongest find it wearisome. To the weak it is mere existence. True, life has many attractions. The earth is beautiful, and there are indomitable spirits, who make a success of that which is misery to another, and who nobly fulfil the duties imposed on them. Life must terminate. Mortals dread their inevitable fate. Who is there, then, in perfect health that would willingly encounter the unknown future?" "Strange" she mused, "that Death should be so feared! Life is but the childhood of the perfection that comes from death."

Missing my companion from my side I started toward the house, hoping to find her there, ignoring the warning voice that called to me, "You may not return! You may not return!"

I hastened on, but, to my consternation, found that a stream of water flowed between me and the home of other days. Dark, deep and sullen, it majestically rolled. The slaves were no longer on the other side. Instead were many whom I had known and loved in the past, that now seemed so far away. They wept and wrung their hands, uttering the while, woeful and piteous cries. My heart ached for their sorrow, and had it been possible I should have gone back to share their grief.

Returning, chilled and wearied, I encountered dark shapes, moving restlessly hither and thither; while the trailing garments of ethereal forms noiselessly swept the earth and mysterious sounds, like the soft sighing of pine leaves, were breathed on the air.

"May I enter now?" I cried, "a cold wind blows, and I have tarried long."

"Come," was the response, in a strange, sweet voice, "the horses are growing impatient." Even as I looked there appeared to me numberless horses attached to the chariot. Those near by were distinct, and away in the distance I could make out through the deepening mist a moving haunch, an arching neck, while the muffled thud of their hoofs and their subdued snorting fell dully on my ears. I found myself seated in the car and felt a warm kiss on my brow. A dreamy sensation of perfect rest and contentment came over me, and then Life and Death and all else faded away. The voices of mourning became hushed to a faint wail, and I, and the little child, alone in the car, seemed moving with wonderfully easy swiftness through space. No fear, no terror of the unknown, disturbed the pure, steadfast faith I had in the future.

We advanced through thick darkness and an unmoving atmosphere. At last the morning star, calm and bright, shone out. We left the chariot, and hovered as birds in the illimitable, silent empyrean. Star after star revolved about us, sending forth scintillating gleams of light. Broken strains of sweet music added joy to my senses. A glorious iridescent light gleamed from afar. Cloud-like forms approached, and with an exultant feeling, I dared to say, "This is heaven."

A sense of sinking, a horrible weight. I loosed my hand from that of my companion, that I might not drag her down, and with a convulsive effort, I unclosed my eyes to another pitiless day.

Questions of the Day.

LOWER CALIFORNIA

THE question of the value of Lower California is one which will continually rise to the surface and is of more or less interest to the Pacific Coast in general. THE CALIFORNIAN begins with the present issue a series of articles which will appear from time to time on this little known region, in which will be pointed out its productions and possibilities of all kinds. The present article refers to the valuable pearl fisheries of the Gulf of California, of which the city of La Paz is the centre of interest. The author, Mr. Townsend, is a special agent of the Department of the Interior, authorized to investigate the subject in the interests of this government. The value of these fisheries, which are rarely heard of, is not generally appreciated, and so far as it relates to pearls themselves, the illustration of the ten-thousand dollar pearl, a life-sized cut of which is given in the paper, is suggestive of the value of the fisheries. THE CALIFORNIAN is indebted to Mr. George F. King, gem expert of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., New York, for several fine cuts of pearls from this vicinity, but, unfortunately they were not received in time for use.

THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE NATION

THERE is no question regarding the importance or the value of the Pacific Coast States to the Nation at large. This is conceded everywhere, yet, so far, it has been impossible for this section to obtain the recognition it deserves and should have. California should be represented in the Cabinet at Washington, and it is to be hoped that the next President, be he a Republican or Democrat, will bear in mind that the Pacific Coast is a factor in the development of the country at large and should receive suitable recognition. The Pacific Coast is an empire in itself. Oregon, Washington, California and Alaska represent untold riches awaiting development, but until the region in question can catch the public ear it will remain in the background. The coast line of California has two harbors of the first class—San Francisco and San Diego. On every hand it is conceded that the coast adjacent to Los Angeles should have a harbor that will be an improvement on the present one, yet representatives in congress are unable to secure an adequate appropriation simply because the majority of members are possessed with a dense ignorance of the actual requirements in the case.

THE PACIFIC COAST WONDER LAND

IN the present issue is given a second paper on the glaciers of the Pacific Coast, a description of wonders that have not been dreamed of by the masses of the people. Thousands of tourists go yearly to Switzerland to visit the famous glaciers of the Alps, in many instances not knowing that in their own country, reaching down from their own mountains there are rivers of frozen snow that when compared to the glaciers of Europe, completely overshadow them. The Hubbard Glacier shown in the accompanying article is one of the most magnificent spectacles ever looked upon by the eye of man, while a little farther to the north is the famous Malaspina, brought before the public lately by Russel, that is one of the wonders of the world, a gigantic field of ice representing six hundred square miles, formed by a score or more of glaciers that reach down to it, and may be traced, winding their way into it to become lost. An interesting point in all this is the fact

that all these glaciers are receding, the testimony of observers two hundred years ago showing that the ice does not reach down so far at present as it did then, suggestive that the climate of the North is milder. This article and others to follow is published with the hope that it will spur Americans on to fully investigate these wonders at our doors, and open the way for the tourists of the world. We have a Mount Blanc in St. Elias with its (nineteen thousand five hundred feet) that has defied some of the best Alpine climbers of the country, while as for glaciers, those of the Alps sink into insignificance beside these American giants, that take their place beside the big trees, the Yosemite, Niagara, and other American wonders.

THE CHINESE QUESTION

THE articles on the Chinese, especially their customs and ways, have aroused great interest throughout the country, if we may judge by the letters and communications on the subject. The famous contract and its translation, a literal bill of sale of a Chinese woman, has been placed in the hands of thousands of workers throughout the country, and will undoubtedly do much good in tending to break up these infamous practices in this country. It should not be understood, as it has been in some instances, that the best element of the Chinese in this country is in favor of opium dens and woman slavery. They are not, and in this connection we publish the following from the Hon. Thos. D. Riordan, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Masters:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 7th, 1892.

Doctor F. J. Masters:

DEAR SIR—In response to yours of April 2d, will say that the Chinese merchants of San Francisco held a public meeting about ten years ago, at which they passed resolutions to the effect that a petition be sent to the United States Congress requesting the passage of a law absolutely prohibiting the importation of any opium except for medicinal purposes. Whether the petition was sent or not, I am unable to say, but the action of the merchants was extensively published in nearly all the papers. The merchants to-day would be very glad to have such a law passed, and for various reasons: First, they recognize the fact that it is injurious to their people; secondly, they derive no profit from its sale; the only profit that is derived from handling the drug consists in either smuggling it into the country, or in the surreptitious manufacture of the domestic article; thirdly, the opium traffic is a source of constant annoyance, expense and blackmail to the Chinese people. Any other information that I can give you on the subject will be most cheerfully given.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. D. RIORDAN.

THE POSITION OF DR. MASTERS

The papers on the Chinese by the Rev. Dr. Masters have been misunderstood by some, and an editorial in THE CALIFORNIAN appears to some of his friends to place him in an erroneous position, and we gladly give place to the following letter, in which his position and that of THE CALIFORNIAN is fully explained:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 3d, 1892.

Professor C. F. Holder, Editor Californian Illustrated Magazine:

DEAR SIR—In your last number of THE CALIFORNIAN, an editorial note referring to my paper on "Opium Smoking" says: "The paper is presented as one of a series to illustrate that the Chinese are not a desirable addition to our population." As you did not intend to convey the impression that I had written with any such object in view, I shall feel obliged if you will allow me to offer a word of explanation to my friends, many of whom have understood the clause to mean that I am writing a series of articles in favor of the exclusion of the Chinese from this country. That highbinders, procurers of female slaves, and opium smokers are an undesirable element of our population I have no doubt. The same may be said of our anarchists, rustlers, prize-fighters, drunkards and keepers of saloons, dives and bagnios. If a whole race is to be condemned and excluded because crime and vice are found among its people, what will become of us?

My papers on "Highbinders and Opium Smoking" were written not to urge exclusion, but to expose evils and vices that are condemned by the better classes of Chinese in our midst, and to suggest where the remedy can be found and applied. With wiser laws, purer courts and stronger government, the Chinese might become the most law-abiding element of our population. I am Yours Truly,
FREDERIC J. MASTERS.

The object of THE CALIFORNIAN is to point out in these articles some of the great ulcer spots among the Chinese in America, fully expose their methods and so enable Ameri-

cans to co-operate with law-abiding Chinese of the better class in stamping out the evil. The papers are but the first in a series, and will be followed by others upon social evils among American communities, showing the evils that exist, what philanthropy is doing, and what can still further be done by all classes co-operating to crush out these evils.

SELECTION IN EMIGRANTS

It is a fact that there is a vast amount of unoccupied land in California. It is also conceded that this State is a poor man's paradise—that he can live here in greater comfort than in any land under the sun. This is not surmise but a demonstratable fact. The question of greatest importance to California, then, is to see these broad acres dotted with homes, induce tillers of the soil to come here, bring their wives and families and develop the riches which the soil contains. Many and varied attempts are made to accomplish this. Local papers contain descriptions of the charms of the locality which they represent. The people organize Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, and pamphlets are published, and sent broadcast over the world—all attracting the attention of vast numbers of people, and it has become a byword that this State is better advertised than any region in America, and one that cannot be controverted. It is a question whether we should stop here, whether this method alone is sufficient. California of all States does not desire a pauper population, and it is known that many foreign governments find it the most economical method to ship their poor here or to some other State, trusting by hook or crook to get rid of them. Thus it is that every State in the Union has paupers and professional incompetents that sooner or later become a burden upon the people and State. California is an empire in itself; within its borders it has all climates and productions from every zone. It would seem then that there should be some method, some system and limitation to the invitation we send out. In short we should make our own selection instead of inviting the world. The counties of Southern, Central and Northern California, with their great and diverse possibilities could well afford to send responsible agents to Europe to carry the story of the possibilities of the regions they represent to the better class of people in Europe, the well-to-do farmers and agriculturists, and thus by dealing directly with them, show them exactly what to expect. The raisin and wine men of Spain and France would be at home in California while they would be lost in Nebraska, and so on; the selection might be made from the people most desirable and the best equipped for the country and the work to do. Agents well provided with California literature in the French and Spanish language, could be sent to these countries with profit. They should lecture in the well-to-do towns and follow the suggestions of Walter Raymond, the excursionist, who sends a stereoptican lecturer through the Eastern resorts in the summer, picturing the delights of a winter in California. This could be done in Europe and emigrants obtained who would be not only adapted to the work here, but who would possess means sufficient to establish them in the land of their choice.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

One of the interesting features of the World's Fair is to be the Psychical Science Congress, which will be held in connection with the World's Fair. Dr. Elliott Coues, Vice-Chairman of the Congress, has been especially active in the matter, and the result will be one of especial value to science.

The committee of this congress believes that the time is propitious for a public discussion, by leading thinkers of all countries, of certain phenomena which may be classified under the general head of Psychical Science.

It is proposed to treat these phenomena both historically, analytically and experimentally. The following synopsis of work is indicated for the congress, subject to such modification as occasion may seem to require, and especially to such changes as may result from the expression of the views of those addressed in this preliminary announcement:

1. *a.* General History of Psychical phenomena.
   b. The value of human testimony concerning these phenomena.

c. Results of individual effort in the collection of Psychical data and in the solution of the problems arising therefrom.

d. The origin and growth of Societies for Psychical Research, and the results which they have thus far achieved.

2. Detailed consideration of the various classes of Psychical phenomena, of the theories offered for their elucidation, and of the further problems that demand investigation. The questions to be discussed may be grouped provisionally under the following heads:

a. Thought-Transferance or Telepathy—the action of one mind upon another independently of the recognized channels of sense. The nature and extent of this action. Spontaneous cases and experimental investigation.

b. Hypnotism or Mesmerism. Nature and characteristics of the hypnotic trance in its various phases, including Auto-Hypnotism, Clairvoyance, Hypnotism at a distance, and Multiplex Personality. Hypnotism in its application to Therapeutics.

c. Hallucinations, fallacious and veridical. Premonitions. Apparitions of the living and of the dead.

d. Independent Clairvoyance and Clair-audience. Psychometry. Automatic Speech, Writing, etc. The Mediumistic Trance and its relations to ordinary hypnotic states.

e. Psychophysical phenomena, such as Raps, Table-Tippings, Independent Writing, and other spirituistic manifestations.

f. The relations of the above groups of phenomena to one another; the connection between Psychics and Physics; the bearing of Psychical Science upon Human Personality, and especially upon the question of a Future Life.

THE CALIFORNIAN wishes to call the attention of its readers to the fact that this congress desires to have an advisory council that will be international in its make-up, and the Society will gladly receive suggestions from all interested in the matter.

Communications may be addressed to Dr. Elliott Coues or John C. Bundy, World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago, Ill.

PRESIDENTIAL CURIOSITIES

AT one time there was almost a superstition that a man whose name began with "C" could not become President, because so many had been aspirants and had failed. Among them were the two Clintons of New York, Crawford of Georgia, Calhoun of South Carolina, Clay of Kentucky, Clayton of Delaware, Cass of Michigan, Collomer of Vermont, Chase of Ohio and Cameron of Pennsylvania. Cleveland's success opened a ray of hope to those whose names begin with that unfortunate letter.

On the other hand it was deemed great good fortune to possess a name with the "on" in it, because so many had been successful. All the Presidents, except one, who were re-elected had such a name. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Lincoln. In the latter the "l" in the last syllable is silent, and hence the pronunciation is the same as in the other cases. If the present incumbent of the presidential office is re-elected, an addition will be made to the list.

It was also believed that a nomination of one who had been a Senator or more especially one who was a present Senator would turn out unfortunately in the election. De Witt Clinton, Clay, Crawford, Cass, and Blaine who were or had been Senators, were all defeated; on the other hand, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, W. H. Harrison, Pierce, Buchanan and Benjamin Harrison, had all been, but were not Senators at the time of their election. Garfield was Senator elect. It is true that there have been a large number of Senators who have aspired to the presidency and have not succeeded. The reason is that if they have served long and more especially if they have been conspicuous, they have by speech or vote been compelled to act upon a great variety of questions, and have displeased elements or interests which have antagonized them. It is this which ordinarily renders the nomination of a Senator unadvisable notwithstanding the bad luck that has attended senatorial aspirants, there have been and

are many men who seek the Senate as a stepping-stone to the Presidency.

The nomination of a soldier is deemed an augury of success. The soldiers elected were Washington, Monroe, Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Benjamin Harrison. Burr in 1800, Jackson in 1824, W. H. Harrison in 1836, Fremont in 1856 and McClellan in 1864 were defeated by civilians. Two soldiers were defeated by soldiers, Scott by Pierce and Hancock by Garfield. Soldier candidates have defeated civilians in twelve elections, and civilians have defeated soldiers in five. It is quite natural that soldiers should be preferred because they have given the highest proof of self-abnegation and patriotism.

At the beginning of the government an election to the Vice-Presidency was regarded as a designation to the succession, and the theory was carried out as to John Adams and Jefferson. The idea was never followed thereafter except in the case of Van Buren, who succeeded Jackson. It has become the practice to nominate a man who has become a proper subject to be shelved.

Before the War of the Rebellion, the South actually had the Presidency fifty-two years, and the North twenty years. If W. H. Harrison and Taylor had time to serve out their terms, the South would have had the Presidency just twice as long as the North.

The aggregate of the terms of the Presidents elected east of the Appalachian Mountains is fifty-six years, and that of those elected west, when the present term shall expire, is forty-eight years.

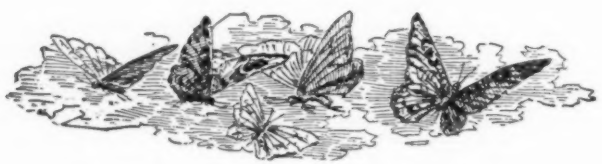
Since 1848 neither of the great parties has nominated a candidate south of Mason and Dixon's line, though one wing of the Democratic party and the American party in 1860 chose their candidates south of that line. For twelve years more than two-thirds of the Democratic electoral votes have been cast in the South, yet the party has not the generosity to nominate a presidential candidate from that section.

Four Presidents have died in office and were succeeded by Vice-Presidents, three of whom betrayed their party and one, Chester A. Arthur, remained true.

One ex-President served in the House of Representatives and another in the Senate, The oldest man elected to the Presidency was W. H. Harrison and the youngest was U. S. Grant. The Adams and Harrison families have each given two Presidents to the country.

THE MISSIONS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE Missions and Mission Indians should be well represented at the World's Fair, and in this connection we are reminded of the excellent display made by the Pasadena Art Loan Association a year or so ago, at which all the attractive and artistic features of these people were presented—their art work, lace, baskets and stone work. If the idea of the art loan could be carried out in Chicago, and the same exhibition given there that thousands saw at Pasadena, the display would be a valuable addition to the fair. At an early day THE CALIFORNIAN will publish an article on the subject, showing what California could do in this connection, and doubtless the question will be taken up and pushed through to a successful issue. The Missions, the Indians and their early history are among the most attractive features of California of to-day. In them we find our State history and the astonishing spectacle of a race of hardy people that were almost wiped out of existence in a few hundred years, and who are now not much more than a memory in the land which they formerly held by sovereign right and power.



NEW BOOKS

THE Pacific Coast world of letters has suffered a loss in the past month in the death of Emily Tracy Y. Parkhurst. Mrs. Parkhurst was connected with THE CALIFORNIAN as an assistant editor, was a contributor to its columns, and wrote its literary reviews. She was a woman of rare promise, possessed of great talent, which, combined with executive ability, made her a prominent figure in many assemblies. Her especial work was the formation of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. A few years ago she traveled through the State and made the personal acquaintance of all the Pacific Coast writers, her object being to advance the interests of women writers—bring them out and aid them in obtaining a field for their work. In this she was extremely successful. She gathered about her hundreds of contributors to the literary press of the day, and finally organized the Press Association, of which she became Secretary. The work thus accomplished did much in encouraging women to make a fight for themselves, and by her means many are now self-supporting who, previous to the movement, realized little or nothing from their literary work. Mrs. Parkhurst combined rare executive ability with literary discernment and taste, and was a brilliant organizer. At the time of her death, she had plans laid out for work that would have appalled many. One was a thorough investigation of the possibility of woman's work in horticulture and agriculture in this State. This was not theory, as the plan included a system by which women could enter the lists with men in farming and market their products. Few women had so large an acquaintance; few will be missed by so great a number, and so a well-spent bright life is ended—apparently cut short, yet leaving a rich heritage, a rare example to those who are left behind.

THE history and experience of THE CALIFORNIAN is interesting in connection with new publications in showing that there is always a field for a new periodical, if the latter is suited to the time and place. The success of THE CALIFORNIAN at the beginning of its first volume is far beyond what its projectors anticipated at the end of the first year, and demonstrates the fact that there is room for an illustrated magazine of the very first class on this coast—one that shall take a stand with the great Eastern publications.

WE find on the table "Verses" by Rachel Bassett Holder, a well-known Minister of the Society of Friends of Lynn, Mass. The poems which make up the little volume nearly all bear the imprint of the intense religious thought that held among the followers of George Fox, thirty or more years ago. The author wrote them from time to time during a long lifetime of good works and deeds, but would never consent to their publication, believing that it was not consistent with complete humility to hold up such productions to the public gaze. Many were so notable, showing so many evidences of the bright genius that smouldered under this restraint, that they have been collected from various sources and published by her granddaughter, Rachel Aldrich, of Bloomington, Ill., for private distribution. The author died nearly thirty years ago in Lynn, and it is interesting to note, inherited her taste from her grandmother, and left a son, Joseph Bassett Holder, and grandson, Chas. Frederick Holder, both of whom produced books.

ONE of the most delightful books for children for the year is "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," by Margaret Sidney. Published by G. E. Lathrop & Co. 12mo., fully illustrated. $1.50.

The first "Peppers" book, "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," was a revelation, in its way, of the happiness that may be enjoyed in the humblest home, if only there be genuine, unselfish family love to smooth over the rough places and brighten the dark hours. It was simply a record of plain, matter-of-fact happenings, vivified with the inspiration which comes of looking above and beyond them, and so getting out of the dead level of every-day care and fret. Its effect was magnetic. Not children only,

but all who love children, were charmed with the bright, tender, touching story, and the fame of the book spread like wild-fire. It was inevitable that there should be a sequel, and "Five Little Peppers Midway" was written to satisfy the demand for "more," which came in letters from all over the country. This told the story of the "Peppers" in the new home where they had gone to live with their friend and patron, old Mr. King, in a big city mansion. But even this did not satisfy the legion of enthusiastic readers, and so a third volume has appeared, and in "Five Little Peppers Grown Up" we have the story of the boys' young manhood and Polly's sweet maidenhood, while Phronsie, the pet of the household, is fast growing into a big girl. It is almost a pity they should grow up, especially winsome Phronsie, but they are all delightfully attractive in their new spheres, and brave, earnest and cheery in whatever they undertake. Polly insists upon starting out as a music teacher, and not only succeeds in the technique of her work, but also in stimulating her young pupils to higher efforts. Of course she has hosts of admirers, and it is a matter of intense interest which one of her eager lovers the little maiden will accept.

Ben and Jasper begin their business careers, and Joel and Dave are college students with the usual experiences of young collegians. There are some graphic descriptions of the book publishing business in which Jasper engages. Various new characters are introduced, and the story winds in and out among them all with that bright sparkle of animated life which marks all of Margaret Sidney's writings.

Throughout the story one has a delightful consciousness of the growth in noble character and the stimulus that comes from a fine ideal skillfully wrought into practical living. And yet there is no preaching, save indirectly by example; and the young people are bright and rollicking, healthy and hearty, and enjoy life without stint. It is books like these of the "Peppers" series which inspire and encourage young people to be brave and true, manly and womanly in all the duties and relations which encompass them. Their healthful spirit is contagious, and they prove a power for good in every community where they are introduced.

"FORGING HIS CHAINS"

THIS work is of dramatic interest—one which proves that "Truth is stranger than fiction." It is the history of a human life. In its pages are depicted in a simple, but graphic and forcible style, all the events, circumstances and surroundings which changed George Bidwell from as honest a young man as ever left a Puritan home to engage in business in New York, into one who, at the age of forty landed in old Newgate, London.

After what the London *Times* calls "The most memorable trial within living memory," he, with three others, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

After fifteen years of incarceration he regained his liberty.

Encouraged by Charles Dudley Warner, he wrote this book which has already won the approval of eminent people on both sides of the Atlantic.

While it is not a religious work it is one which parents may safely place in the hands of their children. After reading this book any young business man who may be tempted to get himself out of a financial corner by doubtful methods will recall this story, and if he is wise pursue the straightforward course.

The author's adventures in France, Germany, South America, the collapse of the one million-pound scheme against the Bank of England, his being hunted through Ireland by the famous Bow-street police, rivals fiction. The thirty-seventh chapter begins one of the most graphic accounts ever written of English prison life.

An unique chapter is that which contains the complete series of English Tickets-of-Leave, in fac-simile, the originals of which were issued to the author and to Sir Roger Tichborne, the famous "Claimant," whose life George Bidwell saved while both were fellow-prisoners at the great penal establishment of Dartmoor, England.

624 pages, 100 illustrations. The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., Hartford, Conn. Sold by subscription.

FEW people understand head or tail to the "Silver Question," and there is a grave doubt in the minds of many whether the American statesman who talks so glibly about free coinage always understands exactly what he preaches. Messrs. G. P. Putman & Sons of New York have issued a little volume entitled "The Question of Silver," by Louis R. Ehrich of Colorado, which answers many questions, and puts the subject in a plain manner before the reader. We commend the little volume without reserve to any one who desires to obtain the pith of the subject without wading through a large amount of dry matter.

UPPER CHIL-NOO-AL-NA FALLS—YOSEMITE